

Swing Lo Magellan

Dirty Projectors

Last night all my attention squinting westward at the sunset
With a map and a compass when a man reached up, said something
There against the sky a point of light
Too invisible to give itself to the naked eye
On the shore people yelling in their eyes a great reflection
In the grid aware their position unconcerned with intuition
There could never be no sympathy from that wilderness so let it
be arrested

Swing lo oh Magellan, 9 by 6 or 8 by 7
Post a sentinel at the border of what you attempt
What you ignore I saw my frame in a pool of light
All drown in doubt and shame and I knew that I had lost my sigh
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