

Swimming Towards Propellers

Falling Up

Under the galaxy, the whole
And over the casting and the ROE
You work the turning world
Golden Arrows
Slipping further away from me
Golden Arrows
Slipping young ones in darker sleeps
Out of the shutters and the sills
And within the mourning and the chills
You work the turning world...
Down, down, down
Where are the stirrings of old?
I knew you had to last
But then the sound is heard...