

## Wave Like Home

Future Islands

Gray eyes link these sharp dawns  
Bird-chested  
These cornered arms  
Half-lit, mirthless, marksman  
O bending[?] chute, & charm

I took your portrait from the wall  
And your picture at the window  
Sucked your lemon dry and wept  
Deep in the hall

Who would swallow my life?  
And leave me as a child  
In the whale I can see the bone  
And the muscle in dim-light

Who would swallow my life?  
And leave me here to die  
In these arms I can feel my home  
Breaking from inside

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