

Merge, A Vessel, A Harbour

Great Lake Swimmers

Merge, a vessel, a harbour
A perfect union
Of gift and reception
Each an eye
On the same face

Loss and gain
Fly into the mouth of the ground
Six feet under
Thanks to some failure
Fly into the mouth of the ground
Six feet under

One for the night
One for the dark
Taste each other
For a moment, then goodbye
Hold her eyes
Share the same air
Oh lay it down
Oh lay it bare

I'm speechless
Naked as a fiery sunset
You turn, not fleeting
Destroyed not complete
A perfect cocophony
Rising like vapour
Solid and liquid
Awkward and trapping
Stolen but paid for

Legs and knees and ankles and toes
When it burns an old enemy flows
Legs and knees and ankles and toes
When it burns an old enemy flows

Gathered and strewn
From this altitude
To some other moon
Wearing false armour
And useless shields
Failed to exist

Crying out and into the streets
They are always prepared for the cries
Prepared for the worst
Crying outloud at the untold
They are transfixed but not transformed

Stop accomodating echoes
Into these hard-pressed streets
Into these well-travelled streets
Into these hard-pressed streets