

Half Angel Half Eagle

Jane Siberry

Someone's mother falls to the sidewalk
On the next street someone looks up
In the cathedral a burst of laughter
In another city the pigeons fly up and scatter
Someone puts down in a New York subway
A newspaper picked up in Australia
For each event the inarticulate glory
The equal and opposite will tell the story
Half angel, half eagle
One eye on the world
Half angel, half eagle
One eye on the world
Be ready
Five intelligent minds
Huddled in a fancy restaurant
All that brain power bent on
What shall I? What shall I? What shall I?
What shall I? What shall I? What shall I?
What shall I? What shall I? What shall I?
What shall I?
One lone car cruising the warehouse district
One lone figure shuffling along the wall
Two shadows leaning from the backseat window
Someone's mother is about to fall
Fucking honky nigger Jew was pjapdago fag
Fucking homeless preacher Dyke cabbie fucking unions cab
Get out go back a storm is coming
A shudder in the color of the warehouse wall
Half angel, half eagle
One eye on the world
Half angel, half eagle
One eye on the world
Be ready
Have a good time but don't relax
Have a good time but be on guard
You don't need that much not that much
Get the wings up ready to go
Get the wings up ready to go
What shall I? What shall I?
What shall I? What shall I?
Get the wings up ready to go
A shudder in the color of the warehouse wall