

## Kingfisher

Joanna Newsom

Whose is the hand that I will hold?  
Whose is the face I will see?  
Whose is the name that I will call  
When I am called to meet thee?

In this life who did you love  
Beneath the drifting ashes?  
Beneath the sheeting banks of air  
That barrenly bore our rations?

When I could speak it was too late  
Didn't you hear me calling?  
Didn't you see my heart leap like  
A pup in the constant barley?

In this new life where did you crouch  
When the sky had set to boiling?  
Burnin' within; seen from without  
And your gut was a serpent coiling

And for the sake of that pit o' snakes  
For whom did you allay your shyness?  
And spend all your mercy and madness and grace  
In a day beneath the bending cypress?

It was not on principle  
Show, pro-heart, that you have got gall  
A miracle!  
I can bear a lot but not that pall  
I can bear a lot but not that pall  
Kingfisher, sound the alarm  
Say,