

# Wings

Josh Ritter

At night we crossed the border following a Black robe  
To the edge of the reservation-to Cataldo Mission  
Where the saints and all the martyrs look down on dying convert  
s  
What makes the water holy she says is that that it's the closes  
t thing to rain

I stole a mule from Anthony I helped Anne up upon it  
And we rode to Coeur d'Alene-through Harrison and Wallace  
They were blasting out the tunnels-  
making way for the light of learning  
When Jesus comes a'calling she said he's coming round the mount  
ain on a train

It's my home-last night I dreamt that I grew wings  
I found a place where they could hear me when I sing  
We floated on to Hanford on a lumber boat up river  
Past the fisheries and the mill-  
towns like a stretch of future graveyards  
She was driven to distraction-said I wonder what will happen  
When they find out they're mistaken and the land is too changed  
to ever change

We waded through the marketplace-someone's ship had come in  
There was silver and begonias-dynamite and cattle  
There were hearts as big as apples and apples in the shape of M  
ary's heart  
I said inside this gilded cage a songbird always looks so plain  
It's my home-last night I dreamt that I grew wings  
I found a place where they could hear me when I sing.

And so they came with cameras-breaking through the morning mist  
Press and businessmen-tycoons-Episcopal philanthropists  
Lost in their appraisal of the body of a woman  
But all we saw were lowlands-  
clouds clung to mountains without strings

And at last we saw some people huddled up against  
The rain that was descending like railroad spikes and hammers  
They were headed for the border-walking and then running  
Then they were gone into the fog but Anne said underneath their  
jackets she saw wings