

Selling Rope (Swan Dive to Estuary)

Los Campesinos!

As I swan dive into the estuary, the birds do not flinch at my fall
They perch in the rafters, before, during, after: they do not notice me at all

As I float down into the estuary, wind cases my body in cool
I smell petrol fumes, see the smoke rise in plumes: the earth is one big fireball

Anecdote, lie
My own alibi
I've been telling jokes
Piled notes high
My own alibi
I've been selling rope

As I break the film of the estuary, the seaweed submerges my form
No passing cars stop, not a single jaw drops, as my wallet and keys sink before.
A splash all I left in the world

Once held a magpie in the palm of my hand and the blood in our veins flowed faster, as I'd planned
Got a heart full of love and a head full of more but a fist full of threads from the seams
and I saw a smile in that beak.

Oh I was a bird right then, one day I will be again
I've been telling jokes while selling rope to you

There's no ticker-tape, no golden gate
No carnival and no parade
Just one, one for sorrow