

## The Spirit

Peter Hammill

Such distance to the tips of the fingers,  
the ganglion loom jerks inside;  
the body grows steadily stranger  
but the spirit won't be denied.  
That sharp halogen flash jars the eyeball,  
the limbs pump in overdrive;  
the body grows seemingly weaker  
but the s  
pirit won't be denied.  
Yeah, the ash-mark stands out on the forehead  
as the vacuum sneaks up on the eyes;  
the body becomes a constant traitor  
but the spirit won't be denied.  
And they call that living a normal live,  
but normality's not standardised.  
Though the body gets ever more root-bound  
the spirit won't be denied  
Yes, the spirit survives.