

# The Drowning Of St Christopher

Piano Magic

There's no heart in the men who run these mountain bars  
All love extinguished by location and cold fronts  
Dogs in the parking lot surround the car for scraps of  
affection  
For eyes not glazed over like black ice  
Thousands of kilometres of roughage and terracotta  
roofs  
Horizons replaced by horizons  
We run the belly of rainclouds between madrid and  
valencia  
With the radio tuned into the weather we don't have  
St christopher drowns crossing the river  
Firs blown onto the windscreen disperse like a pack of  
tiny black birds  
Service stations are watched over from the hills by  
shepherds  
Who spend all their days flooded by thought  
A deafening meditation  
The cowbells, like bloody church alarms  
Smashing the silence of grass, of the air  
I am interviewed in a sleepy bar by a girl who wants me  
to explain  
"The warmth of nostalgia," incensed that i "glamourise  
sadness"  
And after seven hours on the road  
I have lost all defences - they are roadkill, torn up,  
gutted  
At night, tiny red beacons crown lonely antennas  
Everywhere is shepherded in the absence of gods  
Cities spoil everything  
That there is somewhere to go and something to do  
When the partition between sleep  
And awake in the back of the van features such happy  
accidents  
Hazed dreams in an unfocused super 8mm  
On rainy nights, we are docked in the harbour of  
circular ballrooms  
Playing to the shadows, playing to revolving  
mirrorballs  
Our harbours are in brandy glasses  
Our music is swilled  
In hostels, fourth floor, bare rooms but for a bed and  
a sink  
We stare vacant at sleeping guitars  
Wndering how many fucks and violence  
And drugs have intervalled us staring at sleeping  
guitars  
And the taps can't be turned off  
And there's suspect movement on the stairwell  
Small pictures of boats in storms  
Watches and money in our shoes  
We wake up and the building is still there  
And we're still in it, like miserable captains