

Radio Silence

Shearwater

Sliver of sundown, glimmer of daylight
Running in place with trembling knees
Vision of lightning, vision of sunrise
Overlay worlds
 on the grid of our dreams

And knock 'em all down
With a last looming wave
Black as old blood
With a warm, steady rage
And the crack of old bones

Yankee, go home.

Choking on signal, sucking on silence
Sodium lights on the monument's face
Radio London, Radio Cyprus,
Where the Lincolnshire poacher's
 shaking his cage

He's sold for a lifeline,
 sold for a crown
Singing an old lie
 down the repeater—
But the radio lapses, the radio dies,
The sky is a blank screen,
 an open receiver;
Summon an old sound, rattle to life
Spin on an axis, fly into pieces

In disarray