

Run the Banner Down

Shearwater

Run the banner down
And hide in the broken palms
Till out of the blackness comes
A point of starry light

And a mountain moves
And the pressure drops
Snow on your open palms
Under a northern star
Leave the tape unwound
And the film unthreaded

In the summer rain
Where your image is frozen
And thrown into the lake
Where your words rebound
With the way laid out
And your hands on my shoulders

Open your mouth
Close your eyes
Open your mouth