

Psycho Drift

Shriekback

I can only move like this
Or can dream around
Flesh and bone and concrete talk
Never make a sound

Very little sense involved
Very few straight lines
Never any questions asked
Got a map inside

Psycho drift
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Through the parks and alleyways
Hopelessly amazed
builder's yards and lavender
Watch the mind at play

Underneath the railway arch
Night and day are one
Found a new world inbetween
The shadow and the sun

Psycho drift
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The hook, the horn, the robin and the worm
The wine, the cheese, the bottle and the barricade
The bride, the groom, the coffin and the nail
The dog, the drain, the paper and the cellophane
The iron, the moon, the railway and the door
The shit, the shop, the roses and the underpass
The coin, the cloth, the carpet and the drum
The rain, the dog, the bonfire and the photograph

Like the swallows in the winter
Like the swarming of the bees
Some blind and sure desire is motivating me
Call it poetry in motion
Call it energy at play
Call it spirit into matter
Makes no difference what they say

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