

Wordsworth's Ridge

Sufjan Stevens

A summer night
I find a boat
Tied to a tree
A normal home

She lost her string
I'm stepping in
I push the shore there
An act of stealth

A troubled glad without a voice
A mountain song, the boat moves on
The water runs on either side
The circle swell, a sudden light

Takes me

I fix my view
Upon the ridge
Horizon's eye
Above the gray sky

I tip my oar to raise the stroke
The wading swan, the image broke
A looming peak, a pirate size
Uprears its head, a sudden guise

Takes me