

A Piece Of The Sky

Swans

Through a door in the air
On a crumbling stair
In a clear and rushing vein
In a tunnel full of rain
In a piece of yellow light
On the skin of my eye
Are you there?

In the wind of my lung
In methane and in love
In petroleum plumes
There's a floating slice of moon
In your tooth and your claw
and your unforgiving jaws
Are you there?

In a burning white ship
In the taste of her lips
In the blood of the swans
as the sun fucks the dawn
In the mud of a lake
In the drunk and the dazed
Are you there?

In the now that is not
on a ladder to god
On a mountain stripped bare
With your hand in my hair
Behind the face of the sky
on a disappearing line
Are you there?

In the then that was now
In the now that is not
In our names we forgot
In a thought we just lost
We become what we choose
We are stumbling fools
Who are not there

There's some tangled dirty twine
in some idiot's clouded mind
there's some wires that won't unwind
around the ankles of the blind
There's walls lined with soft lead
and in that room is your bed
Is that really you?

Are you in there?
On the moon?
In the air?
Crushed in my hand?
Thrown in a fire?