

## Papagallo

### The Mountain Goats

you were standing near the water, when the wind ripped  
through.

heard your throat open up like a champagne bottle  
i heard the one perfect song pouring out of you,  
there was a darkening sky reflected on the river.  
there was no way of determining where we were

low hills, colors gone crazy,  
you standing like a ghost with the water behind you.  
it's hard to grab ahold of some things sometimes,  
like you need me to remind you.

you were standing near the water.  
and i was looking at the water.  
then you went down in the water,  
and the river began to boil.  
there was a minute when i thought i knew what you were  
about,  
and then you opened up your eyes and the lord came out

low hills, colors gone crazy,  
you rising from the water like a bird,  
you had a pure song possessing you from shoulder to hip  
and i recognized every single word.