

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.