

## The Wave

Van der Graaf Generator

The wave hits the beach,  
writing words on the sand -  
to the academic man,  
this could be the answer....  
In fact, it's no more than a hunch;  
still we try to eat it...  
I think we're all pretty out to lunch.

The wave is out of reach,  
trailing words from the hand  
only air can understand;  
semaphore on the shoreline,  
waiting for distance to recede,  
unhappily imperfect  
when we should be happy just to breathe.

But with each bated breath,  
so present, tense,  
we want to know, we want it sure,  
it don't make sense!  
So I'll do mine and you do yours  
but let's not trade sand and sea  
for brick and cement.

The wave hits the beach,  
laps around abandoned clothes,  
wants to share a joke with those  
who'll brave the breakers,  
who'll break bread rather than pray  
while the definition-maker's  
lost in the small print of the day.

The words are only pictures  
that the next wave wipes away.