Long Black Line

Mike Gordon

I've never seen a granite bridge this high
leaning on the ocean side
Crushing snow in the salty fog
I'm walking on the long black lineI'll never swim in those quiet crashing waves
or steal another rain washed kiss
or surf the swirling notes around my half done songs
So far above the ocean mistMy alter ego flies and swoops down toward the coastline
to splash the crest where tidal waves collide
But smashing on the rocks, I watch my ego die in terror
My spirit walks the long black lineI stomp on rocks and scuff this muddy trail
Try to kick these spinning thought I've known
Like how we never bought that rolling hill
Or built your dream chalet of stone

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