Merrow Song

Captain Dangerous

Mr Clarkson do you wanna be lovers? I said under the covers she said no lie with me under this tree its a weeping willow do you know what that means? Darling take me by the hand and out to the flowers you know I loved you before we met. I love you forever cos you light up the room you know I love you do you still love me too?

He says top of the morning now sit yourself down where the aspens quiver and the larks play fowl. The knuckle men they should shelter beneath the barley sheaves and the star crossed squeeze of the heart broken members embraced in the embers of the fires of nergal. Contery to all their rumours he held her in his arm. Further down the path as we approached the lake a chorus of merrows they were signing our song all love should die in a blink of an eye they sang quietly then softer yet sustaining their warmth. She looked at me and cried is this really goodbye and said go with the flow but please dont you cry meanwhile in the distance a kelpie it lurked looking slightly augmented and having a toke.

We walked down past the Bodach as he lay on the bank past the washer woman who was reading Jack Kerouac singing a song to the soon to be dead COVER YOUR EARS GIRL COVER THEM NOW her signing it was out of tune but so lovely I wish that we could stay here forever she said softly tell me where did you go wrong why you left me all those years ago why did you do it? You remind me of a shelly coat cos you took my dreams and you stole all my money united in our quest we sang soliloquies and songs by the Beatles in my defence I was younger and you struck me down with you merrowesque wrath and your hunger. I need you come home

The horse man brayed as he trailed the broke taking nix form smiled and he whistled and took a long deep breath to the soon to be his she looked at me and cried is this really it. She looked like a merrow all beautiful but grey the horse sighed as he beckoned us in to the deep dark lock she begin to cry I feel like a forma all hopeless and tired. Past the catkins screams and the peach leaf willows her cries they echoed for hours and hours sad in their tones but expecting her fait hand in hand she walked right into my nape. I love. I need you. Come Home

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