Eliot

Sarah Slean

Armies and ice and dirty green
Newspapers, shovels, sand on the breeze
I think of Eliot when I smell the street and it's sometimes wise
Just to shut your eyesWorkers and lovers make their living space neat
Bent out of shape over what to eat
And I dream of Eliot, but I am discreet 'cause it's sometimes wise
Just to shut your eyesHow sure? How right?
Can anyone be on sight?
I said I had hope
I liedOh, the city in the winter, the sewage, the steam
You fill buildings with people and they rip at the seams
Somebody's suffering infected my dreams and
Don't they know? It's just my old soulHow sure? How right?
Can anyone be on sight?
I said I had hope
I lied, I liedSo calm, so wise
Give him the Nobel Prize
He said he had hope
He lied

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