

Black Eyes

Shearwater

Come down from the lion's back
Call down to the endless sleepers
Give life to the dimming days
That run in an endless stream now
In the black of the eye
In the heat of the act
Is a crack in the ice
Come down from the iron wheel
Come back from the endless labor
Look down on the rolling waves
That strike on the crumbling reef now
Is what the body becomes
In the bellow aloud
In the crack of the drum
But if the body dies
What is left of the heart
Burns white
No light on the western shore
No sign of the ships at anchor
No sound but the roaring winds
No warmth but the life behind the eye
And what the body allows
Is a flash in the heart
Until the memory dies
And a forever life
Is an infinite lie
Hung wide

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