

Messes of Men

mewithoutYou

I do not exist, but faithfully insist
Sailing in our separate ships
and from each tiny caravelle
Tiring and trying there's unnecessary dying
like the horseshoe crab in its proper seasons sheds its shell
Such distance from our friends
like a scratch across a lens,
made everything look wrong from anywhere we stood
and our paper blew away before we'd left the bay,
so half-blind we wrote these songs on sheets of salty wood

Caught me making eyes at the other boatman's wives,
and heard me laughing louder at the jokes told by their daughters
I'd set my course for land,
but you well understand
it takes a steady hand to navigate adulterous waters
The propeller's spinning blades held acquaintance with the waves
as there's mistakes I've made no rowing could outrun
The cloth blowing on the mast like to say I've got no past
but I'm nonetheless the librarian and secretary's son
with tarnish on my brass and mildew on my glass,
I'd never want someone so crass as to want someone like me
but a few leagues off the shore, I bit a flashing lure
and I assure you, it was not what I expected it to be!
I still taste its kiss, that dull hook in my lip
is a memory as useless as a rod without a reel
To an anchor ever-dropped, seasick yet still docked
Captain spotted napping with his first mate at the wheel,
floating forgetfully along, with no need to be strong
We keep our confessions long and when we pray we keep it short

I drank a thimble full of fire and I'm not ever coming back

Oh, my God!

I do not exist we faithfully insist
while watching sink the heavy ship of everything we knew
If ever you come near I'll hold up high a mirror
Lord, I could never show you anything as beautiful as You

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