Carriages

Tiny Ruins

Noise before the dawn lures me up and about,
Padding on bare feet, quiet as a lover's doubt.
All of the railings black against the light,
Early cars cold, and tired eyes.
Workaday, workaday,
Carriages of the night cry by.Can you weave me a forgiving sea?
Sew me a boat to get back to thee?
Will you build me an honest bridge,
That I may cross when I come to it?
Find me a pair of fool-proof wings,
Spin me a story that unwinds and sings.All of the trials of my good friends,
All of the ways to save and make amends
Strike me at this hour so clear,
But a thieving sky, she steals me here.Can you weave me a forgiving sea?
Sew me a boat to get back to thee?
Will you build me an honest bridge,
That I may cross when I come to it?
Find me a pair of fool-proof wings,
Spin me a story that unwinds and sings.

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