

Harrower

Assembly of Dust

Steppin' out on the great lawn in the new green shoots of a crop
There was a wind in the wild rough grasses and a broad swelling heat when it stops
Standin' at the edge of creation at the base of the throne of the sky
By the mouth of the Tennessee River where the birds of another world fly Well I must be on my way the share
croppers say there's barely even work for them.
I'll come rolling back to town when my fortune comes around.
Come and see your daughter again. I directed my stride to the river and the near by great beyond
The broken stalks of the harvest, pale as bone in the dawn
Pulled forward and drawn onward like water called to the sea
My hands are always full or empty and my boots are always carrying me. A big eyed girl in the hallway.
Borrowed light from the moon
I kissed her lips with my own mouth
I swear I will be back soon.

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