

# Home Life

## Shearwater

When you were a child, you were a tomboy  
And your mother laughed at the serious way  
That you looked at her  
And from your window at night  
There were the star's little fires  
And the armory lights You were tracing the lines  
Of a globe with your fingers  
Cool rivers, white wastes, desert shores  
And the forest green and a limitless life  
In the breath of each tide  
And the bright mountain's rising Now the boys are away  
And such kicks they are having  
Slashing away at the forest walls  
With their bitter knives  
Sparks bloom in their eyes  
And they never look tired  
Will they never look tired? On cliffs that tower from the rising seas  
Their bonfires glow where a tiger lies  
And cleaning their weapons  
They laugh at his useless claws, and all  
It is a beautiful night to be born to this life  
And grind his every bone to powder Do you remember?  
Do you remember? She carried you down to the edge  
Of the dark river, and said  
Though the water is wide  
You will never grow tired  
You are bound to your life  
Like a mother and child You will cling to your life  
Like a suckering vine  
And like the rest of our kind  
You will increase and increase  
Past all of our dreaming Horse without rider  
Lungs without breathing  
Day without light  
Song without singing a song

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