Sand and Foam

Aeon Spoke

The sun was going down behind the tattoo tree
And the simple act of an oar's stroke put diamonds in the sea
And all because of the phosphorus there in quantity
As I dug you digging me in MexicoThere in the Valley of Scorpio, beneath the cross of jade
Smoking on the seashell pipe the gypsies had made
We sat and we dreamed awhile of smugglers bringing wine
That crystal-thought time in MexicoSitting in a chair of bamboo, sipping grenadine
Straining my eyes for a surfacing submarine
Kingdoms of ants walk across my feet
I'm a-shaking in my seat in MexicoGrasshoppers creaking in the velvet jungle night
Microscopic circles in the fluid of my sight
Watching a black-eyed native girl cut and trim the lamp
Valentino vamp in MexicoThe sun was going down behind the tattoo tree
And the simple act of an oar's stroke put diamonds in the sea
And all because of the phosphorus there in quantity
I dug you digging me in Mexico

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