

# 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 Mexico There 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 Mexico Sitting 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 Mexico Grasshoppers 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 Mexico 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  
I dug you digging me in Mexico

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