Life's Work

Land Lovers

There's a danger in speaking up
When the powers that be find your lungs lacking
Besides, did you want to be understood?
If the time was right, bloody sure you would
But the time was wrong; I'd a life's work to do
After I finished that walk with youThere's no record of your voice
I taped you at Christmas refusing your uncles a song
What they wanted was yours alone
You'll enter eternity guarding your groans
Your bones, bones, bones are a bleak masterpiece:
Off with the camera, on with the fleeceThere's a blue swollen sea
It comes rushing for meIn the days left in balance
When you've left me your diaries, your daughters, your dockets
Will I set aside time for each of those?
Or wonder if Pharaohs were buried with more clothes?
A ghost with a life's work to do:
Patrolling the body you'll leave me to ruin

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