

Merge, a Vessel, a Harbour

Great Lake Swimmers

Merge, a vessel, a harbour

A perfect union

Of gift and reception

Each an eye

On the same face

Loss and gain

Fly into the mouth of the ground

Six feet under

Thanks to some failure

Fly into the mouth of the ground

Six feet under

One for the night

One for the dark

Taste each other

For a moment, then goodbye

Hold her eyes

Share the same air

Oh lay it down

Oh lay it bare

I'm speechless

Naked as a fiery sunset

You turn, not fleeting

Destroyed not complete

A perfect cacophony

Rising like vapour

Solid and liquid

Awkward and trapping

Stolen but paid for

Legs and knees and ankles and toes

When it burns an old enemy flows

Legs and knees and ankles and toes

When it burns an old enemy flows

Gathered and strewn

From this altitude

To some other moon

Wearing false armour
And useless shields
Failed to exist

Crying out and into the streets
They are always prepared for the cries
Prepared for the worst
Crying out loud at the untold
They are transfixed but not transformed

Stop accommodating echoes
Into these hard-pressed streets
Into these well-travelled streets
Into these hard-pressed streets

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