Anecdotes

Joanna Newsom

Sending the first scouts over
Back from the place beyond the dawn:
Horse, bear your broken soldier
Eyes frozen wide at what went onAnd Time, in our camp, is moving
As you'd anticipate it to
But what is this sample proving?
Anecdotes cannot say what Time may doI kid with Rufous Nightjar
When our men are all asleep:
"It ain't about how rare you are
But how hard you are to see
Take, you and me-""When are you from?" said he
In our blind of winter leaves
As we sighted out their fliers
In the grayscale of the night
And fumbled on the bare ground
To bury round landmines
While the dew lay down and driedWe signal Private Poorwill, when morning starts to loom:
"Pull up from your dive!"
Till we hear the telltale Boom
Too soon-
Hotdogging loon, caught there
Like a shard of mirror in the moon!Now they've stopped giving orders
But i follow anyway
Laying in our state of torpor
Waiting out the day
While the dew burns awayRushing, tearing, speeding home:
Bound to a wheel that is not my own
Where round every bend i long to see
Temporal infidelityAll along the road, the lights stream by
I want to go where the dew won't dry
I want to go where the light won't bend-
Far as the eye may reach-nor endBut inasmuch as that light is loaned
And, insofar as we've borrowed bones
Must every debt now be repaid
In star-spotted, sickle-winged night raids
While we sing to the garden, and we sing to the stars
And we sing in the meantime
Wherever you are?In the folds and the branches
Somewhere, out there

I was only just born into open air
Now hush, little babe
You don't want to be
Down in the trenches
Remembering with meWhere you will not mark my leaving
And you will not hear my parting song
Nor is there cause for grieving
Nor is there cause for carrying on-and daughter, when you are able
Come down and join! The kettle's on
And your family's round the table
Will you come down, before the sun is gone?

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