

On an Unknown Beach

[Amanda Palmer](#)

I'm a pale intruder on an unknown beach
My back to the water, my feet in the sand
Finding no recognition
As each sign of life
Invades the precision of this aging land
An abandoned flipper in a world of storms
There's a man on the shoreline
With a white parakeet
Trying to make his bird go home
With increasing continuity endless space
Gazes 'round the periphery not disheartened
Wearing it's most inexpressible face
My instinct is double as the waves roll by
But my vision is halved
And the foam in the green, as the insects
Talk to the blazing sky
Wax in the ear, stitch in the side
Wolves are feast for the blind
Under and over, the why and the wherefore
Easy to sit back with time
Driving discussions like cranes
Through the car park, setting them all in a line
All interceding, not yet proceeding
Misleading doubts in the mind
I'm a pale intruder on an unknown beach
My back to the water, my feet in the sand
Finding no recognition
As each sign of life
Invades the precision of this aging land

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