

# Castaways

## Toyah

By shadowing  
All the darkened fields  
Of forgotten words  
And civilian lives  
Violence  
Through the changing guards  
Through the grinding away  
And their furious marching  
By gathering the holy light  
And weathering  
A castaway life  
And the rising fear  
The hollowness  
Of the flags and gods  
That are raised in the air  
In the wake of their raging  
Your skinny arms  
Hold the lantern up  
On the brightest array  
Of the stars in their moorings  
And summoning  
The holy light down  
On citadels  
The blackening sky  
Collapsing sun  
The burning wall  
That approaches our eyes  
You live again  
In the shuddering light  
These images  
This valediction  
You are running from  
A rising tide  
You are castaways

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