

Spit Them Out

Ellen Sundberg

I take my jacket off it's getting warmer outside
I try to distract my thoughts
and I try to set them aside
Somewhere else a poet scene is mumbling songs on seams
and above his head prayer flags fluttering in the wind
He sings if only if only time could be here
and close about me when noone seems to hear my prayers
come here and close about meHe was stranded by a storm for six month in a great cave
a conquering demon where he had gone to meditate
to meditate in solitude until the storm had died down
but time caught up with him and soon made him one with the ground
oh how each time you'd be here and close about me when
noone seems to know me right come here and close about meI took a pine branch from the wood pile and I held
hard in
my hand
Just to hold on to something when the rest of me won't stand
with a little gain in altitude I was to be on the upper land
Hold the fluttering prayer flags I hold them hard in my hand
when nothing seems to do me right I'm a getting all worn out
I want to throw my thoughts away I try to spit them out
I try to spit them out
I try to spit them out, oh
I try to spit them out
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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