

# Paint Or Pollen

## Blind Pilot

Don't move an inch  
Listen for a singing  
Hitting in your bones like they were forts  
If you hear what I hear  
Don't just sit there  
We are only strumming water  
On this most unlikely court  
You got blown shore to shore  
Not quite sailing  
Riding on the trade winds of age  
Things blow in  
Don't just cast them  
Say it now, what you want to stay  
I was once on a long boat  
Star mapping the night roots  
Lightening the load  
Just in case  
But things float in to be taken  
If you don't know by now what will stay

So don't move an inch  
Don't move a single second  
Until the shade behind your thoughts is not confused  
Because I felt your inch  
I know the scent as well as any  
Clot in your guard  
And all paints or pollen  
Brick in your mortar  
Petals to soaking  
On the cracks  
Thicker or finer  
Milk in your water  
Black in your primer  
Wood in your brush  
Now I am your cloth  
Whatever you want  
The best is upon us  
It's a finicky muse  
With only potential

To choose  
To choose

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