

Blue Horizon

Michael Wark

If I die before my mother does
then I would fly beyond the blue
and paint the moon the color of her eyes
and give my shoes away
Or if I die the way of memory
A grass-stained tear around its neck
then I'd be sure to comb out all the knots
and leave this street in my dust
But I just keep running on
I can't be sure where to lay my sorry head
Looking up at the same old sky, stuck beneath the blue horizon
Lo la lo la lay
If I die the way our friendship did
No regret and no goodbye
A breath of air left in a line I write
No photograph or fight
But I just keep running on
I can't be sure where to lay my sorry head
Looking up at the same old sky, stuck beneath the blue horizon
Lo la lo la lay
If love were to die without apology
Take these tears you claim are lies
Wipe out the wishing stars
wipe out the warming sun
Leave the moon to grieve the sky
So if I die before my mother does
Then let me fly beyond the blue
And paint the moon the color of her eyes
And give my shoes away

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