

# Drovers, Sailors, Traders

## Steve Smyth

Wild dogs howl, the mangled trees groan  
A night wild whistles in semi tones  
The bower birds play with human bones  
The land never lies under a vacant sky  
The drovers love is a cloud of dust  
The rovers love is a sacred trust  
Where the devil sells "can't"  
End god prays "must"  
Is the song of the lost.  
Seagulls swirl, the salt it rusts.  
Waves rise higher than the southern cross  
Timber rots on low tide reef rocks  
The sea is a fire under a vacant sky  
The sailors love is a high sea sway  
The sailors love is a harbor knot waltz  
Light off the skeletal high rise  
Decay under the vagrant sky  
I turned around as fast as I came  
I saw the smoke rise from the hills  
When I passed the paths  
Where snowed under the wind  
Set my eyes blind  
The only history was a footstep  
The last erased. Where the devil sells "buy"  
And goes cries "sold"  
Is the song of the owed.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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