

Home Life

Shearwater

When you were a child, you were a tomboy
And your mother laughed at the serious way
That you looked at her
And from your window at night
There were the star's little fires
And the armory lights You were tracing the lines
Of a globe with your fingers
Cool rivers, white wastes, desert shores
And the forest green and a limitless life
In the breath of each tide
And the bright mountain's rising Now the boys are away
And such kicks they are having
Slashing away at the forest walls
With their bitter knives
Sparks bloom in their eyes
And they never look tired
Will they never look tired? On cliffs that tower from the rising seas
Their bonfires glow where a tiger lies
And cleaning their weapons
They laugh at his useless claws, and all
It is a beautiful night to be born to this life
And grind his every bone to powder Do you remember?
Do you remember? She carried you down to the edge
Of the dark river, and said
Though the water is wide
You will never grow tired
You are bound to your life
Like a mother and child You will cling to your life
Like a suckering vine
And like the rest of our kind
You will increase and increase
Past all of our dreaming Horse without rider
Lungs without breathing
Day without light
Song without singing a song

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