

Stalkers of the Drift

Virus

Feral aeroplanes
Stalkers of the drift
You float inside the hollow waves
Like sleepwalkers on the ocean highway See the blind cavalry
In their concave masks
All lined up to fowl the beaches
Dead faces painted in the sands They mimic themselves
Hiding in the wastelands
Empty figures on the crests of the dunes
The desert sculptures paying homage to the wounds With broken limbs they dance
The snakes and their proud owners
On parade out in the iron rain
The sun retreats as the caves drink the rivers
The feral aeroplanes
Chasing the winds upon the ocean highway
Gliding on raw silk
Cheered by broken clapping hands
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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