# Filaments

## Shearwater

The night is like a black stone
But it ripples in the wind
And you are shaking like a new slave
In an ultraviolet sunShiver at the night sky
From the ribbon of the road:
Hollow little diamonds
All embedded in the nullHead like a blank screen
A body alive
You are living in the last rays
Kicking up the nightsOh, little stars...In the center of the sun, in the stain spilling out into the light
In the calling of the gulls, in the river running out into the night
Some people run from themselves
Some chain the dogs to the gate
Some are living a lieDaddy's on the next plane
And he's looking to survive
He is soaking from a long run
He is fingering a knifeSummoning a white lie
From the fingers to the mind
You were watching the horizon
But it was in you all the timeLike a worm in the bloodline
Like an urge wants release
But you roll away the sun,
Throw it back into the eastFalling lights on the miracles of a golden age
Blackened sounds of the millions in the streets today
Where some people turn on themselves
Some hang around for an age
Some get paralyzedIn the center of the sun, in the hole in the belly of the light
In the shudder in the hull, in the river running out into the night
There is someone in the room, there is someone in the darknessI'm taking everything back:
When I led you down to the lake
It was the thrill of my life

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