

# Rooks

## Bleachers

When the rooks were laid in the piles  
By the sides of the road  
Crashing into the aerials  
Tangled in the laundry lines And gathered in a field  
They were burned in a feathering pyre  
With their cold black eyes When the swallows fell from the eaves  
And the gulls from the spires  
The starlings, in millions  
Would feed on the ground where they lie The ambulance men said  
There's nowhere to flee for your life  
So we stay inside  
And we'll sleep until the world of man is paralyzed Oh, the falconer awakes to the sound of the bells  
Overhead and southbound  
They are leaving his life  
And each empty cage just rings in his heart like a bell Underneath these cold stars  
In this trembling light, and he cries  
Amen, let their kingdom come tonight  
Let this dream be realized

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