

# Mother

## Christian Death

R. Williams

good-bye dreamer, insane stranger on the shore  
There is no one left here, not a soul  
Aid the confusion, expecting nothing  
Not a soul  
O, Mother, could I come back to you?  
A terrible vision of order out of control  
In accordance with human history  
Here in the company of death  
We approach - new graves, divided for love's sake  
Refined in rapture - ready to fly or to die  
Mother could I come back to you?  
I'm lifted up into the presence of divine forces  
Mother  
Open-mouthed in magnificence and beauty  
Mother  
Or shall we suffer the same fate as all the others  
Stuck on a plane which does not suit them  
Lost in thought, forgetful of primitive desire  
Good-bye dreamer, not a soul  
Mother, could I come back to you?  
Mother, could I come back through you?  
Mother, could I come back to you?  
The animals - I know how you make out  
Welling with authority, vilely enthusiastic, enduring bitterness  
"My husband's been dead for five years, though largely unobserved"  
The demons, the clowns are gone  
..And so is my Mother  
Mother, could I come back to you?  
Mother, could I come back through you?  
Mother, could I come back to you?  
O, Mother, could I crawl into you?  
Back into you  
O, Mother  
O, Mother could I come back to you?  
Mother?

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