

Paint Or Pollen

Blind Pilot

Don't move an inch
Listen for a singing
Hitting in your bones like they were forts
If you hear what I hear
Don't just sit there
We are only strumming water
On this most unlikely court You got blown shore to shore
Not quite sailing
Riding on the trade winds of age
Things blow in
Don't just cast them
Say it now, what you want to stay I was once on a long boat
Star mapping the night roots
Lightening the load
Just in case
But things float in to be taken
If you don't know by now what will stay So don't move an inch
Don't move a single second
Until the shade behind your thoughts is not confused
Because I felt your inch
I know the scent as well as any
Clot in your guard
And all paints or pollen
Brick in your mortar
Petals to soaking
On the cracks
Thicker or finer
Milk in your water
Black in your primer
Wood in your brush
Now I am your cloth
Whatever you want
The best is upon us
It's a finicky muse
With only potential
To choose
To choose

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