Closer

Matt Pond PA

It was the rocks you liked
So much you'd throw them
Down into the river's darkness
Down from where the trains go flying
Your legs hung out

Into the air - we'll keep on kicking
We're moving but it's never going
When we go it's like we're faking
Two palms, no sound

Closer and closer
The beam's width that's between us
Gets just a little leaner
We ought to fail to see it

And if I go to the left
And if you move to the right
So that we've hit and spilled
We've turned it off in the night

Between the banks that roll
The glass hidden motion
Above we go on without knowing
The pines control the wild sarcasm
To hold us up

And time was held
Well worth the holding
Waste when you try to save
Save it and it ends up wasted
You know these words

Answer we entered
The trains won't ride beside us
But water moves beneath us
And takes away the sense of hearing it all

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