

Ten Centuries : White Pines

Fallen Trees

You look with one eye; you'll see grieving,
Look with the other eye; all you see is ruin.

Dream brothers, falling from the bridge
asleep through the war, dark trees on the ridge.

Mothers of the dark, and pixelated birds,
the black elm bark, your forgiveness; only words.

Heart of wind, heart of bone, perfect ellipses.
Heart of wind, heart of bone, you call it down.

Im listening to snow, but cannot pass the cloud
to the cemetery grass I'll feed for twenty centuries.

Your voice within the night, dark pages of your body.
Lay down at 33, a coal river, no more breathing.

Blank Currency

You put the robes on
feel the power that comes to your hands
You put the mask on, father
money makes you but it wont take a stand

You go.
Go away.

Blank currency; a broken bridge over forever bones
All night long dreams a new math
A golden rope slipping through gloved hands

You go.
Go away.

And we are hungry
and we break coal on our teeth
you sleep inside a grey screen light bath
but today the gate is opening

You go.
Go away. Go away.
Go away.

Ice Age

into the ice age
into the storm
into the dark age coming down
into the ice

you keep falling asleep
but waking up inside
of a new and beautiful body
soon, you'll have nowhere left to hide

you'll go into the ice age
into the storm
into the dark age coming down
into the ice

and I have been un-cursed, but not redeemed
im still sitting, sitting still under water
the names of the empires change, we change our names
the silence of the sky, the big unending sky

go into the ice age
into the storm, again
into the dark age coming down
into the ice

Arrive to Vapor

suggesting glass stones in your throat
and you swallowed every note
and I won't see you breathing again
you buried black jewels in the sand

arrive to vapor
in my throat a secret paper
arrive to vapor
until it cuts the bone

ice cracks under the weight of
the snow pack, you watch the branches bend
a black cloth hanging from the aspen
a broken clock that held your wind

arrive to vapor
in my throat a secret paper
arrive to vapor
halfway to the tower

Hexagrams (abide with me)

heaven above
thunder below
carry the sign
swallow a coal

heaven above
wind moves below
casted in fire
cast of the bones

heaven above
lights in the snow
your hair in my fist
your smell in my throat

so end it tonight

out of a dream
into another
(abide with me)

fast falls the tide
its faster than ever
(abide with me)

heaven above
nothing above
no-one above
heaven above

Black Door

wind through the pines
rain on the leaves
water inside
the words that you sing

wind through the pines
and dirt on your hands
you cant comprehend
what your heart demands

you wait for the calm
it will never come
tied to an equation
weighed down so you can't run

bring me with you
through the black door
bring me with you
through the black door

fire inside
the bones of your feet
impossible codes
that you will never complete

and you pull down the blessing
the ache in the oak
into the center
of the hurt that you cloak

youre a cloud to yourself
a thousand chambers
a broken diamond
you rise like a diver

bring me with you
through the black door

Turtle Mountain

when we come back from the mountain
we'll bring our son into the world
I watch you bathe him in the moonlight
inside his veins I see our bodies in a swirl

you are my song
I'll sing you till I'm gone

we followed tracks
we followed leaves
out to where the air is empty
called out to the darkness
to give us our names
and we waited till the stars all re-arranged

now, you are my song
I'll sing you till we're gone

is this our body?
is this the way we pray?
I will lay down in your shadow
I will take you any way.

Come Clean

overhead at night, above the planet
look what i've done

its the end of a century, in a world so human
becomes like a desert

doesnt it? doesnt it feel like one?
doesnt it feel like one, already?

I want to believe you, because I take it hard
when you fall, you fall away

we loved eachother, didnt we?
but where are the animals?
oh wait, im dreaming.

something approaching. is it wind or a river?
the silence of stone.

It cant be. It cant.
Written clean. Written clean.

are you numb? or are you on fire?
in your distance from here
are you lost in the woods/

I know you wont believe me
or anything written down
I leave my breath on your bed

and I dug with my nails
and I waited for sun
and I waited for you

so much beauty
its all white and empty
and im waiting for you.

Letters to Spicer

were all waiting for the world
to pass us by
and I cant get it
but ill try

Spicer's at the door again
he wants back Subterraneans
spanish girls that curl their lips
rub to shine that crucifix

students come to hear his call
paper covers every wall
speaks until his throat turns raw
letters sound like broken saws

were all waiting.

ghost reflected window panes
curled to bottles for the pain
drinks to keep the spirits warm
lays down in the bays blue arms

feel the stars spin in your brain
backed yourself into your sin
kiss the lock cause your trapped in
no ones with you in the end

no ones going to be your friend
sit and watch the midnight spin
the dust that always knows your name
the only home that you can claim

so give me back my sweet body
should have known it dont come free
I feel the shaking in my feet
Palisades fall in the sea

were all waiting for the world
to pass us by
and I cant get it
but ill try