

The Battle of Borodino

What on earth are stars for?
(except to radiate...)
When I am not in your arms, I don't know where I am.
I don't know what I'm doing.
At the Battle of Borodino, there were no proper nouns.
At the Battle of Borodino, I wore you round my neck
And lost everything else except the sunshine.
The things that I don't understand
make me want to remain
What on earth are stars for?
(except to radiate...)
I wondered, as I lay in the sunshine.

Up Close, Far Away

I'm tired, but far from sleep.
Listening to the sound, our hearts beat in their cages
There's rhyme in our breath.
Collect up all your guilt, feed me every chard.
Perhaps to lose my appetite,
Perhaps to lose the thorn in your side.

I'm characteristically calm;
If you want to leave you can break my arms.

Up close, and far away, and every shade of blue.
You want it all today but I only want you.

Sensations Spring

I watched from below, a seismic event.
enjoying the rocks, friction like skin.
Thinking of the people below,
continents moving beneath their feet.

I watched from above, an electrical storm.
enjoying the clouds, flashes of bones.
Thinking of the people below,
powerless but positively charged.

I watched from inside a glacier melt.
Enjoying the sun, sensations spring.
Thinking of the people to come,
innocent like pebbles in the flood.

I watched from afar, an atom divide.
Enjoying the dust at play in the light.
Thinking of the people to come,
swimming between islands in the stream.

See You in the Morning

The night has found us here
It's waiting at the door
Calling me away
Together, what we've made
Cannot be any more
There's something in the way

We can do most anything we try
So why can't we say goodbye?

Now your tongue
Does bid me depart
And I get up to leave
This borrowed room
In the corner of your heart
But you hold onto my sleeve

See you in the morning
See you in the light
I can't see you anymore tonight



A song about a dream about a phonecall

I dreamt that you called, and your voice had changed
but i knew it was you, though you didn't say your name.
The questions you asked, and the feelings they made
took me right back and gave you away.
You asked how i'd been, and what i was like now
I wanted to respond but i didn't know how.
I woke up thinking of what i might have said
with my phone in my pocket in someone else's bed.

Roots Alive

This is the town where I was born,
where sons of weavers tend their jealous lawns.
This is the school where I was taught,
but failed to learn the things that I was ought
This is the town where i met you,
and failed to find much else worthwhile to do
These are the streets that i recall
and obliged me with concrete for my fall
This is the church where i was blessed
and claims to forgive me when i transgress

All Dressed Up Like Love

If i could awake that ancient feeling,
(asleep in my chest in ancient dream)
it would walk me through the gardens
that alone remain unseen.
I have to put my trust in the right person
someone that has made all the same mistakes
but it can seem like looking for that person
is like searching for snow at the bottom of a lake.

I have been thinking about fear.
And the way it has of showing up around here.
All dressed up like love.

In open fields I've been building doorways,
in the hope that one might lead somewhere.
But the thought of stepping through
is just too much to bear.
I don't want to hear the door shut fast behind me
and in some barren room find myself trapped,
and turn to see a mirror dusty and cracked.

Someone Else's Summer

You were such the perfect stranger
I could sense my life in danger.
Danger from the shape of your smile.
You were such the four leafed clover
I took part, but you took over.
Take me over to your side.
I think of what we thought together
and complain about the weather
but i don't really mind.
As I like back from bare november
I'm not sure what i remember,
it must have been someone else's summer.

Unfledged

holy safety warmth and hollow
linen wrap me whole and swallow
darkest corner, cleanest air
listen flora, fauna fair
moving headrest, known him since
unborn palimpsest fitted prince
silent forest, kingdoms pledged
overpromised smooth, unfledged.

Pillowtalk (non lo so)

bed is made lie in it
i've got no teeth to grit
write a page shut my eyes
sleep won't come no surprise
subtle speed frozen words
you and me and a third
tutto il meglio i don't know
all the best non lo so

i'm climbing a mountain to never come down
i'm getting lost where i won't be found.

inchoate melted sand
sets to glass cuts my hand
life is rare (subterfuge)
salvador dali knew
i'm ersatz pillowtalk
silhouette drawn in chalk
concentrate drift away
i will leave you will stay

Life in Cold Blood

we'll put our hoods up and walk in the rain
happy go lucky i whispered your name