

# Ode to My Thalamus

Asaf Avidan

The clouds are gathering in the sky above  
I know this one's gonna hurt my love  
Birds are shouting through the Mangrove trees  
They know the difference between a storm and breeze  
I too have felt this once before  
I hear that pounding and it's at my door

Outside it's boiling, but the water is cold  
All signs point to that I'm getting old  
The waves are rising and I take that dive  
To hold a breath is not to be alive  
I felt it then, I feel it now  
I know its coming but I don't know how

It's taking us apart  
this Helicase of love  
We're nothing but post-modern art  
what were we thinking of  
This is how it has to be  
This is how it has to be  
This is how it has to be  
I'm constructing but I shouldn't be

My blood is boiling and the callus is hot  
My veins are twisting in a sailor's knot  
My Thalamus is growing down into my tongue  
And all I taste is pain in every kiss and song  
I know this story, and I know it well  
The cracks are showing in my pearly shell

Outside I'm shaking and I feel them chills  
There go both of my Achilles Heels  
I fall down naked waiting for the storm  
My arms are open, waiting to transform  
The birds go flying, I hear them cry  
I know it's coming but I don't know why

It's taking us apart, this  
Helicase of love  
We're nothing but post-modern art  
what were we thinking of  
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