

Unmoved

Dirty Projectors

The leaves hang limp
And motionless
And the hairs on my arm
Rest against my skin
Unmoved

The whispering wind
Of a moment ago
They are still for now
They are still just now
And in the silence
I swear to God

I can hear the sounds
Of the interstate
Unmoved
The soft shell
I ate somedays ago
Was fried and battered
Soggy and compromised
Now I carry a basket
Of exoskeletons
Down the road I'm on
Unmoved