

Wave Like Home

Future Islands

Gray eyes link these sharp dawns
Bird-chested
These cornered arms
Half-lit, mirthless, marksman
O bending[?] chute, & charm

I took your portrait from the wall
And your picture at the window
Sucked your lemon dry and wept
Deep in the hall

Who would swallow my life?
And leave me as a child
In the whale I can see the bone
And the muscle in dim-light

Who would swallow my life?
And leave me here to die
In these arms I can feel my home
Breaking from inside

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