

# Merge, A Vessel, A Harbour

Great Lake Swimmers

Merge, a vessel, a harbour  
A perfect union  
Of gift and reception  
Each an eye  
On the same face

Loss and gain  
Fly into the mouth of the ground  
Six feet under  
Thanks to some failure  
Fly into the mouth of the ground  
Six feet under

One for the night  
One for the dark  
Taste each other  
For a moment, then goodbye  
Hold her eyes  
Share the same air  
Oh lay it down  
Oh lay it bare

I'm speechless  
Naked as a fiery sunset  
You turn, not fleeting  
Destroyed not complete  
A perfect cocophony  
Rising like vapour  
Solid and liquid  
Awkward and trapping  
Stolen but paid for

Legs and knees and ankles and toes  
When it burns an old enemy flows  
Legs and knees and ankles and toes  
When it burns an old enemy flows

Gathered and strewn  
From this altitude  
To some other moon  
Wearing false armour  
And useless shields  
Failed to exist

Crying out and into the streets  
They are always prepared for the cries  
Prepared for the worst  
Crying outloud at the untold  
They are transfixed but not transformed

Stop accomodating echoes  
Into these hard-pressed streets  
Into these well-travelled streets  
Into these hard-pressed streets