

# Pilot

Aldous Harding

I don't know how to behave  
Reacting, fists dangling  
About the same time every day  
Sometimes an outfit blows in from the street  
I can bring in the bolts and sleep  
But the old flag knits and rises  
Shells and shards dust the yard

I wish it was white, I wish it was white  
But it needs blood for the new erection  
I try to be light, stop the low talk  
But I am a coward, and Camus was right  
You slide like a bangle down the day's arm  
Waiting the hand to be given away  
But I don't deserve it, I won't wear it  
I know it's a gift but Christmas is gone

I'm ashamed of the quiet but I want to be silent  
Always practicing, still no grace  
I get so anxious I need a tattoo  
Something binding, that hides me  
But when the time comes to design it  
It opens up like height under a pilot  
Like height under a pilot  
It opens up like height under a pilot