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

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