Interlude I

Alt-J

She only ever walks to count her steps,
Eighteen strides and she stops to abide
By the law that she herself has set –
That eighteen steps is one complete set,

And before the next nine right and nine left
She looks up at the blue
And whispers to all of the above:

'Don't let me drown, don't breath alone,
No kicks no pangs no broken bones.
Never let me sink, always feel at home,
No sticks no shanks and no stones.
Never leave it too late, always enjoy the taste
Of the great grey world of hearts.'

As all dogs everywhere bark,
'It's worth knowing
Like all good fruit the balance of life is in the ripe and ruin
.'

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