

The Dust Sailor

And Also The Trees

I am the dust sailor
Drifting deep on the southern breeze.
I smell the cold
Welsh sinking sea
Float down through the mirage heat
of the south with me.,
I comb my way down beaches
To the jetsom dry towns.

In the grease dens
Through the reefer haze you call
With the smoke that pirouettes
Down the harbour streets
To the dust track down.

I am the dust sailor,
Drifting down through the south to you.
I wander through
The shuttered rooms
Down every ravine street
of the south for you.
I sail the singing silence
Of the desert simoons.

I cannot hold you
In my mermaid painted arms
You are the smell of oranges
And distant bells
In the dust track morn

I am the dust sailor,
Lying deep in the mirage view,
I sleep with you,
I wake with you
Down neath the golden skull
of the southern moon.
I see a day that stretches
like a secret... unknown.

From the bulls blood
On the hot afternoon sand,
To the cockerels crowing us
From high blue dreams
to the dust track down