

Not

Big Thief

It's not the energy reeling
Nor the lines in your face
Nor the clouds on the ceiling
Nor the clouds in space
It's not the phone on the table
Nor the bed in the earth
Nor the bed in the stable
Nor your stable words
It's not the formless being
Nor the cry in the air
Nor the boy I'm seeing
With her long black hair
It's not the open weaving
Nor the furnace glow
Nor the blood of your bleeding
As you try to let go

It's not the room
Not beginning
Not the crowd
Not winning
Not the planet
Not spinning
Not a rouse
Not heat
Not the fire lapping up the creek
Not food
Not to eat

Not the meat of your thigh
Nor your spine tattoo
Nor your shimmery eye
Nor the wet of the dew
It's not the warm illusion
Nor the crack in the plate
Nor the breath of confusion
Nor the starkness of slate

It's not the room
Not beginning
Not the crowd
Not winning
Not the planet
Not spinning
Not a rouse
Not heat
Not the fire lapping up the creek
Not food
Not to eat

Not what you really wanted
Nor the mess in your purse
Nor the bed that is haunted
With the blanket of thirst
It's not the hunger revealing
Nor the ricochet in the cave
Nor the hand that is healing

Nor the nameless grave

It's not the room
Not beginning
Not the crowd
Not winning
Not the planet
Not spinning
Not a rouse
Not heat
Not the fire lapping up the creek
Not food
Not to eat

Not to die
Not dying
Not to laugh
Not lying
Not the vacant wilderness vying

It's not the room
Not beginning
Not the crowd
Not winning
Not the planet
Not spinning