

La Denigracion

Bowerbirds

With a swing and a miss, and a belly full of bricks,
We lay heavy on the Earth, tethered to our words,
And try so hard not to stutter, though I dont know what for.
And each one has eyes in the honest places,
But will turn wonder into weeds.

Stab me in the back; Ill scratch yours.
Lord, have mercy on us both.
Are you so high above us, or the violence that walks among us?
Each one has eyes in the honest places,
But will turn wonder into weeds.

Oh, the weigh of bricks on bricks down to our feets,
And our feets are failing ships that soon do sink,
And the sea is land, and yes, the land is as soon sea.
And the sea is land, and the land is sea, oh me, oh my,
Oh my mother, have pity, put us down.
Oh, my mother, have pity, put us down
For a nap upon the banks of La Denigracion.

Limping was the nighttime, with its shrinking darkness,
Where the birds are lost in flight, and the men are soaked in light,
And, yes, the men take pride, but count your stars again.
There will be far more of your dreams lost in the heavens.
Cause each one has eyes in the honest places,
But will hide neath the shade of the leaves,
And will eat prunes from the trees of our withering orchards,
And will turn wonder into weeds.