

## Matchstick Maker

Bowerbirds

Dredge the Cedar River  
For a previous life  
Or scour the cliffs above  
In search of lost time

And you'll never find the body  
As the Palisades crumble slowly  
And claim the past as their own

Branded skin, broken vessel  
Took a job in the city  
Making matchsticks  
To start other men's fires

Oh

Gorgeous blooms on these cliffs  
Missed a battery of sticks and twigs  
Gravity toils away

Blisters on its hands from tightening ropes all day  
Lashing down all it sees  
But its pull is like a father's and not like a king's  
And the rule of the land is more like a strong suggestion  
As this strong current begs for the open ocean

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