

# Ocean Song

## Daughters

Paul eases into the driveway and kills the engine  
Sits for a spell, staring out the windshield  
Down the hood to the stalled garage door  
"Nothing ever works around here," he says to himself  
The ignition births the keys into his hand  
He opens the door, the world is suddenly different  
He senses something terrible awaiting  
A loose thread, a worsening  
In that moment he turns to the sky  
He notices that it's darker now than it used to be  
It's darker now at this hour, than it was last week  
Within or beyond himself  
A voice more primal, is urging him

To go, run, to go, run  
To go, run, to go, run  
Go, run, go, run  
Go, run, go, run

Across the loose brick, he prepares himself for the evening greeting  
But his inability to shake the warning sees him grinding his teeth  
Paul turns to the right, tracing the unkempt bushes aligning the house  
And the beds cracking beneath  
He reaches over to uncouple the latch  
And sweat forms on his brow and the back of his neck  
And years of servitude are at last present;  
He can feel them in his bones  
And Paul is overwhelmed with the urge to cry  
To crumple down to his knees and release  
But pride gives him a shove  
Nursing him across the muddied, neglected lawn  
He inhales through his nose  
"There is so much more to be done"  
Stopped in his tracks  
His youngest child, telling his father

To go, to run, to go, to run  
To go, to run, to go, to run

He explodes through the backyard like he's shot from a gun  
(Go, run, go, run)  
Clearing the fence in one leap  
Landing in a heap in the alley between the neighbouring houses  
(Go, run, go, run)  
Body broken by nothing, just falls

Knocking over trash as he makes his way  
Sprinting like some wild animal  
A blur beneath the streetlamps  
Overhead, a terror-scream  
Everything he has is within him  
His shoes come up from off his feet  
The shadow haunts him for several yards  
The ghosts of what he was, desperate to keep up until gone  
Now the road, punching upwards into his soft, naked feet  
He is never-knowing, never again  
Forever flowing, no more waiting

His muscles burn, deciding to run till he can run no more  
To find everything he can find

To know, to see for himself  
If there is an ocean beyond the waves, beyond the waves  
To know, to see for himself  
If there is an ocean beyond the waves, an ocean  
To know, to see for himself  
If there is an ocean beyond the waves, beyond the waves  
To know, to see for himself  
If there is an ocean beyond the waves, beyond the waves  
To know, to see for himself  
If there is an ocean beyond the waves, beyond the waves