

# Isolation Tapes

David Keenan

A strange bird came to my window last night  
Powdering her nose  
She recommended it was time for me to go home  
Rain drops they fell the size of pool balls  
I'm proud of all we are, of all we've been  
And all we've yet to become still

A strange illogical light shines bright from within  
Informing you of what is wrong and what is right  
It spiked you with awareness  
Chewing on your jumper sleeve  
Maroon bruised face in a drafted doorway  
Clinging onto something  
Holding on to something blatantly real

Leave it all behind  
The systematic thinking, the shaking and the sleepless nights  
Tomorrow you'll be fine  
Fourteen days in solitude  
Will give you all the time that you need  
To record your Isolation Tapes

The listeners reports they fire rounds a plenty  
The newsreader in a John Marlboro t-shirt looks bemused  
Give yourself up to the current climate  
Do you want a glass of water?  
Do fancy a glass of water?  
I fancy a glass of wine and a heavy dose

The frost bitten mongrel dawn gives way to another play  
I'm a streetsinger in a sweatbox  
Rain falls the size of pool balls  
How can you wake up if you've not been sleeping?  
And though the facts they may be right  
The mood it is certainly wrong

Leave it all behind  
The systematic thinking, the shaking and the sleepless nights  
Tomorrow you'll be fine  
Twenty days in solitude  
Will give you all the time that need  
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Open up your door  
Settle this old score  
Let me in, give us a kiss