

Miracles

David Keenan

Fuchsia I hear the public toilets are closed
You make faces when you clean the sand out from between your toes
Boxing crosses boundaries
So does fighting with your shadow

Young sap scrapping in the middle of the square
Square ones feast their beads until they are partially full
Yellow blinds are drawn
Kitchen knives are melted down into coins
And there is one for every member of the rabble

Loneliness is part of living
I shall run from it no more
Your attitude is unforgiving
And when I sneer you seem to like me more

Drinking in the milk of the sun
Lying in a thirsty ditch
Nose bleeds are all you need
When you're dying of embarrassment
I've had my fill of miracles
Of miracles I've had my fill

I've had my fill of miracles

Fractured tiles falling to the earth
The workman in workman's clothes
He's had his fill so fling him into the back of the taxi driver
Memories tacked on wardrobe door
Exalting some ecstatic claim
That on such nights
As nights like these
We lent our lights to sacred flame

Loneliness is part of living
I shall hide from it no more
Your attitude is unforgiving
And when I sneer you seem to like me more

Drinking in the milk of the yellow sun
Lying in a thirsty ditch
Nose bleeds are all you need
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