

The Nothing

Freelance Whales

The nothing came in little drones
A darkness sewn in folded quantum tourniquets
The offering we made to jove
Was not enough to keep him on the horizon

When all the bridges wave and flex
With bending pitch in fractals woven
All your friends will call to us
They're floating overhead

Give us a tone
Fill us with sound codes

Let the honey bees ferment
Glow into a meade inside the lions head
Delicate species were meant
The pirouette into the background with the dead

When all the bridges wave and flex
With bending pitch in fractals woven
All your friends will call to us
It's floating overhead
And when the sonic waves are shot
From cannons on a flatbed truck
The atmosphere will shake and shout
It's cracking over head

Give us a tone
Fill us with sound codes
Grace us with deep floods
Freeze up (and thaw) new perennials