

## I Was a Wayward Pastel Bay

Great Lake Swimmers

I was a wayward pastel bay, with a prized pelt  
That at times huffed in the moon, overcome, and felt

Ten thousand branches loping through  
One minor constellated patch  
A limping and broken breach  
Confused and slightly out of reach  
I think I saw it, did you  
Yes, I think I saw it too

There goes another one, another one  
There goes another one, and another one

I didn't know you when you were asleep  
But you woke and told your dreams to me  
What was seen and things that it could mean  
That sense of rifled air  
Shivered my sharp ears and tail

Incision in the viscous night  
Slit fabric on a movie screen  
A pool of hard reality  
Fly away quick with feathers cold  
Sand through the funnel, and flown to the fold

There goes another one, another one  
There goes another one, and another one