

Highway and the Moon

Jeffrey Foucault

It was a preface to motion
Rolling down the Oklahoma highway, highway and the moon
The moon beat down with cloudless devotion
It seemed like all heaven was going my way
Going my way

It was a preface to waking
The smell of gasoline
A dream of milk and honey, Honey how are you
You were there in the dawn before the daybreak
Rising before Venus the morning star and humming
A tune I could not name
Tune I could not name

And swallows were tumbling over our heads
They were falling by turns by turns rising again
Seamlessly tracing the profile of night
In a balance of meaning and motion and light
And there on the water passing below
I saw our bodies reflected as a perfect palindrome

We go tearing our love down to build it up again
From different directions we mean the same
We are the same as we've always been

It was a preface to knowing
Throwing down the dreams of my own making, for making
better time
And time rolls on heedless of our holding
This momentary franchise the kingdom I have made
Of your bloodshot smile
Of your bloodshot smile

And swallows were tumbling over our heads they were
Falling by turns, by turns rising again
Seamlessly tracing the profile of night
In a balance of meaning and motion and light
And there on the water passing below
I saw our bodies reflected as a perfect palindrome

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