

Dead Slate Pacific

John Vanderslice

at my low point
I went to a professional
he asked me some questions
sent me to a doctor

there's a moment there,
when you're under a doctor's care
when you're safe and hopeful

punched in the code
ran up the stairwell
he asked more questions
gave me celexa

that's when I really knew
the only thing standing between
me and that long rope over a carpenter's beam
was you

I went off the pills
bought my ticket
I used to think
there was nothing between us
just 6,000 miles of
the dead, slate pacific

but on that united flight
in a white hot panic I
sank to the bottom of the sea

my countless horrible creatures
complicated undersea secrets
if I didn't go diving there
with a spear gun, knife and flare
how would I ever make it through

that's when I really knew
the only thing standing between
me and that long rope hung on a carpenter's beam
was you