

Higher Places

Joshua Burnside

Where the birds are piping
Without limitation
And incomparable stripe coloured bees
Pass over me

Black, black, blacker air De Shelby dares accumulate
At the breaking of the dawn

White, white, whiter than the tooth of man
A shard of delph or eggs under a crow

What if it's all gone the other way
And Hell is above us, heaven forbid
How will we ever know
Where the bicycle ends
And the body begins?
I feel my spokes itching

Still, still, stiller than John Callahan
His expertise, the police at least maintain
They ride, ride, ride a three speed when
I close my heavy eyes, after a dose of day

What if it's all gone the other way
And Hell is above us, heaven forbid
How will we ever know
Where the bicycle ends
And the body begins? I feel my spokes itching
And my pedals are aching
Think my brakes need replacing
And my tyres are tired

Where the birds are piping
Without limitation
And the days are as long
And the nights are as strange
As anything found on O'Nolan's page
So where do we go?