

In Words

Marika Hackman

If we were all born with a pylon between our eyes
Would we notice the grass
Through metal bars and siren cries?

I'm running on highways and dust
I've never been home but I know I must

If I am a mouth that bit the hand that gave me life
Then I'll kiss a chord
Suck from melody, my fertile wife

'Cause I'm having some trouble thinking straight
To put it in words
I hate to put it in words

To long for the lark, a fickle wish, a fleeting wing
But she won't be caught
Tethered down, and forced to sing

I'm having some trouble seeing clear
I'll never get home I fear

And I must be left, for a little while, to walk my road
The ways back are shut now
And I'll be left to tread alone
I want to go home