

## 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