

Next Year

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Oh, Father Time
Grow me, change me
Age and shed the infant skin that was mine
Did you hear the wind
Howling, growling? She knows something
She is older than I

Progress is slow on this heart that I grow
I'll love a lot next year

Beat to the drum
Constant motion, vessels pulsing
Every second we die
Hands to the sun
Burning, breathing, glowing, healing
Sustenance of the sky

Wholemeal and coal are better for the soul
But I believe in blood and lust

Oh, Father Time
Rock me gently, I'm not ready
Can't we stay for a while?
And listen in to the wind
Melody of melancholy
She's a lullaby

But send me to sleep and my mother
She will weep
Alma Mater I've not met
Here's to the womb and the human catacomb
I am not a child quite yet
No, I am not a child quite yet