Cold Water

Matthew Good

Insane I wake up
the oars I take up and row to right
a dawnless widow
the Portsmouth ghost of an East End slight
for you I hold this and build from nothing an ancient light
and so in motions of all distortions I pull for my life

This cold water is weighing us down
oh how I wish I was with you and nowhere else

Late this morning I came by Hamstead in a Devon scow
that found me driving just off of Rame Head near Plymouth Sound
in the room that we let I found your hairbrush broke on the gro
und
and so in motion like a stone in potion I just laid down

This cold water is weighing us down

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