

Movement

Momus

Once I had freedom to move
So I moved through the world
With a bag and a girl
In a pair of flip flops
In a ragged straw hat
With no sense of danger
A tourist in spite
Indulged or admired
Sometimes decide
An esteemed visitor
And although I was strange
I was never a stranger
Now I'm confined to my flat
All I do is think back
To my days of being free
How I moved through the world
With a bag and a girl
And nothing constrained me
Movement, you are my all
You make me rise, make me fall
Set me loose when I'd lose
You make a difference I choose
Before the end of the world
Before the fail of our falling
Movement, the sea where I swam
You were my master, my plan
You put my life on your line
And your journeys defined
Who I was and might be
And there was no horizon
Now there's no movement at all

All I do is recall
My obscure vagueries
All my days of being free
How I moved through the world
And there was nothing to stop me
Movement, I'm wasting away
In the Medusa gaze
Of the sickening sun
Casting glistening rays
Like the bars of a cell
On the floor of my kitchen
Where is the land beyond lands
Where I can walk on the sands
Where the islands are curves
And the curves I deserve
I know I've been here before
Though maybe I only dreamed it
Where is the city of stairs?
The city of layers?
The city of prayers?
Souks and bazaars?
Where I can find what I need
Before I even know I need it?
Movement, you were my all
You made me rise when I fall

You let me loose when I'd lose
You were the difference I'd choose
Before the end of the world
When there was no horizon