Through the Trees Pt. 2

Mount Eerie

Misunderstood
And disillusioned
I go on describing this place
And the way it feels to live and die

The "natural world"
And whatever else it's called
I drive in and out of town
Seeing no edge, breathing sky

And it's hard to describe
Without seeming absurd
I know there's no other world:
Mountains and websites

Dark smoke fills the air
Some from the fire in my house
Some from me driving around

I could see the lights of town
Through the trees on the ridge
On my way home in the dark

I meant all my songs
Not as a picture of the woods
But just to remind myself
That I briefly live

The gleaming stone
The moon in the sky at noon
There is no other world
And there has never been

I still walk: living, sleeping
Life in the real world of clouds
Clawing for meaning

Still when I see branches in the wind
The tumultuous place where I live
Calls out revealing

"Can you see the river in the branches
And know that it means you will die
And that pieces are churning?"

"Can you find a wildness in your body
And walk through the store after work
Holding it high?"

I've held aloft some delusions
From now on I will be perfectly clear:
There's no part of the world more meaningful
And raw impermanence echoes in the sky

There is either no end
Or constant simultaneous end and beginning

A pile of trash
The fog on the hill
Standing in the parking lot, squinting

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