

Foreland

Patrick Wolf

What's that burning in the distance?
Either the Redsand Fort or a ship
Or my eyes are showing their age
See that line form 'cross the chalk stack insolent to history
As I am to these
Cracking 'cross my face

Wave after wave
The years through me falling
The way beneath my feet
Could just give without warning
That old mansion will keel to the tide in time
The line ever nears as it will
Everybody
And those it reached first
We keep alive
In the gleaning of their yield
By the light of the wax of their land
And wave after wave
The years through us falling
The current at our feet can just take without warning

That old buoy will sever from the line
In time the tide
Everclears
As it will do
For me

Wave after wave
I dive under today's turbulence
Hush
The sea was too dangerous to swim today
And driving home to feed the boys
The heavens opened 'cross the kellet gut
And I remembered a list I wrote
"Reasons to stay alive"
And cried for the distance between that page and where I am now
Rain dying out
The reasons they write themselves
Wave after wave
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