

One-two-three

Last month in Alaska
With the pattern of my life laid out
And I asked what I'd been asking you
Like trees repeat, like numerals do
Like a ladder to the atmosphere
The rungs each come again and again

And I let it
Land me down and tether me 'til I get it

When we landed in Orlando
And the local time was 11:11
The pilot had his eyes closed
Through that opalescent open road
And then time spread and expanded
The lines fanned out across the land

And I let it
Land me down and tether me 'til I get it
Can I leave the canopy forever?
And land me down eternally