

One Day

Polly Paulusma

One day, I'll take a bottle
With a good strong base
And a cork that fits it
No label, no maker's mark
And I'll shout the bile and anger
And plain disappointment
In until I've almost filled it
And then I'll squeeze the cork down hard
I'll need a boat with a good strong sail
To weather all the storms and the gales
I'll grab that bottle, grip the rail
And say my prayers
and then I'll throw that bottle
Out into the deep blue sea
And then I'll sail away
I'll throw that bottle out so far, it can't hurt me
One day
one day, I'll take some canvas
With a good strong seam and a hot air burner
A basket, some sandbags and rope
And I'll float above the earth
In my balloon of steam
Drifting further and further
Over plains and mountain slopes
I'll fly 'til I find the deepest lake
A volcano about to awake
I'll grab that bottle by the neck
And say my prayers...
and then I'll hurl that bottle
Down into the deep ravine
I'll never hear it hit the ground
I'll throw that bottle down
So far it can't hurt me
One day, one day...
one day I'll build a rocket
With a thick blunt nose and a megatonne engine
A window to look at the moon
And I'll burn through the stratosphere
With fire in my tail, a comet ascending
'til I float in weightless gloom
I won't turn back 'til I see a lunar plains
The detail of the rugged terrain
I'll grab that bottle full of pain
And say my prayers...
and then I'll hurl that bottle
Down onto the arid sea
And then I'll fly away
I'll hurl that bottle down
So far it can't hurt me
One day, one day