

Clara

Scott Walker

Birds
Birds
This is not a cornhusk doll
Dipped in blood in the moonlight
Like what happen in America
This is us
Our eyesides snagged
Dipped in mob in the daylight
Like what happen in America
The breasts are still heavy
The legs long and straight
The upper lip remains short
The teeth are too small
The eyeside is green
The hair long and black
Still coming through
Still coming through
She knows this room
She can navigate it in the dark
She entered the Palazzo at night by a side door
To ascend to a lift in the upper floor
She lies on the bed
Looking up not yet seeing
The signs of the zodiac painted in gold
On the blue vaulted ceiling
His enormous eyes as he arrives
Coming nearer in the surrounding darkness
His strange beliefs about the moon
Its influence upon men of affairs
The danger of its cold light on your face
While you were sleeping
She'll eclipse it with her head
Stroke him while he sleeps
Until he has nothing to do among men of affairs
Sometime before dawn
Her bare feet cross the floor
She gazes from the window
At the fountain in the courtyard
Sometimes I feel like a swallow
A swallow which by some mistake
Has gotten into an attic
And knocks its head against the walls in terror
This is not a rabbit skinned
With a body of silver
Like what happen in America
The breasts are still heavy
The legs long and straight
The upper lip remains short
The teeth are too small
The eyeside is green
The hair long and black
Still coming through
Still coming through
The mood soon changed
In the clear morning air
A man came up towards the body
And poked it with a stick

It rocked swiftly
And twisted around at the end of the rope
Finer than a hair from every side
Finer than a hair
Birds
Birds
This is just a cornhusk doll
Dipped in blood in the moonlight
This is just a cornhusk doll
This morning in my room
A little swallow was trapped
It flew around desperately
Until it fell exhausted on my bed
I picked it up
So as not to frighten it
I opened the window
Then I opened my hand