

## Filaments

## Shearwater

The night is like a black stone  
But it ripples in the wind  
And you are shaking  
    like a new slave  
In an ultraviolet sun

Shiver at the night sky  
From the ribbon of the road:  
Hollow little diamonds  
All embedded in the null

Head like a blank screen  
A body alive  
You are living in the last rays  
Kicking up the nights

Oh, little stars-

In the center of the sun,  
    in the stain  
    spilling out into the light  
In the calling of the gulls,  
    in the river  
    running out into the night  
Some people run from themselves  
Some chain the dogs to the gate  
Some are living a lie

Daddy's on the next plane  
And he's looking to survive  
He is soaking from a long run  
He is fingering a knife

Summoning a white lie  
From the fingers to the mind  
You were watching the horizon  
But it was in you all the time

Like a worm in the bloodline  
Like an urge wants release-  
But you roll away the sun,  
Throw it back into the east

Falling lights  
    on the miracles  
    of a golden age  
Blackened sounds  
    of the millions  
    in the streets today  
Where some people  
    turn on themselves  
Some hang around for an age  
Some are paralyzed

In the center of the sun,  
    in the hole  
    in the belly of the light,

In the shudder in the hull,  
in the river  
running out into the night  
There is someone in the room,  
there is someone in the darkness

I'm taking everything back:  
When I led you down to the lake  
It was the thrill of my life