

The Left Side

Shearwater

A pretty one-eyed girl
From the state of Maine
Can't see the church:
It's on the left side of her brain.
But it's clothed in browning leaves
And it wants to take her in,
And there's a Parson's robe inside that wants to feel
her skin. And the sleeves of warm, black cloth
Are hungry for her wrists,
And the pages of the Holy Book is hungry for her kiss.
She'll go home all alone
On the right hand of the interstate
And the church upon the hill
It will sit in browning leaves
And it will wait for her, wait to be together.
But she won't want it, ever.

It's like a dream I had:
This girl I went to see
And I can't sing her name, she might be listening to me
In a room of missing tiles we felt ourselves entwine
And she bit my tongue and shouted as I crawled into her
mind.
It was full of singing mouths and apples in the air,
A soft, warm little room that was surrounded by her
hair.
And, alone, when we awoke,
We stretched our legs and spoke
To the people we were sleeping with in voices not our
own,
In the cool of our beds
With the words just dissipating
In the open air ahead,
And this other world just waiting until we're dead.