

Cro-Magnon Man

Squid

Cro-Magnon man
Is a cuboid man
How many sides?
He casts the shadow on the door

Predator and prey, alive
Alert us when the numbers on the page divide
The petrol station sign... "Open
Every hour, all through the night"

But Cro-Magnon Man
Lacks the wherewithal
To influence the rest
But how many times
Do you dream of mist above the crest?

Carry Venus on a hunter's stride
What's that formation that you see at night?
Guilt is cold sweat in a box
And your tyre's rolled way out of sight
Predator and prey, alive
The numbers never multiply
The petrol station sign..."Open
Every hour, all through the night"

And the shoes are worn out, broken
And the wagon over, overturns
And the horse is head over its hooves
A combination of elegance and speed
And we draw in artificial light
You'll miss your ears but you'll see voices
And live in the bodies of each other
And you'll dream of mist over the crest
The chemicals that turn tomatoes red
Plastic bottles forever in the shed
In the cobwebs that float over your bed
I'll frame my life in the bones that I have left

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