

Rest

Syd Matters

It crashed in the forest, tearing off the trees
Hands on my chest, and my pockets full of leaves
Have you seen my brothers lying on the green?
Have you seen my brothers as they swam against the stream?

Did you try to rescue them with your pagan poetry?
Who'll come and bless them in the middle of the sea?
With the winds-a-blowing right to the bone
When the pipes are calling, will you take our bodies home?

Resurrected Jesus in the river up to his knees
Waiting for the rest of us to fall from the trees