

Impossible

The Weather Station

I found that I was angry in the cool of the day
All the tall trees swaying, all I did not say
Though I managed all the details and made all those phone calls
And I wrote out all the e-mails and straightened out the front hall
It don't matter, it made no difference

All through our disagreement, there was a cardinal on the fence
Put no walls around me, I will lay the stones myself
And I'l lay down with my body and give nothing else
Still living with the feeling pent up in my chest
My old lifelong companion, the one I know best
Well, I guess I got the hang of it, the impossible
You could say I moved right in with it, the impossible

You knew I felt unnatural in the blue light of dawn
I left the house in shadow and my mind went on and on
On the long spool of the highway, strange fragments of song
And all I can't get my way, everything that's still wrong
Oh, I guess I got the hang of it, the impossible
And I walk the endless boundaries of it
Just to know what you can't ever have
What is light? What shadow?
I guess I always wanted the impossible

In time, I learned to rest on the fevered pitch
The change was so relentless, no time to get used to it
I had to get so ruthless to cut right down to the quick
To wake at 6 AM and go along with all of it
But still I was so sensitive, I could hardly even stand
Your simple acts of kindness, the gentle pressure of your hand
Glimpsed from the ferry green swaths of land
Sleeping on the floor, I felt the ocean's movement