

## Public Place

Wire

In this public place  
Pigeons move busily  
Through the contents  
Of a man's life  
In this public place  
His last mortal remains  
Reflect a private lake  
In this public place

Lies fly in formation  
Candid fiction spreads its wings  
It's deceptive at this angle  
Does truth dance?  
Does truth sing?

The private hedge pissers  
In anxious alleys  
The village boy-wide-men  
With a game on their hands  
Wait for the sign  
That will take them to Heaven  
Wait for the sign  
Only they understand

In this public place  
A carved tree  
Burst through an atheist's heart  
And broken promises  
Drifted into the shape of footprints  
In this public place  
Lies fly in-formation  
Candid fiction spreads its wings