

# A Piece Of The Sky

Swans

Through a door in the air  
On a crumbling stair  
In a clear and rushing vein  
In a tunnel full of rain  
In a piece of yellow light  
On the skin of my eye  
Are you there?

In the wind of my lung  
In methane and in love  
In petroleum plumes  
There's a floating slice of moon  
In your tooth and your claw  
and your unforgiving jaws  
Are you there?

In a burning white ship  
In the taste of her lips  
In the blood of the swans  
as the sun fucks the dawn  
In the mud of a lake  
In the drunk and the dazed  
Are you there?

In the now that is not  
on a ladder to god  
On a mountain stripped bare  
With your hand in my hair  
Behind the face of the sky  
on a disappearing line  
Are you there?

In the then that was now  
In the now that is not  
In our names we forgot  
In a thought we just lost  
We become what we choose  
We are stumbling fools  
Who are not there

There's some tangled dirty twine  
in some idiot's clouded mind  
there's some wires that won't unwind  
around the ankles of the blind  
There's walls lined with soft lead  
and in that room is your bed  
Is that really you?

Are you in there?  
On the moon?  
In the air?  
Crushed in my hand?  
Thrown in a fire?