

Swim Until You Can't See Land

Benjamin Francis Leftwich

We salute at the threshold of the North Sea of my mind
And I nod to the boredom that drove me here to face the tide
And I swim, I swim, swim

Dip a toe in the ocean, oh how it hardens and it numbs
And the rest of me is a version of man built to collapse and crumbs
And if I hadn't come now to the coast to disappear
I may have died in a landslide of rocks and hopes and fears

Oh swim until you can't see land
Swim until you can't see land
Swim until you can't see land
Are you a man? Are you a bag of sand?

Up to my knees now
Do I wade? Do I dive?
The sea has seen my like before, though, it's my first and perhaps last time
Let's call me a baptist, call this a drowning of the past
She is there on the shoreline throwing stones at my back

Oh I swim until you can't see land
Swim until you can't see land
Swim until you can't see land
Are you a man? Are you a bag of sand?

And the water is taller than me
And the land is a marker line
All I have is a body adrift in water, salt and sky

Oh I swim until you can't see land
Swim until you can't see land
Swim until you can't see land
Are you a man? Are you a bag of sand?

Swim until you can't see land
Swim until you can't see land
Swim until you can't see land
Are you a man? Are you a bag of sand?