

Paint or Pollen

Blind Pilot

Don't move an inch
listen for a singing
hitting in your bones like they were forks
If you hear what I hear
Don't just sit there.
We are only strumming water
on this most unlikely chord.

You got blown shore to shore,
Not quite sailing
Riding on the trade-winds of age.
Things blow in
Don't just cast them
You say it now, what you want to stay

I was once on a long boat
star mapping the night roots
lightening the load
just in case
Things float in to be taken.
if you don't know by now, what will stay?

So don't move an inch.
Don't move a single second,
until the shade behind your thoughts is not confused.
'Cause I felt your itch.
I know the scent as well as any,
clotting your garden
of paint or pollen,
brick in your mortar,
petals to soak in,
on the cracks,
thicker or finer,
milk in your water,
black in your primer,
wood in your brush,
now I am your cloth,
whatever you want-
the best is upon us.
Its a finicky muse
with only potential
to choose.