

# Swing Lo Magellan

Dirty Projectors

Last night all my attention squinting westward at the sunset  
With a map and a compass when a man reached up, said something  
There against the sky a point of light  
Too invisible to give itself to the naked eye  
On the shore people yelling in their eyes a great reflection  
In the grid aware their position unconcerned with intuition  
There could never be no sympathy from that wilderness so let it  
be arrested

Swing lo oh Magellan, 9 by 6 or 8 by 7  
Post a sentinel at the border of what you attempt  
What you ignore I saw my frame in a pool of light  
All drown in doubt and shame and I knew that I had lost my sigh  
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