

## Unmoved

Dirty Projectors

The leaves hang limp  
And motionless  
And the hairs on my arm  
Rest against my skin  
Unmoved

The whispering wind  
Of a moment ago  
They are still for now  
They are still just now  
And in the silence  
I swear to God

I can hear the sounds  
Of the interstate  
Unmoved  
The soft shell  
I ate somedays ago  
Was fried and battered  
Soggy and compromised  
Now I carry a basket  
Of exoskeletons  
Down the road I'm on  
Unmoved