

Swimming Toward The Black Dot

Esperanza Spalding

Black spot heavy ink to my bones
From lone sitting stark and alone
Now my limbs are writing
I start blurry casting a stone
A lone ripple tears through the blank
Lighting the face of the deep
Stirring the delicate monsters I keep
Kicking down
Pushing toward the ground
There's a word there I need
As far in this world as I can from belief
I'm (swimming toward the black dot)

I see those bodies bobbing and wasting on the shore
Soggy pages litter the sand with pure thought and
White bones clean as mind in a vacuum taking sun
Safe beach blankets flat and getting nowhere
With the bodies bobbing and wasting on the shore
Soggy pages litter the sand with pure thought and
Lying, lying, lying, to themselves
Dying, dying, dying clean and pure beneath a parasol

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Now my limbs are writing
I start blurry casting a stone
A lone ripple tears through the blank
Stirring the delicate monsters
I keep pushing down
Stirring the delicate monsters
I keep pushing down