

Sleepwalkers Woman

Scott Walker

In the time of an exile
from the jails of another
where soundings are taken
raw to his eyes.

I have walked the way from him
down to splintering bone ashes
with your voice shining sea
in his fractures and skys.

There are no voices here.

There are only confessions.
keeping him hidden
weighed out of his name

We have entered deserted.

He has gazed from my windows
as if all that replaced us
could still end in me.

For the first time unwoke
I am returned.

For the first time unwoke
I am returned.

He arrives from a place
with a face of fast sun.

Arrives from a space
his refuge overrun.

She will fold him away in his
badly changed hand.

Fold him away far behind
where I am.

For the first time forgetting
I am returned.

As if all that replaced us ends it again
as if all that replaced us ends.