

At The Gates, Primal Breath

Look the herons in the greenbilled water
Their wet-ash wings wear medallions of patience
We drift on...
We have stories as old as the great seas
Break through the chest
Flying out the mouth
Noisy tongues that once were silenced
All the oceans we contain, coming to light

All the dark birds rush from the river
Leaving only the stillness of their language
There are no clocks to measure time
But the beating of our single hearts
You will know it is winter
By the way your dreams tremble like stones
When the wind comes through
The wind, full of hearts that beat quick and strong