

# Current 93, The Magical Bird In The Magical Wood

i saw the slot of the sun  
the final cut of the sun  
start like a hare  
over the shoddy grey walls  
i saw you dimple and crease  
and turn a card from the pack  
by your bed  
as though swords, cups, discs and wands  
might tumble into your head  
and give you a glimmer of something profound  
but your gods made no sound  
the gods made no sound  
your gods made no sound  
you were cartwheel and sommersault  
but not at your ease  
i was not at my ease  
as through unfolding vistas  
of dullness and deadness  
i saw the metal buckets  
fatigued and buckled  
with nimbus of rustflowers  
in sheds by the lake  
i was already falling and fallen and lost  
and it was not at your cost  
and i was not at my ease  
and it was not at your cost  
by aimless pools with no surprise  
i counted the flickerings of your eyes  
and saw the magical bird  
in the magical woods  
fly over the hills  
and far away  
from the sea it's you i see  
by the glowing seashore it was you that i saw:  
the magical bird in the magical woods