

Hawksley Workman, When These Mountains We

when these mountains were the seashore
when this desert was the ocean floor
we would swim beneath the star filled sky
we were lovely fish alone in the night

before the cities met the heavens
i mean way, way, way back before then
we would sing as if it were a prayer
we were lovely fish who dreamed to dare

before clocks kept track of the time
when day lead gracefully into the night
before two fish who dreamed to fly
created their sadness and new reasons to cry

when these mountains were the seashore
when this desert was the ocean floor
you and i were not born yet
it's too long ago now even to forget

when the blue sky found it's courage
to love and raise and nourish
back when life was simply meant to be
our love and care alone in the sea

before clocks kept track of the time
when day lead gracefully into the night
before two fish that dreamed to fly
got suspicious of a miracle
and asked themselves why

when we looked up through the water
at time and space and wondered
what it might be like to live up there
to leave our fins and gills for the air

before clocks kept track of the time
before the poems began to rhyme
before two simple fish that learned to cry
got suspicious of their love and asked each other why