

# Lisa Hannigan, Passenger

Walking round Chicago,  
I have smuggled you as cargo,  
though you are far away unknowing.  
By the time we get to Salt Lake  
I have packed you in my suitcase,  
ironed the creases from my own remembering.

She said Bird, why?

We wound our way to Texas  
where I summoned remote hexes  
and I sent them across dust and oceans.  
In Phoenix, Arizona I had the notion  
I might phone you,

but there it lived and died, a notion.

She said Bird, why? I said Bird, why?

Oh my satellite, oh my passenger.

We came up on Ohio,  
I have you chewed on like a biro.  
You are a sum I am no closer to deciphering.  
We came to Minneapolis,  
all fizzy blood and twitchy fists.  
I buried you in a day of snowing.

She said Bird, why? I said Bird, why?

Oh my satellite, oh my passenger.