

Mark Eitzel, Always Turn Away

There are pools across the tidal plain
That look like white sheets draped across
The vacuum beyond our conversation
The thread of our lives unraveling

Always turning away
Away
Away

The tide makes all our decisions for us
It breathes just like a pearl accordion
The water softly inches for your eyes
Kisses the soft skin under your disguise

Always turning away
Away
Away
Always facing away
Away
Away

Under the sun we flood across the shallows
And lay on our backs
Gleaming like liquid pearls
The wind and the light
Give us up a show of hands
Gives us to any justice that'll have us

Always turning away
Away
Away
Always facing away
Away
Away