

Mark Eitzel, Wild Sea

Inside he's empty
A head filled with shopping lists and politics
And a hollow eggshell kind of frailty
Pulling himself back together like desperate wishes
Into the wild sea that moans and boils
Filled with old ghosts and a whole other language
Uncoiling forever
Indecent and foreign
Welcome to the laws of decay
The song of Darwin and dismay

The wild sea rises higher
Heavier it rushes down on him
It was invited, it was not unwelcome
His fear was just a 60 watt silver lining
Shining from the edges of his crying
Teaching him its frozen prayers
Distant as the next second
Far as any distant land's future on the horizon
He's laughing in the ocean
Laughing in the ocean
Laughing in the ocean
All his life was a gesture
A check paid in dirty dishes
Listen to the sea wind, hear how it hisses
As it rolls over all your vain petty wishes
And your sweet passionate kisses

The wild, wild sea
Forever dumb, it has no memory
Just a replay of your complicated amnesty
As it rolls over rocks and weed breaking your birdcage
And your poet's pages
And all your drowned words
That were just death threats and unpaid debts
And leaves you breathless and peaceful for a while
And you think your heart is without hate for a while
And you think your soul is without hate for a while
And your body was an animal that loved to hide
See the source of your heart buried deep in the tide
See the source of your heart singing from the tide
Lonely joy
Lonely joy
Tears of joy
The source of your heart deep in the undertow
Hidden tongues and hidden hands pulling you from below
To the source of your pain
The source of your pain in the undertow