

Portugal. The Man, Black Magic

Children come in,
find a seat you're sure to do.

lengths of snakes, they match each silent syllable
Hello. You missed the sparrows mark...
A breath of rockets shone like torches.

So children come in
find a seat we made your room/you're sure to use
Ohhhhhhhh...
A roaring flow abounds a warmth and joy that holds you
open and apart in steps that never move