

# Shearwater, The Left Side

A pretty one-eyed girl  
From the state of Maine  
Can't see the church:  
It's on the left side of her brain.  
But it's clothed in browning leaves  
And it wants to take her in,  
And there's a Parson's robe inside that wants to feel her skin.  
And the sleeves of warm, black cloth  
Are hungry for her wrists,  
And the first page of the Holy Book is hungry for her kiss.  
She'll go home all alone  
On the right hand of the interstate  
And the church upon the hill  
It will sit in browning leaves  
And it will wait for her, wait to be together.  
But she won't want it, ever.

It's like a dream I had:  
This girl I went to see  
And I can't sing her name, she might be listening to me  
In a room of missing tiles we felt ourselves entwine  
And she bit my tongue and shouted as I crawled into her mind.  
It was full of singing mouths and apples in the air,  
A soft, warm little room that was surrounded by her hair.  
And, alone, when we awoke,  
We stretched our legs and spoke  
To the people we were sleeping with in voices not our own,  
In the cool of our beds  
With the words just dissipating  
In the open air ahead,  
And this other world just waiting until we're dead.