

And Also The Trees, Jack

Jack went out one stormy day
To see where his feet would go
They took him from his sleeping town
Across land both high and low
They took him through the velvet streets
Where men walked on their toes
And down the slopes
Where bottled hell
And blind men lie in rows
Jack walked through the treacle swamps
And crossed the salt dry plains
He passed the house where tall, thin dogs
Pulled on their iron chains
He heard the songs of seed germ girls
Who warmed the frozen fields
And as Jack walked
He felt the corn
Push up his tired heels
He saw the heathens' heather hills
He watched a boiling sea
He met a man with wooden hands
Carved from an old fruit tree
The old man said he dreamt at night
Of blossom roots and knives
And that night when
Jack went to sleep
He dreamt of damson pies
Jack walked out one stormy day
To see where his feet would go
They took him north, they took him east
But never took him home