

Augie March, Angels Of The Bowling Green

The children of this cold coast
Are throwing themselves off cliffs,
We know that they don't want to
But memory insists -
Memories of water,
Fantasies of fins,
So be off baby seal.
Swim little fish...
Under mackerel sun, you're unnatural
O how, how do they breathe?
And whales hear whales
When love comes down there,
But also from miles
Hear pain and there fear.
Pinned by the water pins,
Stuck by the ships,
Mild the bay seems,
Mild in the mist...
Under mackerel sun, you're unnatural.
O how, how do they breathe?
On days when the bay breaks,
And gales gut the shore,
They come up from the water's edge,
And they appear young no more -
White haired, widowed, and what they would have been.
Children at eternal play.
Angels of the bowling green.