

Bonnie 'Prince' Billy, Black Dissimulation

Sweet ill health has hidden from me
Events about which one has no memory
Whether it is to protect or deny
One is not told and one asks not why

The noise near the trees gathers into a block
One drinks just to where one is able to talk
Tries to confuse things that surely occurred
By stretching and acting like one hasn't heard

Blank indiscretion and testing of lines
At the end of a farm there to kick it
To find a young dog, swollen and bald
And to giggle and poke it and stick it

To sit in the drive and pull a head down
Or to push in the way of an oncoming blow
To take wine on holidays when no-one's in town
To dislike someone and let them so know

Let it burn out this morning at home
The stove and the kitchen ; the howl and the steam
And lay on the couch sometimes resting alone
In order to utter a decorative scream

Discussed and disgust, and a pretense of light
Persistent denial, waylaid in the night
Ignoring the stupid and hating the silence
Disliking the prurient, disdaining the violent

Denying the rice and accepting the drink
However it comes at the start of a fall
Take it whenever you get it ; you think
You're unlucky ever to get it all

You're rude to the relatives, cold to the friends
Unpleasant to God when he comes by the house
One tries to across as the storm it begins
And goes to the inlet to see things out