

Jim Carroll, Perfect Water

Perfect water

The dark wind braids the waves
The crazed birds raid the trees
Is this our destiny?
To join our hands at sea
And slowly sink, and slowly think
This is perfect water, passing over me . . .

Do you know jacques cousteau?
Well, they said on the radio
That he hears bells in random order
Deep breaths beneath the perfect water

Love that is frightening
But still so inviting
To drown inside a sound
That lay so far underground
And to think . . . and to think

This is perfect water passing over me

Refrain:
To flow inside the spiral tide
To drown my eyes like a blind ride
And to cross the perils of black water
It waits for me like mother and daughter
A life of perfect order
A strange and perfect water

Perfect water
I dream this dream within the warm gulf stream
Where two blocks of ice melt into my hands like dice
And I roll seven on the floor of the sea
And I feel the perfect water washing over me

Repeat refrain