

Kendra Smith, Drunken Boat

Down to the sea in a drunken boat
No one can get to her tearing up the words she wrote
Down impassable rivers
What does she care for a crew
Light as a cork she is dancing
On the waves of the deep sunk dead
Moonlit lantern idiot eyes
Delirious rhythms that catch her at dawn
Black perfumes that drag her and drug her
Under the bottomless spiralling sky
Nighttime breathes in ominous fortune
She thinks of the calm before storming
And hears Ma's silent warning
Down to the sea in a drunken boat
No one can get to her tearing up the words she wrote
On a drunken boat she is sailing
Down to the sea she's singing
Nothing is quite as it seems
And no man on earth can be hid from her dreaming