

# Matt Pond PA, Closer

It was the rocks you liked  
So much you'd throw them  
Down into the river's darkness  
Down from where the trains go flying  
Your legs hung out

Into the air - we'll keep on kicking  
We're moving but it's never going  
When we go it's like we're faking  
Two palms, no sound

\*Closer and closer  
The beam's width that's between us  
Gets just a little leaner  
We ought to fail to see it

\*\*And if I go to the left  
And if you move to the right  
So that we've hit and spilled  
We've turned it off in the night

Between the banks that roll  
The glass hidden motion  
Above we go on without knowing  
The pines control the wild sarcasm  
To hold us up

And time was held  
Well worth the holding  
Waste when you try to save  
Save it and it ends up wasted  
You know these words

Answer we entered  
The trains won't ride beside us  
But water moves beneath us  
And takes away the sense of hearing it all