

Moss Icon, Memorial

Mothers would awake to feed their children
our brothers would awake to mend their nets and sails
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our brothers would awake to mend their nets and sails
they had the boundless light of a new day dawning
and a burning living driving will
they had the light of a boundless new day dawning
they had a burning living driving will
meanwhile the old men sit on the top of a hill
waiting through your legislation
wading trudging through your debate
about whether or not to send
another hundred thousand young men and women
off
into the hurricane
no taxation without representation
we will not pay a toll in blood
the old men were sitting on top of the hill
while the younger
ushered a place for both down by the creek
singing they are following
cold and fishing to their marked graves
the old men sit on top of the hill
of 58,000
walking
walking across the plain i am descending
six feet underground
you send me here
every name
every name
upon this wall
you send me here
six feet under
why don't you take a short walk
walk out of your oval office
walk out of the state house
take a short walk across the lawn
and descend to six feet under and read those names
you're debating still debating whether or not to send me here
you're debating you're debating whether or not to send more over there
six feet under
you really do carry my weight
bats grazing
in the lighted sky above our houses
lightning bugs rising higher and higher
bats grazing in the sky
in the night sky above our houses
lightning bugs rising higher and higher
as the sun leaves behind
as the sun leaves behind
this valley
this waking valley song
a memorial
oh six feet to be under you really did
carry my weight
the earth i confess is not made to our unhappy state
and you're still debating
debate
debate
what is this?
a voice in his head
a voice comes quick and it fades on
it is this waking valley song
archaic and bent with time

it is this memory
it is his memory.