

Okkervil River, For The Captain

I.

Relax, no song is written,
nothing you thought of yourself.
It's just a ghost
that came unbidden
to this house.

This infection grows stronger every year,
this seed inside the water of your tear.

There is no escaping it.

This seed blooming in the water of your tear
the way an unborn baby's ear unfolds in your belly.

This infection grows stronger every year,
this direction of a tear rolling down your cheek,
there is no escaping it.

There is no escaping
the thing that is making its home in your radio.

II.

Bless this tiny alley
we have fallen from tall buildings
we have fallen through the air
into a garden sweetly smelling of the softest sleeping flowers
now they sit under the sidewalk
they have waiting for the shining of some future sun to show us
all that is your beauty and
oh and all that brings you pleasure
I could sigh into your heart
say I hope I'm here forever
but captain with your lovers
with your list of favorite pillows
with your list of missing of children
with the wall where you drew windows
overlooking hidden gardens
cut apart by jagged mountains
climbing up into the air
and crumbling down into a fountain
where the water waits forever
like a quiet distant treasure
when you rise up and recover
when you leave this tiny alley
when you meet me in the garden
with your arms all full of cedar
every spirits brushing past me
brushing past me in the ether
scream "all this is window dressing
all you are is flimsy curtains
you will flame up with a word from us
and won't know that you're burning."