

# Phosphorescent, My Dove, My Lamb

I remember evenings when my dad would sing  
Hiding in the hallways, I am listening  
Keeping still my body until its borne aloft  
Her hair is soft her breath is soft and her name is soft  
And gather me completely in her sighing hands  
My dove my dove my lamb

Born with ocean thunder underneath our veins  
Lonelier than cows left standing in the rain  
Holy when our weight into the waves is tossed  
Though ships get lost and fish get lost and names get lost  
She will wait to greet me where it meets dry land  
My dove my dove my lamb

So. Careful of that language some words are stones  
Theyll lead you out from town and leave you all alone  
Past the mirrored diamond mares that run all night  
Where camptown ladies sing that song aw come aw wry  
But lo they sing it sweetly so Ill understand  
My dove my dove my lamb

Though my sight be near and my way be long  
Though the light I chase be disappeared by dawn  
I have seen her standing on the roofs at night  
I have seen her silver figure bathed and bright  
And I have seen her sleeping in the cold white sand  
My dove my dove my lamb

So even in these cities where shes haunting me  
Even when my weariness is wanting me  
Even when my wickednesses want to breathe  
Even in these dirty clubs counting 1-2-3  
I will keep a singing til I no more can  
My dove my dove my lamb

And later if Im better Ill be born again  
Ill pull my newborn body from the thorns and limbs  
Finding with my fingers where theyve torn the page  
From some ancient book all gold and worn from age  
And writ upon it neatly though in trembling hand  
My dove my dove my lamb

Then later in the evening I hear trumpets ring  
I stretch out in the dark and I am listening  
Studying the sadness in your perfect limbs  
Move them under mine until they learn to blend  
And I will keep repeating til they understand  
My dove my dove my lamb