

Portugal. The Man, Stables And Chairs

I met a face with ring rounded pocket eyes
That shaped folded banks inside
As he shivered out thoughts
They went: "golden and pale wind whispers breathe New Orleans"
Through basements and racetracks met hollowed out from stretching mouths

All these thoughts were rolled onto needles
They spilled from heads tumble like apples fell into the sky,
That's where they hide,
Where rubies turned diamonds
Like textures like sunshine
Behind hands arms lift into its own

As the stadium sheds out the crowd into the streets
Out of their throats pours tongues licking down
"What will we become?"

Rhythms fed gently in vacuums perspired
Will stay where it's warm,

Where it's safe from the down beating drums as habits
Pull the sleep out covered in the sheets that harbor rest and sunshine