

Shearwater, Mountain Laurel

I peeled the shirt from your back, had a look at your scars. They healed over so well that you forgot

When the cataract falls from the darkening air, and the bones of the earth have all been laid bare, the

And in the mountain laurel, yes, I loved you, oh, and yes I watched the blossoms fall.

We will stand in the waves while the colors all run, and our minds fill with light until we start to go numb

And then we'll let it come.