Steve Kilbey, My Birthday Moon Festival

My birthday, the moon festival My life in the sea of tears

My holiday, a misadventure My soul, a short career Like a lizard the road crawls forward Into regions unexplored

By their boats the mayans stirred Gold and silver soon flow aboard My birthday, the moon festival My legs a wisp of ghost My clothing, cotton under paper My shoes, a sharpened post My birthday, the moon festival