

The Church, Shadow Cabinet

Now chased by the shapes of your vows
Look at the things she allows
Junction fever must have closed down the rail
The gluttonous wind keeps on nibbling the sails
Queueing in the ruins in the wake of the gale it's
Harmony I say

Hear the difference between close and near
The way oaths and oafs interfere
Bliss comes first as a jangling flood
Pillow from the old country arrives with a thud
That night she drinks ceremony and mud it's
Happening I say

Must be thirsty, drink, drink, sink, forget
Must be empty inside the shadow cabinet

She offered her chaos to me
Proffered herself languidly
The eldritch bitch must have muddled her spells
Tinges of Persia, I hope that it sells
Chemical nuptials and ringing the bells
It's heavenly I say
Then one winter morning you walk through the trees
But they cut them all down for the factories
Made this pretty cabinet and gave you the keys
It's hardly used I think