

Thea Gilmore, Avalanche

3pm. Blue as a road sign
With a gag and some cheap wine
Sun's in my eyes between
The smoke trails of aircraft
The kite tails and light shafts
There's a language in the sky
There are bones
Hiding under the viaduct
Sweeping down by the railway line
Making wagers with the day
There's a rumour
Dirty as a chimneystack
Quiet as roadkill
On the northbound carriageway

And who's gonna raise a hand
When all we were taught to do is dance
Who'll be able to stand after this avalanche

Well, they sold you
Back your outrage
In a neat little shrink wrap
And a beautiful face and you think
You've found your purpose
Well, they've been trailing the breadcrumbs
Of a water-tight case
So you're shouting
You're shouting softly
So no one can hear you
And get the wrong idea
But behind
The closing eye of the tabloids
We will be waiting
And we'll say it clearly

Cause who's gonna raise a hand
When all we were taught to do is dance
Who'll be able to stand after this avalanche

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