

# Trance To The Sun, Song Of The Silent Crew

The briny smell of tears runs through the ship  
That moves unseen through streets  
Like a charcoal smudge in moonlight shadow  
Creaking salt oars row thin air  
Oblivious to the streets not seas  
Green mossed  
Slick bellied  
Ship of dreams  
Stagnant street  
Tide pools that scream morning after starfish  
Like some dreamers' castle from mute rocks of sleep  
To lie on stones and still pray to wake  
No way home  
Ghost ship walked by  
Silent crew,  
Dead eyes leer at black windows  
Never see and ever long  
For the way out of endless dark streets  
Leaving behind them the scent of mermaid tears  
Tears that dry before they reach  
Dreamers cast from mute rock sleep  
To lie on stones and still pray to wake  
Which way is home?