

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?