

Tull Jethro

"Tundra"

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Short Arctic desert day --
and someone left their snow-shoes in
the Tundra.
Look around every which way
but I can't see just where the footprints
go.

Is it a casual disappearance? --
plucked from the middle atmosphere
like straw wind-blown.
No speck on the horizon --
no simple message scrawled
upon the snow.

Unearthly visitation --
someone left their snow-shoes in the
Tundra.
Hungry buzzard flier
circling round and round
rattling death's tambourine.

Have to run it down the cold wire --
late insertion in tomorrow's lost and
found.
Should I spread out searching? --
but I'm a little thin upon the ground.

So I raise my lips to coax
the last drop of brandy from the bottle.
Rest my feet and contemplate
the mystery that's haunting
this Siberian space.

Show-shoes they bind me down --
I'm just one more parasite of the surface
layer.
I begin to get the feeling
I've been on this stage before
and I'm the only player.

One more Arctic desert day --

another set of shoes out in the Tundra
snow.
I make my fade to white-out
and you can't see me where my foot-
prints go

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