

Bowerbirds

"Slow Down"

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My sweetheart and I will retire,
Will retire to the tide pools.
And we'll fix our meals of crabs and krill in the long
Afternoon.
And we'll she'd our skin,
For a shell from a wise old snail who is singing:

Slow down.

At the base of the dunes with the algae bloom and the
Heron,
Here we sit all day and wait and wait for the tide to

Come crashing.
And we'll she'd our skin because we know where it's
been,
And we know this hymn:

Slow down.

Lost, lost, in this torrent,
Drowned in the deep of this over-sweet porridge,
Blind to to all of the blood and carnage.

Slow down.

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