

Jane Siberry "Foecke"

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In the beginning, he was a baby
Just like any other baby, my little son, Foecke

Who would have known, in the beginning
Looking at his tiny unprotected frame
That one day he would grow into the large, granitine
form
The primordial eye of the elephant through which
humanity would send
Their anger out, through as many languages as there
are languages
Through the primordial eye of the elephant out into the
universe

A baby, like any other baby
A child, like any other child
A boy, like any other boy

Until about grade three, and then things began to
change
My little Foecke, it began in the schoolyard, small
outrages building
Up into larger outrages in the childish systems but
these children
Were too young to pull down the words that they
needed to send
Their inarticulateness out into the greater schoolyard
Then in one collective moment, they noticed my son,
Foecke
And they nicknamed him, Fuck

And so began the story of Fuck
And with each intonation of his nickname
My little son, Foecke, generated into a larger more
generous being
(Fuck)
His muscles became more defined, his eye became
stronger
And more constant, and his back grew wide like a
stairway to heaven
And with every Fuck that reached his labyrinthine ears
his giantess

Extended into lumbering and constancy and tank like
purpose

And as their childish rage grew into men's rage
They gravitated towards my son, Fuck, clambering to
be lifted up
And to have their anger harmlessly sent out into the
universe
Through his great primordial eye of the elephant and
Foecke
(Fuck)
That slow moving son of mine, the gentle giant obliged
them all

He never said no, he allowed their inarticulate rage
To be exhumed in his name, their impotence pressed
against
The comfort of his broad and constant back, and as the
ever-expanding
Distortions of wisdom, and truth triggered even more
rage throughout
The world, throughout as many languages as there are
languages
The word spread like wildfire, Fuck would accept
everyone

None would be turned away, all could send out their
most
Important message, just by calling upon his name
He would only grunt gently, as he bent to take you
On and people came from far and wide and they were
not
Necessarily healed, but they were not killed either

In the beginning there was Foecke

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