

Kayo Dot "Clelia Walking"

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The cathedral buried beneath another cathedral is
where the glibbest instrument lay
And there it rests, exhausted,
While in the visible room, a band continues to play.

The insensitive diviner, feeling ill.

The beetle rolled over and time stopped
Suddenly the gospel pages multiplied
And my entire bookshelf reversed itself.

I don't want to be the melody
I prefer the choking sow
Who, while taking every care to parry
Has wound up with her head in the ground
And each of us choking on the cannonball with a sound
Can't help but sleep until it's dark
And winter weighs on every bough
We watch you as you drown
And reach up to us on your way down
You're hanging from your toes in a tiffany redoubt
Come back and I'll tell you more...

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