

## **Marty Willson-Piper** **"The Lantern"**

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In the same destructive way  
Your broken bridge lies in the hay  
You cannot spell you only lean  
Where magic words direct the stream  
Underneath this buckled quilt  
Flowers old and precious wilt  
They take you to a bluster place  
And dance around your face  
Safer calendars I have seen  
But whoever knew what months must mean  
I sail the skies and fly through the sea  
No miner, cook or fool can die so weakly  
Hasty dashed in quicker clothes  
What if the fishes eat the loaves  
Backward buildings drop to dust  
Gutters turn to rust  
I stamp my feet and scare the ghost  
Welcome that dimension's host  
He flickers and snickers into his robe  
And skips around the globe  
During weeks when I was grey  
I posted night to greet the day  
I shunned the light for beams of black  
No sailor, ship or sea can sink on land  
The lantern swings until your arm hurts  
And all you did was signal your demise

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