

Marty Willson-Piper

"Velvet Fuselage"

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Looking on a thousand garments worn by priests on
summer days
Shallow pools of milky summer ripple past in different
ways
Facts or trickles, untrue words spill gleaming dust on
dimpled lands
Tables full of glossy fruits with fingerprints from dirty
hands
How can minutes whisper
When clocks are always loud
The afternoon gets crisper
A Ginger Witch, a Velvet Fuselage
How can I be growing
When the sea has not returned
If the sky's not snowing
A Ginger Witch, a Velvet Fuselage
Cooler than the secret planet fences separate the hills
On she goes and bends the trenches, kills the colonel
with her spells
Glassy nights have turned to thrillers, frightening the
broken black
Streamlined like the best of killers, elbow twisted in a
sack
Must I sell our water
When creamy faith's inspired
The coffee clowns are worried sick
A Ginger Witch, a Velvet Fuselage
Plan the reconstruction
Evacuate your face
Estimate the damage caused
A Ginger Witch, a Velvet Fuselage
She tries, she tries, she tries, she tries
Looking on a thousand garments worn by priests on
summer days
Shallow pools of milky summer ripple past in different
ways
Cooler than the secret planet fences separate the hills
On she goes and bends the trenches, bends the
colonel with her spells

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