

Marty Willson-Piper "Water"

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[Spoken Intro]

[Marty] The gondolas, sometimes they sleep. But
overtime they swim.

[Ann Carlberger] And you?

[Marty] Me?

The sudden rush and temptation
Of drizzle on my window
To go out and swim in the streets
With you
To turn the world into Venice
To let the water shrink me
Let me float in my umbrella boat
With you

I can see the rain clouds emptying
Little needles leaning to the left
Of you
And high they fly like burst balloons
Running to the moon
For an airless rest
With you

I'll slip on the deck of the fishing trawler
Wearing comical yellow
There's fishtails going off like mousetraps
Nets so many holes yet prisons
Me just in it simply for
The water

The faces of mountains
Cut with white blood
Stampeding stallions of foam
For you
To hoof shaped pools
The sparkle of imaginary jewels

That the magician that the
Sun is creates

