

## Current 93

# "The Magical Bird In The Magical Woods"

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I saw the slot of the sun  
The final cut of the sun  
Start like a hare  
Over the shoddy grey walls  
I saw you dimple and crease  
And turn a card from the pack  
By your bed  
As though swords, cups, discs and wands  
Might tumble into your head  
And give you a glimmer of something profound  
But your gods made no sound  
The gods made no sound  
Your gods made no sound  
You were cartwheel and sommersault  
But not at your ease  
I was not at my ease  
As through unfolding vistas  
Of dullness and deadness  
I saw the metal buckets  
Fatigued and buckled  
With nimbus of rustflowers  
In sheds by the lake  
I was already falling and fallen and lost  
And it was not at your cost  
And I was not at my ease  
And it was not at your cost  
By aimless pools with no surprise  
I counted the flickerings of your eyes  
And saw the magical bird  
In the magical woods  
Fly over the hills  
And far away  
From the sea it's you I see  
By the glowing seashore it was you that I saw:  
The magical bird in the magical woods

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