

Wooden Circus "Tales Of Brave Ulysses"

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You thought the leaden winter
Would bring you down forever,
But you rode upon a steamer
To the violence of the sun.

And the colors of the sea blind
Your eyes with trembling mermaids,
And you touch the distant beaches
With tales of brave Ulysses:
How his naked ears were tortured
By the sirens sweetly singing,
For the sparkling waves are calling
You to kiss their white laced lips.

And you see a girl's brown body
Dancing through the turquoise,
And her footprints make you follow
Where the sky loves the sea.
And when your fingers find her,
She drowns you in her body,
Carving deep blue ripples
In the tissues of your mind.

The tiny purple fishes run
Laughing through your fingers,
And you want to take her
With you to the hard land of the winter.

Her name is Aphrodite
And she rides a crimson shell,
And you know you cannot leave
Her for you touched the distant sands
With tales of brave Ulysses;
How his naked ears were tortured
By the sirens sweetly singing.

The tiny purple fishes run
Laughing through your fingers,
And you want to take her with you
To the hard land of the winter.

