

Okkervil River

"The Velocity Of Saul At The Time Of His Conversion"

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Loosen the wire, your time has expired, the only word left is "goodbye." In my new dream the light's shining on me, little needles of sodium unstitch the seams of the sky. Hold your head higher, the heavenly choir is settling in for the night. And where I had friends I am left with loose ends; four hours of vision exchanged for four hours of fright. But enough of "the fight," enough of "you and I," enough of "prevail" or "walk in the light." While the angels stand by I get high as a kite. I'm too tired to smile or know that I'm right. Am I right? And all our best-laid plans, they crumbled in our hands. Our flags fell where they'd fanned. You held in your breath, long after projections of death you sat in the waiting room gasping and rasped on dry land. But the audience is tired; "we've had enough fire, we're entering the age now of ice." And I, feeling older, pull off to the shoulder and wonder, with my head in my hands, should I call my wife and say "enough 'you and I,' enough of 'the fight,' enough of 'prevail' or 'walk in the light'?" While the angels stood by I got high as a kite, too tired to smile or know that I'm right. And when the spacecraft came down I was left on the ground. Will you keep me around, will you help me survive after my

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