

Owen Pallett

"If I Were a Carp"

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Heave ho, farewell to the quay! Merry sailors, sailors
we!
The horizon is our proscenium! Our dead will come to
know the sea
Our cook is a wanted man, 1000 thalers for each hand
Our captain lost his good sense, driven by a Lazarus'
words

Have you not been told of Lazarus? He felt the icy grip
Brought back by a morphine drip, he told the captain
this:

Tragedy, tragedy! Death has you fooled!
No throne of bone, no terranean pool!
No scythe, no cowl, no skeleton
His greatest trophy is this myth
Every sailor, salmon, every carp will follow rivers to the
source
Only the dead will know the course, and furthermore...
Do you really want to know of the afterworld?

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