

Red House Painters "Helicopter"

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helicopter falls to my
calm virgin island
it said i want to show you
new clouds and new sky
from shore to sun
we'll soar like one
brave martyr pilot
so that i can know you
outside our cold-winded earth
feel part of your desolate pain
taste what has made you grow
at once with your oddness you enlighten

my slow unnurtured brain
be mine for a day
let your lids shut out that bad focus
to die in a storm
holding you in my last hour
our burning flesh will blow over
some nightmare sea
daylight won't find a trace
where heaven finds us
living eyes won't find a sign
where peace will hear our prayers

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