

Amanda Palmer

"On An Unknown Beach"

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I'm a pale intruder on an unknown beach
My back to the water
My feet in the sand
Finding no recognition as each sign of life
Invades the precision of this ageing land
An abandoned flipper in a world of stone
There's a man on the shoreline with a white parakeet
Trying to make his bird go home
With increasing continuity, endless space
Gazes 'round the periphery not disheartened
Wearing its most inexpressible face

My instinct is double as the waves roll by
But my vision is halved
In the foam in the green as
The insects talk to the blazing sky

Wax in the ear
Stitch in the side
Wolves are feast for the blind
Under and over
The why and the wherefore
Easy to sit back with time
Driving discussions like cranes through the car park
Setting them all in a line
All interceding
Not yet receding
Misleading doubts
In the mind

I'm a pale intruder on an unknown beach
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My feet in the sand
Needing no recognition as each sign of life
Invades the precision of this ageing land

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