

Barrett Syd**"Opel"**

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On a distant shore, miles from land
stands the ebony totem in ebony sand
a dream in a mist of grey...
on a far distant shore...

The pebble that stood alone
and driftwood lies half buried
warm shallow waters sweep shells
so the cockles shine...

A bare winding carcass, stark
shimmers as flies scoop up meat, an empty way...
dry tears...

crisp black squeaks tore reeds
make a circle of grey in a summer way, around man
so don't ground...

I'm trying
I'm trying to find you!
To find you
I'm living, I'm giving,
To find you, To find you,
I'm living, I'm living,
I'm trying, I'm giving

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