

## Shearwater

### "Animal Life"

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Born inside the gates of a family  
Hardened by a roman machinery  
Cast among the building sites,  
The coiling wires, the shots collected

Called out in the wake of a lottery  
Held inside the family gathering  
Mirrored beams and dog-like stretch  
A wandering association  
Murmurs in the dark confessional  
And rides along the road, ephemeral  
As an animal life

Rusting in the shade of the batteries  
Hanging from a rope in the gallery  
Pacing down the balance beam  
Of half-remembered holidays

No rush of light no sun or belonging  
No joy in building, live in the finishing  
Chasing down an anodyne  
And half-reflected radiance  
To hide below the ancient barricade  
In chambers like the rooms a swallow made  
For an animal life

Charging down the maw of the ocean  
I want to come close, I want to come closer  
I held your name inside my mouth  
Through all the days out wandering  
But called up from the mouth of oblivion,  
Cast away like dogs from the shelter  
I she'd the dulling armour plates  
That once collected radiance  
And, surging at the blood's perimeter:  
The half remembered wild interior  
Of an animal life

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