

## **Andrew Bird**

### **"Cataracts"**

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And when our mouths are filled with uninvited tongues  
of others  
And the strays are pining for their unrequited mothers  
Milk that sours is promptly spat, light will fill our eyes  
like cats

And they shall enter from the back  
With spears and scepters and squirming sacks  
Scribs and tangles between their ears  
Faceless scumbled charcoal smears, oh dear

Through the coppice and the chaparral  
The thickets thick with mold  
The bracken and the brier  
Catch weed into the fold

When our mouths are filled with uninvited tongues of  
others  
And the strays are pining for their unrequited mothers  
Milk that sours is promptly spat, light will fill our eyes  
like cats  
Light will fill our eyes like cats, cataracts

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