

The Dirty Projectors

"Swing Lo Magellan"

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Last night all my attention squinting westward at the
sunset

With a map and a compass when a man reached up,
said something

There against the sky a point of light

Too invisible to give itself to the naked eye

On the shore people yelling in their eyes a great
reflection

In the grid aware their position unconcerned with
intuition

There could never be no sympathy from that
wilderness so let it be arrested

Swing lo oh Magellan, 9 by 6 or 8 by 7

Post a sentinel at the border of what you attempt

What you ignore I saw my frame in a pool of light

All drown in doubt and shame and I knew that I had lost
my sight

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