

## Lindsay Fuller

### "Martin Lake"

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Whitewash broken by a gate  
The heavy love, the feather hate  
My baptism in Martin Lake  
The father, son, I aspire

I saw it moving through the trees  
I held tight to my sister's sleeve  
The broken jaw of history  
Now wired for man's own puppetry

So bind my hands with cotton rope  
And cast me to the sea  
See if I can float, I'll haunt your memory  
Belie your certainty

The tips of branches flaming high  
And puncturing the veil of night  
They searched for markings on my thigh  
Fed dogs a cake of piss and rye

Said I'd walked the woods alone  
And bowed before the devil's throne  
And writ my name upon his page  
And took to heart a pagan's plague

Oh, so force me down upon my knees  
And stuff my mouth with rags  
And bid the fire breathe, the wind will carry me  
Beyond your big empty

Who do you think, who do you think you are  
Family Bible, Christ around your neck  
Rearview mirror rosary  
Holy water killing spree  
Peace be with you

I went out singing Silent Night  
I went out with a strange delight  
So swollen by the urge for breath  
So taken by the charms of death

The Minister then wrung his robe  
And searched the sky for heaven's dove  
Yet none but ravens flew on high and sh\*t upon the  
ground nearby

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