

Red House Painters, Helicopter

helicopter falls to my
calm virgin island
it said I want to show you
new clouds and new sky
from shore to sun
we'll soar like one
brave martyr pilot
so that I can know you
outside our cold-winded earth
feel part of your desolate pain
taste what has made you grow

at once with your oddness you enlighten
my slow unnurtured brain
be mine for a day
let your lids shut out that bad focus
to die in a storm
holding you in my last hour
our burning flesh will blow over
some nightmare sea

daylight won't find a trace
where heaven finds us
living eyes won't find a sign
where peace will hear our prayers