

#### IV

As much as I have learnt to write things down  
I've learnt to trust the sounds I hear each day  
Some folks would say it's mad to hear such sounds  
To take such sounds and turn them into play

That I am just a piper and a bard  
Whose songs are just the wittering of rhymes  
But aren't the blows and breezes through the grass  
Much like musical passages of time

And is not love the sound of nightingales  
Most musical of all the birds in the world  
And is not laughter like a city cry  
Whose noisome whine will soon bring streets alive

What is our place in this vast universe  
A man asked me with liquor on his breath  
Before the pub you need to do a left  
Get to the bridge then go over it and down

I've learnt to sing the songs inside the waves  
To weave the dreams of dances into cloth  
To paint the underpaintings of the gods  
To whip up words that keep the cobwebs off

When I am buzzing like a violent film  
Without a hero or a heroin  
I numb myself so I can fall asleep  
To TV dots cascading down my brain

So I won't have to picture loneliness  
Which often looks like someone else's face  
And I won't have to drink those amber tears  
Or have the news explode into my ears

On busy days that keep the shelving clad  
I'll pull a stage from a magician's hat  
As if I'm pulling just a parrot out  
I'll sing my songs and play on all night long then go