

RAFA RUSSO



A petrified forest

PARALLEL LINES

You plough the sky and I plough the sea
You in your wings and I on my feet
We look at each other but we never meet
Like the day and the night
Like the sides of a dime
Like parallel lines

This bed is too big for our solitudes
When the air is fire and foundations are made of wood
You shake your head but it's all understood
We're immobilised
Like rivers of ice
Tracing parallel lines

And the fog is so thick
And our voices so weak
Then our tongues become knives
Cause we're stretching our hearts
Like rags torn apart
The farce of our lives

You plough the sky and I plough the sea
We watch our distance inevitably increase
Dreams dripping through our memory leaks
Horizon's a lie
For there's never a tie
For these parallel lines

In the land of dreams there's a poisonous flower
That shines like gold, smells like spring
But it steals you air, clouds your light
Burns your skin and sucks your blood
And the winds get rough in a sudden change
And wake you up in a desert land
Desert land

And I'm going down

