

ivory girl

watching the crowd pass beneath the morning sky
 there's a face among the faces that go by
 sitting on the street, drinking coffee, writing songs
 thinking of the place where a face like hers belongs...
 carved in alabaster and ivory
 like goddess stones in a seaside gallery

ever since that perfect visage overtook me
 all the faces are the same the way they look to me
 sitting in the workshop, drinking coffee, carving stones
 trying to recreate the shape that flowed around the bones
 my future now is just my memory
 carved in alabaster and ivory

all the morning flowers are pulled up by the root
 the magically delicious futility of the pursuit
 so easy to speak of truths we're trying to find
 to build a monument to some body i built up in my mind
 the world's delights have no hold on me
 my future now is just my memory

another morning, another crowd in every town outside
 another flock of faces lost on me, no matter how i've tried
 hidden away in a cave with a muse and a guitar
 thinking about a fleeting glimpse – waiting on a shooting star
 singing about my girl of ivory
 the world's delights have no hold on me

watching like the sickened eagle beneath the morning sky
 godlike is the hardship where the Grecian marbles lie
 i wonder where this perfect imagery belongs
 i will run out of breath but never run out of songs...
 on an island underneath a Cyprus tree
 singing about my girl of ivory



*My spirit is too weak—mortality
 Weighs heavily on me like unwilling sleep,
 And each imagined pinnacle and steep
 Of godlike hardship tells me I must die
 Like a sick eagle looking at the sky.
 Yet 'tis a gentle luxury to weep
 That I have not the cloudy winds to keep
 Fresh for the opening of the morning's eye.
 Such dim-conceived glories of the brain
 Bring round the heart an undescribable feud;
 So do these wonders a most dizzy pain,
 That mingles Grecian grandeur with the rude
 Wasting of old time—with a billowy main—
 A sun—a shadow of a magnitude.*