

A Pin-Light Bent

Joanna Newsom

My life comes and goes.
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Short flight, free rows:
I lie down and doze. My life came and went.
My life came and went.
Short flight; free descent.
Poor flight attendant. But the sky, over the ocean!
And the ocean, skirting the city!
And the city, bright as a garden
(when the garden woke to meet me),
from that height was a honeycomb
made of light from those funny homes, intersected:
each enclosed, anelectric and alone.
In our lives is a common sense
that relies on the common fence
that divides, and attends,
but provides scant defense
from the Great Light that shine through a pin-hole,
when the pin-light calls itself Selfhood,
and the Selfhood inverts on a mirror
in an Amora Obscura.
But it's mine. Or, at least, it's lent.
And my life, until the time is spent
is a pin-light, bent.
It's a pin-light, bent.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>