

There's a puffed edge hiding behind this globe,
Like your love passing through, foggy and steady and slow.

Passenger plane:

and the black cloud hangs a green hose watering a rose,
Like your love, old and new,
behind a mind's muse, inside the calm cloud.

Passenger plane: when they take aim,
trying to communicate with the men below.

Passenger plane: and the soarin' alien depending on my frame.

Peddling past people outside the light
Like your love, always beside,
always looking with the weight of the eye

Passenger plane: and the mainway, shadow under the undereye,
Like your love is a mainstay, lifelong garden of blue and grey

Passenger plane: when they take aim,
tryin to communicate with the men below.

Passenger plane: And the soarin' alien depending on my frame.

Passenger plane, seen and proffer, moving into movable wing,
Above whatever building, above whatever building,
And now what are we building?

Passenger plane ... passenger plane ... passenger plane ...