



central state
by mark tulak

Open Sky folding time. collapsing
time. clinging to the broken lines.
holding fast. leaning low. pausing
where the hemlock grows. why the eyes
last to leave? wide the open sky the
sea. why the eyes last to leave? why the
open sky the trees? why the open sky the
sea? wide the open sky the leaves. why
the eyes last to leave? why the eyes last
to leave?

Speak no more before we walk away.
before we close the door. before we
seal our lips. before we speak no more.
before the sun turns red. before our
clothes have dried. before the boatman
leaves. before the gate swings wide.
before we turn to leave. before we
cross the floor. before we turn to dust.
before we speak no more.

ghosts ghosts of the past. rising and
falling. they slither and fade. faces
before the names. hail ye that come.
o crimson shadows. o golden light. o
ever-widening way. jimson weeds sway.
on the banks of the river. the boy lieth
still. his sad eyes dreaming. cleansing
his hands. in dust and in sky. in blood
and in thyme. with soft flowers bloom-
ing. the nightman he come. all covered
in saltbush. with a sack full of dreams.
he's feeding the boab tree. seeking

asylum. in a mansion of clay. with a
blanket of leaves. exhaling the broken
day. 'neath loamy light. in pools of
gray. why for the eyes. always last to
leave.

central state we make them face-
less. we peel away the names. we fill the
eyes with shadows. and bind the feet with
days. every soul is numbered. every bed
is made. every inmate is stillborn. and
sliding towards the grave. help us holy
mother. quench this putrid light. put
to rest these demons. that call for us
each night. the sky is tall and shaky.
the trees are pale and thin. and the
chapel walls have yellowed. from years
and years and years of sin. the patient
now is sleeping. the doctor sheds his
gown. the skull may fill with fluid. but
the swelling makes no sound.

rain you were waiting for spring to
come. while I slept thru the morning
sun. you turned towards the garden.
you thought I was there. soft swaying
shadows cross the fence. red clay in the
air. but then came the sound. of rain
washing down. rain washing down. from
the day I arrived. I've been caught in
the light. and I know what I feel. and
I'm not feeling right. so I'm closing
my eyes. till the rain washes down. for

I can see you, my love. in the velvet
starlight. and you are holding my hand.
in the blackest of nights. for our souls
are as one. when the rain's coming down.
so you. press thru the violet rain. to
me. and back thru it all again. you ran
towards the window. and never looked
back. to stop this train leaving as the
sky. slowly turned black. but then came
the sound. of rain washing down. rain
washing down. so I walk from the grave.
thru the shadowy night. and I will dress
you my love. in scarlet twilight. but
there'll be nothing to fear. when the
rain's washing down. for when the bones
of the day. meet the limitless light. I
will love you my friend. till the end of
all life. and we'll watch from on high.
as the rain's coming down.

over you go he'd left her side.
with the sun in her eyes. she'd left
her father. to be his bride. he'd just
turned seventeen. when something in him
died. heave ho. over you go. dressed in
his uniform all red and gold. he looked
so handsome. but felt so old. winter
time was comin'. but he never felt the
cold. heave ho. over you go. now they'd
been gone now. for seven days. but in
his heart he was. so afraid. all thru
the night. and even thru the day. heave
ho. over you go. why do you hide? 'cause

there's nothing left inside. why do you
run? 'cause there's nothing. but the
night.

fellowship cult blues well
something's not RIGHT. with all the
things in my head. I've been livin' for
some time. but I feel like I'm dead.
I've been tryin' so hard. to be all you
want me to. but I just keep fallin'
short. I got the fellowship blues. well
there's no way to dodge it. kinda feels
like the draft. there a MASON in your
closet. and your wife's UNDER WITCH-
CRAFT. well I'm tryin' to CALL MY ELDER.
but I just can't seem to get thru. and
no matter how you look at it. I got the
fellowship blues. now it can't be TOUGH
LOVE. if there's not a little COST. so
we're BRINGING THINGS UP. on the way to
southern cross. 'cause I'm TROUBLED IN
SPIRIT. by the brand name displayed on
your shoes. and GOD ONLY SPEAKS WITH ONE
VOICE. to the fellowship blues. well
I'm livin' life well. and I'm PUTTING
THINGS RIGHT. I'm STAYING UNDEFILED.
and I'm WALKING IN THE LIGHT. but don't
give me nothin' for christmas. it might
come back to haunt you. and I'm holdin'
on to nothing but the truth. and the
fellowship blues. I was reachin' for my
wallet. when I suddenly FELT A CHECK.
so I rushed to the bank. but the bank

wasn't open yet. so I'm waitin' on the roadside. PRAYING ABOUT WHAT'S RIGHT to do. when a voice from the bushes said. "hey man, you got the fellowship blues". well I like to write music. but I DON'T THINK YOU'LL RESPOND. to the tune that I'm writin'. and the words in this song. but the time will come. when I won't even. remember you. 'cause I'm takin' my life back. from the fellowship blues.

spirit all my life I've sensed you there. just beyond the haze. but we grew up. while you were hurting. o so many years before. when you were just a boy. who could never shake the silence. that enveloped you. as the policeman had his way. with you in the dark. while outside the children played. and all my life I've felt you there. tugging at my sleeve. quietly reaching, quietly pleading. and while I try to swallow still. for these spirits of the air. every night their vapors rising. from the darkness. as your the shadow hits the wall. and till the silent rage. has all but eaten up the floor. so I'm sitting here alone. and I don't know what to do. with all your words still clinging to me. and will you hear me if I call. to your place between the years. where no-one ever recognizes you. you were stolen. you were half-dead, half-alive.

you were sacrificed. in blood and guilt your hands were tied.

shadow light when blood-red maples fall. like broken bones from the sky. and every land is steeped. in shadow light. and while blackwood shutters close. to the evening's orange glow. the empty streets again. fill with shadow light. while chains of incense bind. hidden prayers in the chest. a crimson river flows. with shadow light. from the window of the soul. to the chambers of the heart. all the earth is full of breath. and shadow light.

now we are I'm falling. she's falling. turning things inside out. now we are. how we are. falling we're inside out. the green light has stalled. and the red light says "go". the pendulum sways. but time's running slow. we're either too old. or somehow too young. and life moves so fast. we never find home. I'm falling. she's falling. turning things upside down. now we are. how we are. falling we're inside out.

All words and music by Mark Tulk (c) 2011.
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