

The Soothing of the Soul

Night after night I wake with hope spreading wide like a cormorant's wings on the steadfast rock of slumber
but in the glow of the dawn I find the coast is steep-to and there is no natural harbour.

The forecast of my life is spread on water which is grey and my journey falls within the intermittent loom
of two of the most unlikely beacons.
from Haulbowline in the west to the Killantringan light there lies a long long trail that is relentless

But there is one white light as tall as courage,
two lights quick-flashing red for love,
three leading lights all glowing green for mentor - it might be safe to sail.

but I watch in the dark at certain stages of the tide when the sheets are close-hauled
and prevent the main sail from breathing
I remember holding my breath too.

Oh! and who was it said that the soothing of the soul comes with no guarantee of its achievement?
for you navigate the worst and you stepping-stone the best. do you reach the other side in more confusion?

Just imagine there's a bay with a dead flat calm
where I could ride at anchor for a breather;
where I could lean upon the shelter and rely on the embrace I'd like to trust another soul to take the dogwatch.

But the tidal stream rolls on and I can never doss down cause I search for vindication in the evening.
and it's curious to say but I have to make the point that my course has somewhat altered from the outset.

There's a pilot on the bow shrugs his shoulders at the sea we're the splinter group, we're raising objections
it's a fine and noble art but I'm lacking in resolve
and my feet have grown cold by the morning

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red for love,
three leading lights all glowing green for mentor - it might be safe to sail.

but I watch in the dark at certain stages of the tide when the sheets are
close-hauled
and prevent the mainsail from breathing.
I remember holding my breath

Words and Music by Eleanor Carlingford