

Mary Mary

BICKERTON, NEIL; SWITCHSPACE EXHIBITION TEXT, 2003

Rain bounces off the tarmac, turning to vapour, sun glistens in the mist. Men climb the mountain, hero's chasing eagles with courage.

Rain bounces off the road, sunshine glistens in the rain, men climb the mountain. Our world has turned only twenty times, and we lost eleven days. Twenty times around and back, twenty times in our footsteps.

There's time enough for love, there's time enough for sorrow and pain. You'd be beautiful and kind gentle hair like rain when we sat in the sunshine about struggling mountains and crying eagle heroes smiling cause those men are like the birds brave proud hearts full of courage and pain and fear.

Rain bounces off the road, sun shines on the rain, the sun and us have traced twenty times to musca to ara to sculptor to crux, and we are young. And we are far and cold, hanging to dreams of darkness, spinning on hypotheses of attraction.

Rain bounces off the road, sun shines on the rain, the sun and us have turned twenty times to musca to ara to sculptor to crux.

5 billion years spent hanging to dreams of darkness, spinning on images of attraction.

Neil Bickerton, 2003