

There's a dead man sitting on my roof

There's a dead man sitting on my roof
His head is cold as thunder
And his skin is marbled as clay
I sit still with envy and ponder-
Is he a local or a day?

Perhaps in the fog
I'll see him near
And glimpse at his patchy eyes
Without a glimmer of stardom or fame,
Without the hollow that felt my name.

His lofty legs hang cradled
And twisted in the sharp wind
His mighty head is tickled by the
Gruelling salt up above.

The salt that seasoned the sea,
Now glimmering in the air,
The salty air that hides behind
His funny cardboard chair.