

The Collector

Nick Cave

Walking, standing, bending down
Dozing at the local baths
Shouting, crying but no sound
Comes from my lady now that laughs
Bleared and borrowed and turning round
Trapped as time goes shuffling past
A city built of women bound
And caged behind both wire and glass

A leash of daughters, a lonely crone
A girl of indiscriminate age
A scissor-legged school-thing heading home
A bathing beauty in a cage
A crowd of shoppers on their own
A child so blurred you cannot gauge
The mood of her listless resting form
That magics itself upon the page

Here they come in twos and fives
Happy girls I've never met
With as many different happy lives
As a careless creator could invent
This one brazen, this one shies
Away from me, my darling pet
As I collect them up like butterflies
In my magic homemade net

*Nick Cave, 2008
(text from The Collector, a song dedicated to Miroslav Tichý)*