

dirt runs
down brackish walls

Bright flame wind
pitch and thrum
on eaves' hooped lead
windapanes
the dirt, the dust, the dark's gone
the lane of chalk
washed away for coin

Those are hands tainted with green
 is it from salt or floures Lord,
is it the wind passing through perforations
 where the knuckles were?

And what will be spoken of
and who will say it

and who will want to know it

Lord, there are flowers left where you sewed teeth only
 and none can name them nobody gather them
there's a wind blowin' in from sea,
it will take away the leaves
in the eastern light crowing over the earth's collarbone

When the thoughts pour out of the mind
and the body's filled with green reeds
when the sun has gone out like a song
remember me when the moon comes up over my mouth

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