

Woven Hand

"The Ghost"

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I'll lie down for the last time
And fall far, I'll fall well away from her
And I insist that I'll be dearly missed
(please, say never)
I'll pour down like water
And In between the sky and doubt
We talked about 'forever'
All our other useless words.

Until I say "in his silent sound was the
Peace I found" but she hides behind
Her eyelids. and I feel the breath from
Her nose on my neck as it blows by
The warmth passes me (like her love did)
"But a tree once cut down
Came up new from the ground"
And she smiles a lie, "that may very well be,"
She replies "and so it goes,
It's the devil, I suppose but it doesn't matter much to
me."

Put music to our troubles
And we'll dance them away.

From my left eye flow tears of joy
And sorrow from my right.
"You might seem too strong to surrender,
Boy, but you're far too frail to fight."
That old dull pain beats in my brain
And falls down my back into every limb-
And it's more of the same
As the warmth that I seem to lack,
You'll neither find in him.

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