

## **A Silver Mt. Zion**

# **"American Motor Over Smoldered Field"**

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It will not be a tender fire  
Upon your postcard mountains  
No golden children  
Will write hymns about  
The slow defeat of your reckless destiny

Bullets in the bellies of babies  
Sleeping in the strangest places  
Indifferent to the blinding grace of  
The vapour-trails and burning waste  
Of your baptist skies

Oh! To live! In a burning house  
With burning children eating dust  
And finger-painting flags  
Smoke pours out of their eyes  
They're praying and saluting  
They're all hanged up

Hey! Okay! Kiss me slowly  
Beneath the dripping leaves  
Of our traintrack trees  
Though sickly and diseased  
Some weeds thrive anyways

This fence around your garden won't keep the sky from  
falling...

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