

Assembly of Dust "Harrower"

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Steppin' out on the great lawn in the new green shoots
of a crop
There was a wind in the wild rough grasses and a
broad swelling heat when it stops
Standin' at the edge of creation at the base of the
throne of the sky
By the mouth of the Tennessee River where the birds of
another world fly

Well I must be on my way the share croppers say
there's barely even work for them.
I'll come rolling back to town when my fortune comes
around.
Come and see your daughter again.

I directed my stride to the river and the near by great
beyond
The broken stalkes of the harvest, pale as bone in the
dawn
Pulled forward and drawn onward like water called to
the sea
My hands are always full or empty and my boots are
always carrying me.
A big eyed girl in the hallway.
Borrowed light from the moon
I kissed her lips with my own mouth
I swear I will be back soon.

I caught hope one handed. It was two days old in the
dirt.
My arms grew weak in their sockets like tender stalks
of longing and hurt
If these are the fields of reckoning, If these are the
days to debate
I would love to stay and talk it over but sir I am afraid
it's to late.

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