

Andrew Belle

"The Giant Of Illinois"

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The giant of Illinois
Died from a blister on his toe
After walking all day through the first winter snow

Throwing bits of stale bread
To the last speckled doves
He never even felt his shoes filled with blood

Delirious with pain, his bedroom walls began to glow
And he felt himself soaring up through falling snow
And the sky was a woman's arms

A boy with a club foot

Had sat next to him in school
Once upon a summer's day
They went wandering through the woods

They spotted a sleeping swan
On the banks of a muddy stream
And they stormed it with rocks
Till it collapsed in the reeds

They lay out on the grass
Full of chocolate and lemonade
But underneath it all the giant was afraid
The sky was a woman's arms

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