

Christian Kjellvander

"Drunken Hands"

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Wearily and weathered
lungs filled with new
there's a days worth of sky
hovering over you

no it's not the sand
nor is it the dreams
that now blow across the acres
as clothes loosen in their seams

one by one - coming undone
we scurry to be one up on the sun

You landed here with fear
Gone north and put to rest
The cross around your neck is now
Buried in your chest

Sleep for the sake of the night
And wake in the hope of finding a light

Throw your drunken hands
Across the scenery
And your drunken thoughts on temporality
Everything lay so still, almost dead
Except the blood-red sky over head

Sleep for the sake of the night
And wake in the hope, but fumble in light

Throw your sunken dreams
At the scenery
with your sunken hopes
For longevity
The country lay as still as the dead
Save the blood-red moon up ahead

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