

## **Beulah**

### **"Score From Augusta"**

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Ahahh... Ahahh...  
The room wallpaper  
The pages of your letters  
Which you once said  
Wrestle with the bodies that wash like unchained rivers  
Against your shore

An army is waiting  
The secret places  
That gently twist around your bed  
The south will be spared  
Bullets flying fast from her eyes  
With that we're fine,

Ahahh... Ahahh...  
We etch our names in candles  
They're heart shaped and they flicker  
Inside our chests  
The ghost of our brothers and tales which are hidden  
Much like ours

A bother's fight in a holy field  
Where the new loves come  
And their old loves go  
And they just wilt  
Like Spanish moths with dew in their eyes  
Tears for our lord and for the ones he spares  
When he passed away it's off off off with their heads,  
And whores he loves  
And the lepers he claims that he can cure  
Cannot compete  
With the human summer days that we would share.

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