

## Grad Damen

### "The Empress"

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Why are people more interested in how  
A building reaches to the sky  
Than it touches the ground  
She is always looking up  
As I pull concrete from my teeth  
And in exchange of complication  
If I lose her where will I  
Be her 20 moons elude me  
In my time of need  
Bells and hammers are rarely friends  
But my promises stand tall  
And are here with me  
The flys will feed on corpses  
As do the frogs on them  
And the mosaic of broken bottles  
Lodged in my neck, bleeds conveniently

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