

Jeffrey Foucault

"The Bluest Blade"

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Thrown up against the dying end of heaven
Beating with the zero of my blood
Home to see my baby coming home
Falling like a stone or like a dove

Hard as any stone brought down in wishes
Bright as any flower made to bloom and blaze and
Falling to the ground like China dishes
Our love is only teaching us to fall

Chorus:
And I fall to you
Down from here
Like a shadow thrown
Love the bluest blade
Cuts deepest from the dark
Of all we own

Balanced on a sliver shot through the blacking
Hung up as if by God's unreckoned string
Brave enough for leaving brave enough
For coming home with what my tiny heart can bring

And I kissed onto the concrete from out of dreaming
Pulled the ground against me like a shroud
Fevered as a child my body burning
Burning just to lay your body down

Chorus

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