

John Loudermilk

"Anthema"

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Girl: "love you" she said as though it were true
"falling head over heels into you,
now I am pregnant with our baby boy forever your
lover...and suffer"
baby boy: "giver of life and the nail in my soul this is
anthema,
the story grows old still the same boy that was sewn
from your ground,
it's the weight of you pulling me down"
boy: "i love you" he said and knew it was true
girl: "I can't be in this marriage with you now
this is our second child in my womb no longer your
lover and sufferer"
baby boy: "rivers of love and a trust so betrayed this is
anthema the bed that we've made,
still the same boy that was sewn from your ground,
it's the weight of you pulling me down
and you lie as the vultures surround the height that I
push up
my halo could come crushing like a wave...
giver of life and the nail in my soul, this is anthema the
story grows old,
still the same boy that was screaming inside
pushing my youth through the years of my life...
forever we trust in forever this sound it's the weight of
you pulling me down.
It's anthema my voice and this sound"

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