

John Ralston

"Fragile"

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When you say medicine, I take your pseudonym
I know your accidents, you made them happen
Open flower, your darkest hour
Okinawa, your pain is power

Yesterday I was irrelevant
Now you're not sure if I'm not innocent
Block it out like clouds and the sun
I was forgotten but not forgiven

We're so fragile, we're so calm
We are innocent of what went wrong
Still, dead air in the pinwheel lungs
Baby birds are weak and dumb

If you open up her letter
Will it make you feel better?
Bite all your fingernails off
When you hear her, her cancer cough

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