

Loom

"Patience For Books"

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Among the beams and rafters
The crooked halls of home
The endless weight of myths on sons
Betrays your gentler tones
Your timid throat
And your winter bones

And he'll dress you in his diction
Wrap you in silence thick as thieves
Then he'll hide you in the blur
That takes the place
Of all the days
He wrings his hands
For your ringing ears

But this city
It just made me sick for the country
And I longed for tomorrow
And then longed for (lamented) it's passing

And I grew up in the scraps
Of an American mythology
That's never felt quite right to me

Yet I slept there amongst
A history of apologies
As they crept their crooked path
To the heart of me

But I'll give back the medals
You've won for your bravery
Just to silence the hum
Of this ceaseless machinery

But sometimes instruments speak far louder than
words
And sometimes you hear what you've seen and can't
forget what you've heard
And sometimes children disgrace our reliance on
words
And yes dear, sometimes these pages have nothing to
tell us of god

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