

## **Loom**

# **"True Believers All"**

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T seems the ghosts of the northeast  
Have crept into my blood again  
Their restless hungry hearts  
Their monuments to intellect  
Are coursing in my veins  
And through my father's rhetoric  
The lines that cross his face  
Speak all the words he should have said

And how we found our summer in the fall  
And we're still true believers all

And how these puritan refrains  
Conspire to steal our breath again  
While through these shadow plays  
An underwriter's sketch of grace  
And the logic in your hands  
Like invisible calligraphy  
While through these hallway stairs  
Winds the unceasing search for symmetry

And how we found our summer in the fall  
And we're still true believers all

And all give their hands to god  
And their voices to the suffering  
Their regrets to the silence  
Their bodies to the turning spring  
While fighting tooth and nail  
Under the endless pull of gravity  
While setting bone and sail  
Just like their mother's fathers did

Now all that we have loved  
Is bound up in our epitaphs  
And all your mother's dreams  
Lie hidden on an attic shelf  
Quaint monuments to time  
Carved from the stones she couldn't lift  
These statues to admire  
To provide the weight against the drift

And how we found our summer in the fall  
And we're still true believers all

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