

Coretta Scott

"The Stairs Hit Hard"

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Rose my hand an itch to satisfy but my hand had
changed shape into a knife
Abigail in a dream with a sheath coming to save me

Don't cry for me
(Begging you to stop momma's crying on the floor)
It's just what it takes
(We are the wretched that keep our fists closed)
to be happy
(Swear to god I'll never be like him)
Or to not feel so alone
(Swear to god I'll never be like him)
Had a little jar he'd keep the new and dead ants in
shake that shit and pout, "do something stupid thing,
do something at all"
never seems like a fair fight
daddy's one to his son's every third stride
not coming home tonight, I'm not coming home

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