

## Stuart Davis

### "Grace"

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Grace comes home drunk  
And beats on the door to my gut  
I fumble with locks til a wound opens

And she falls in laughing

Honey, I'm home  
Honey, I'm home

I wince as she stumbles up my spine  
And leaves a trail of bruises on my ribs  
I choke on her dancing on my tongue  
Where she kicks out a tooth

Honey, I'm home  
Honey, I'm home

She smokes her cigarettes inside my head  
And blows all the smoke into my eyes  
Til one melts a tear and she sighs,  
Just what I thought  
Another fragile buddha

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