

Weatherbox

"Snakes, Our Ground"

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I cannot think of anything to think about
I search the folds of my brain
I stretch myself towards my destination
We ate roots and sat
I traced pitter-patterns in the grass

See where the wind blows me
See where the earth throws me
See where the fire draws me
See where the water calls me

We ate roots and sat
I traced pitter-patterns in the grass
We ate roots and sat
Beneath the tree-twists and the gas

You watched me go insane
(They chased me down, they ate my insides out)
And you loved me just the same
And only I can tame
(They are burying me now, there is dirt
in/on/about/around my dead mouth)
The growing beasts in my brain

Is this normal?
Where does this animal begin?
Is this normal?
What's this running through my skin?

We ate roots and sat
I traced pitter-patterns in the grass
We ate roots and sat
Beneath the tree-twists and the gas

I melted and
Watched your mouth moving

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