

Bruno Benetton Free Band "Clothed In Roots And Fire"

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what rounds a hard day
as if the slow knife
pops suddenly
an innocent skin

a hushed wincing
shame of what falls
shadow & burning truths

a genuine turn
of grief
cut in a boat
untethered

does it matter
to the far shore
the press of a foot

Clothed in roots and fire
Clothed in roots and fire

when the dead are buried
& their ghosts sleep
in stars

the light still bends at the stone
& sorrow grinds

the price of blooms
how she
carries the question we cannot bear

Clothed in roots and fire
Clothed in roots and fire

fire

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