

Hospitality

"Julie"

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Is it gold?
Is it snow?
Is it all the debt I owe?
That money buys on a clock
On a silver studded bead

That I wore back then
When my head was thin
And I sewed and I sewed
All the ribbons on my coat

Seventeen past a year
Only breath could keep my heels
On the street
Thanking broad strong backs that built

All the roads and mines
That were left behind
Digging coal, digging coal
Used their bodies to feed their homes

Picking at the meat, dear
You won't break my wish
I took my half
Throwing out the seeds, dear
Hope this dirt will bind
And grow a tree

Saffron blows in the yard
Getting tossed a tasseled toe
Keep your hair tied for touch
In a brown unfolded bun

When it fell back down
Did it leave your crown
With the cloth that you bought
That was eaten by the moths?

Calling out a wave, dear
Calling out a wave will be your grave
This will last your life, dear

Ocean is a boy who wastes his day

Calling out a wave, dear

Calling out a wave will be your grave

This will last your life, dear

Ocean is a boy who wastes his day

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