

Gaza

"He Is Never Coming Back"

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I'll always be there first to assess the situation.
To gain the advantage.
To push you further beneath me.

Because you wanted this.
Because you pulled the kicking legs from the insect.
This ain't your mother.
You're gonna find a god.
Because you wanted this.
Because you look to the sky.
You fucking knew better.
This ain't your mother.
You're gonna find a god.

We'll drink the blood of birds and through all this
change we'll wipe our chins and drink some more.
We are race horses.
Some of us are more happy about that than others.
Some of us more eager to win that race.
Cooking the meat kept us, not prayer.

I called you and you answered me like a fool.

The sky was gray and you were a small child without
bones in your arms.
Now you're a man who died propped up against a
fence
in the shadow of your favorite bible story.
Still without bones in your arms.
A mourning husband with a pistol in his hand.
He will smile at you with the meat of a leg joint in his
teeth.

We had our day.
Before our hands grayed and died, before the world
dried up.
We had our day.
We walked along the road and picked up the bones
that were our relatives.
We had our day.
I put my face to the dogs and let them pull the smile

from me.

After your eyes sink and grow further useless,
not even vultures will pull the meat from your
windowless house.
You have never done anything.

He is never coming back.
Armies of the half dead with their arms to the sky.

Burn my body when I'm bloody dead.
I don't want to be found with any of you.
I won't be found with any of you.

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