

Red House Painters

"Mother"

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the way the street looked
dim and polluted
so have i felt when i walked upon
the way the air seemed
grey fog diluted
so do i feel when i'm breathed upon
ominous head spoke
you ain't so good
poorly the sow joked
trashed and words muttered
i want to be mothered
i want you to give
attention to my belly button
mother
i want to have

bobby pins stuck in my ears
and drown away the endless days
ridding soon the troubled ways
embedded down with a warm frown
in a wrong and impure dream
anchored down with a mermaid
in sound halcyon sea
lure me in her salt
liquid canyon far beneath
my mother savior
with her goddess touch
brushes hands through my hair

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