

Sara Hickman

"Salvador"

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Salvador, your father named you
After a dead brother
And your mother hung the cross upside down
Salvador, so much of time hung over

Old men's sleeves
The prick of guilt's thorn rusted and worn
Sewn into our hearts in the shape of a star

Up the alley I stop at a window
Through the curtains I see
Figures moving, figures swaying
Figures talking in time

Paintings of persistence
Paintings of persistence hung like a jury
Searching and seeking
Silent icons I wipe the dust from my hands

Salvador, no one believes me
But I swear I know what I'm doing
And once you were painting
The ground you were breaking
But it's never enough to gain their approval

Up the alley, the window is broken
The sky's on the ground
They unravel the rope of unreason
They will hang me for sure

Searching and seeking their silent icons
They wipe the blood from their hands

Salvador, they want a savior
And they crowned you king
They begged you for answers
But the glory or fame took away time
From your obligations

Keep on sleeping, don't awake from this dream
I'll comb your mustache, I'll wipe your body
I'll kiss your feet when they take you

Down from the cross

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