

Resting Place

Austin Lucas

Said, Are you listening
To dying swallows?
Don't they strike you bitter cold?
I will come, shut them out
And shine a light inside this hole

Although my western hands
Seem uncertain
They mean to find a way
Rest once more
Shut your door
See my body to its rightful place
My body in its resting place

It was honest Abraham
And this cracked, red pavement
He did taught me to come home
Are you here, boy
To sell oats
Or drink yourself into a corpse?
Oh must I long remain
In wretched slumber
'Fore I taste your lips once more?
How much time must I waste
Before my body's in its rightful place?
Before my body's in its resting place?
Before my body's in its resting place?