

The room calls to me, says were all strung out
(And the beat we both stomp on the floor),
While outside the leopard frogs sing sweetly.
These are the hymns that today we've ignored.
And all across the desert, and all up in the mountains:
A wind so loud that we might never mention.

And heres to my lovers hands and feet.
They are the roots that will weave through the floor.
And down in the dirt, in her wandering,
Find the snail to give us breath, to give us words.
He asks us for our patience, he asks us for our patience,
And he asks us what we have done for our souls lately.

Down by the bur oak tree, I had lost your locket in the loam,
And there fell to my knees, neath the coil and the brush of the
fern.

The candles light dances across the table,
And will burn at the tip of my pen.
And lures all the moths into the kitchen
To spin tales and bend truths through the evening.
And scribe for them their stories