

Body

Brooke Waggoner

I'll reside beside this creek for days to come
Let my belly be starved and feet wearisome
My lips will chap and skin will crack, but let it be
I have to break inside before I die to me

Fires will burn and storms, they will forever brew
Rivers, they will freeze in states north of you
So tie me to that tree leaving one hand free
And I'll remain there forever and eternity

Closets and drawers of kisses that I have saved
Who shall I give them to? They're gifts that are stowed away
They are red from blood and blue from the stillest lakes
Gold from the sun and green from the grassy blades

Selfish I may be, but then we're all the same
We each have a body of water where we can pray
And fast and wait for words from God and God alone
That's the only way I know how to cope