

After One Quarter of a Revolution

Every Time I Die

Cleaned up the mess I'm in, now I am born again.
Naked, spotless motion without strings.
I've flushed the filth to sea, the limbs and sharp debris but if that water rises woe is me.
Hearts aren't beating they're counting down.
Breaths aren't stolen they're groomed and given out.
The closet is teeming with broken bones.
I'll be driven out and swallowed whole.
I walk a crooked mile with the devil on my back puppeteering, schemes with every step.
But I once could walk through walls and drift above it all, pursuing endless love to endless depths.
Hearts aren't beating they're counting down.
Breaths aren't stolen they're groomed and given out.
The closet is teeming with broken bones.
I'll be driven out and swallowed whole.
Object all you want but I am not done with you.
Lives will be lost.
Children will grieve.
Entire nations will crumble and blood will run deep, but we will be redeemed.
You and I will be weightless.
We'll stay unborn so death can't start the clock and love can seep through our pores.