

Red Dust

James Vincent McMorrow

I will not cave under you
for my heart is an unending tomb
i will not trouble your rest
for my heart is infinity blessed

ever a hard rot
cut from an ancient cloth of old

someone is ringing a bell
it chimes through this shimmering shell
that once was my vision of birth
now is my vessel and curse

heat from the tall lamp
melting the outer wax that holds
blood from a deep cut
some of the reddest stuff to flow

sometimes my hands they don't feel like my own
i need someone to love i need someone to hold