

# The Bluest Blade

Jeffrey Foucault

Thrown up against the dying end of heaven  
Beating with the zero of my blood  
Home to see my baby coming home  
Falling like a stone or like a dove  
Hard as any stone brought down in wishes  
Bright as any flower made to bloom and blaze and  
Falling to the ground like China dishes  
Our love is only teaching us to fall  
Chorus:  
And I fall to you  
Down from here  
Like a shadow thrown  
Love the bluest blade  
Cuts deepest from the dark  
Of all we own  
Balanced on a sliver shot through the blacking  
Hung up as if by God's unreckoned string  
Brave enough for leaving brave enough  
For coming home with what my tiny heart can bring  
And I kissed onto the concrete from out of dreaming  
Pulled the ground against me like a shroud  
Fevered as a child my body burning  
Burning just to lay your body down  
Chorus