

Sinkhole

Kristin Hersh

Well it's sundown in the sinkhole,
It's sunrise up on the hill.
The thieves are sleeping in Hades palm,
And they're keeping very still.
It's summer in Winterhaven,
And the earth, she's caving in.
There's no water on the land,
And it's all because of sin.

Mae Rose Owens lost her bedroom
When the porches all fell in.
Guy LaGuarde kissed his yard goodbye
And it's all because of sin.
No one must be told
About this thieving in the night,
Satan stole the landscape,
It was gone with the morning light.

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Seven recreational vehicles buried underground.
Seven cranes went after them,
Six could not be found.
A Porsche and half a swimming pool
Are lost I am afeared.
The seventh crane approached the hole,
Then it disappeared.

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St. Augustine in his slumber,
Feels the depths of his own soul.
St. Bernadette in her vision,
Feels her body beyond control.
The flowers of Narcissus,
Are nailed to the underworld door,
And Hades has the medicine,
And he keeps down on the floor.

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