

## Blindfold

Red House Painters

Blood ridden hands are the first things  
To come through the bed  
When all the pain in your life  
Comes to a head  
Poor lost soul with no place to go  
Wait until winter and you'll know  
Three years fold through your lies untold  
Innocence undoes her blindfold  
Who else's hands have touched  
Who I best understand  
Held close the neck and waist  
Of my adult orphan  
This summer ends, the evenings we spent  
Life under China dinner din  
Wishes best to mystery address  
I found deep in your occult key chest  
On my suicide cloud  
Left me in the pit of my morning pout  
An emptiness throughout  
This scarred and sullied soul you threw out  
What possessed you not to include me  
How have you failed to invite me  
How could you laugh with her in that theater  
When you're off and I'm alone