

# Mother

Red House Painters

The way the street looked dim and polluted  
So have felt when I walked upon the way  
The air seemed gray fog diluted  
So do I feel when I'm breathed upon

Ominous head spoke, you ain't so good  
Poorly the sow joked, trashed and words muttered

I want to be mothered  
I want you to give attention to my belly button  
Mother, I want to have  
Body pins stuck in my ears

And drown away the endless days  
Ridding soon the troubled ways

Embedded down with a warm frown  
In a wrong and impure dream  
Anchored down with a mermaid  
In sound halcyon sea, lure me in her salt

Liquid canyon far beneath, my mother savior  
With her goddess touch brushes hands through my hair