

The Woods

San Fermin

We went the two of us into
The woods behind the little school
Two went in and one came home
We didn't go in there along.
Your eyes were lovely as you danced
with centipedes and little ants
we built a fort of lovers' teeth
and some of mother's sheets
I was a boy and I was good
But there are witches in these woods.
They followed us into the trees
wearing crowns of twigs and leaves
you and I were in the mud
And painted ourselves with spiders blood
your eyes were lovely, dark and dancing
pulling legs off salamanders
a little creature you once spun
to skin and bones and brains and blood
while witches they surrounded us
I was a boy and I was good
but there are witches in these woods.
The nights are lovely, dark and deep
But I'll appear when you're asleep
You'll wake up with a sudden hurt
With mouth and lungs all full of dirt
We went the two of us into
The woods behind the little school
Yet I'm still buried in the mud
Skin and bones and brains and blood