

## A Vessel For A Minor Malady

Shannon Wright

There's no cure so why should i care  
You have fled into this blackness  
In this sling i must contain

You use your force  
To comfort my trembling hands  
And fold them aside

These hues eyes  
They have sent  
The longest beatings  
The hour bows  
To seek some light  
With golden strings

You construct this wheel  
With your threads of argentine