

Careful Hands

Sleeping at Last

Put your coat on, this city trembles.
Keep your chin up, as you untangle God
From cold blood and bruises.

We are X-rays of something broken.
Cursive bloodlines write every forecast:
An orchestration Of dissonance and innocent surrender.

When our color dies,
We will bury the ashes of time,
And we will earn new eyes.

Wrists get tired rewriting futures.
Our bodies beg us to be creatures of habit.
We are creatures of habit.

Only with careful hands
We'll turn their fangs into feathers and cures.
Only with careful hands
We'll divide the prisoner
From the pioneer.

Clever beauty,
Umbrellas folding.
In architecture, our lines will measure
A map to find us.
Blue ink will guide us home.

Cranes are creeping, lifting metal,
We will find new ways to settle,
Tipping scales from the killer to its prey.

I can feel the weight around us,
Climbing every rib inside us,
A sanctuary in a lion's mouth.