

Rope

The Jesus Lizard

One free end bound his ankles, also bound his knees
He had left a trail of blood that led into the trees
He lay beneath a broken branch face down in the grass
No mason or bricklayer he, a trowel was in his ass

They found spray paint in his sinus, cotton in his ears
His cheeks showed little slugstyle tracks that dried there from
hs tears

The morning that they found him dead the sun was shining bright
It cast a shadow of the rope that he had tied so tight

The shadow fell across the grass, across his filthy clothes
It fell across the shit-caked pants he wore over his hose

He lay beneath a broken branch face down in the grass
No mason or bricklayer he, a trowel was in his ass