

Nocturnal groove

The Swan Bride

she took her medicine to hear the shadows sing
the sun was playing blinds like a hundred golden strings
a rattlesnake on a hot tin roof laid down a beat for the final
groove

he took his baby out for a midnight drive
the moon was shining bright like hermes & his holy light
fireworks reflecting in his tears
when he buried her under willow trees

gone, gone, gone