

## Snakes Our Ground

Weatherbox

I cannot think of anything to think about I search the  
folds of my brain  
I stretch myself towards my destination  
We ate roots and sat  
I traced pitter-patterns in the grass  
See where the wind blows me  
See where the earth throws me  
See where the fire draws me  
See where the water calls me  
We ate roots and sat  
I traced pitter-patterns in the grass  
We ate roots and sat  
Beneath the tree-twists and the gas  
You watched me go insane  
(They chased me down, they ate my insides out)  
And you loved me just the same  
And only I can tame  
(They are burying me now, there is dirt  
in/on/about/around my dead mouth)  
The growing beasts in my brain  
Is this normal?  
Where does this animal begin?  
Is this normal?  
What's this running through my skin?  
We ate roots and sat  
I traced pitter-patterns in the grass  
We ate roots and sat  
Beneath the tree-twists and the gas  
I melted and  
Watched your mouth moving