

Centralia

William Fitzsimmons

I offer myself to you
Though I am a broken thing
A cardinal with severed wing

In morning to hide my face
Though I am a sunderer
Guised in maternal grace

Heir to a crippled ground
My little Elysium
My god how I've let you down

Let me fall
Through the ground
Where you fell
Back to you

We burn like Centralia
Lost in the ash below
Hoping to find a home

So far may you run from me
To cities with living leaves
No fire to fear beneath