

The Tide Pulls from the Moon

William Fitzsimmons

So like your
Father in the face and blood
Terrified and cold
And whispers
The coming of a cleansing flood
For you

You hide your
Filthy hands from all of us
Still unseen and tied
What water
These killing hands could ever clean
Still you run

I want to be changed from
The shadow and the tomb
Like water rushing over us
The tide pulls from the moon

Your mother
The passing of a silver ring
Oversized and cold
This specter
Will walk the halls of every seed
From you

I want to be changed from
The shadow and the tomb
Like water rushing over us
The tide pulls from the moon
The tide pulls from the moon
The tide pulls from the moon.