

## Danse Macabre

Wintersleep

all my friends are skeletons  
dulcimers and chariots  
prayers to God, oh prayers to God  
hammers for our hollowed heads

oh you had such big, big plans  
swallowed all your vitamins  
wore your poems like a scar  
what ever happened to them?

was I sleeping all this time?  
was my shadow ever mine?