

Riding with Mary

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they can't go to sleep at four the car is parked outside the door
or scars of a knife on his arm her husband knows they're together
riding with mary protection to pass riding with mary protecting
immaculate love rows of numbered doors behind the car warms
up, the street is clear and empty and green with lights they talk
and never stop moving he's sounding her name in his head she's
falling asleep next to his face her sister's getting married today
and the saints of easter smile on the dashboard rides a figurine
a powerless sweet forgotten thing so the next time you see a statue
of mary remember my sister was in a car