

## Maps In Her Wrists And Arms

## And Also The Trees

In the tent of powder and lace  
Vultures pick at a carcass that feeds by hand  
Longing to decay  
Waits to hear the sound  
Of their wings slowly heave as they fly away  
Some will stay for days  
There's maps in her wrists and arms  
And the dust lies like snow around the bed  
Glowing white, a sculpture of bone  
Or a jewel like a crumpled, distorted moon  
Shivers in her mind  
If she moves too near  
It shatters so quickly, leaves nothing behind  
The old lady sighs  
Sometimes when she lifts her eyes  
The room has filled with flowing sheets of silk  
There's maps in her wrists and arms  
And the morphine surges terror bread and bliss  
In the tent of powder and lace  
She can hear some violins, watches the strings  
Threading through the room