

Broken

Belly

He cries out her eyes,
A fire unfurnaced.
The curve of her spine
Is heaven unbound,

But heaven is harsh,
A fire unfaithful
like a bird that you hold in your palm.
I know where you hang.

I drive by there often.
I spy on the circus
You make of your friends.
Heaven is harsh,

A fire unfaithful
Like a bird that you hold in your palm.
Broken eyes in your head.
Broken arms at your side.

Broken bird on a string.
Shake it till she sings,
And you realize the suffering
By that broken baby wing,

And you shake her till she sings,
And you shake her till she sings.
He cries out her eyes,
As blue as her fingers.

The curve of her ass
Is unparalleled.
Heaven is harsh,
A fire ungrateful

Like the bird you hold in your palm.
Broken eyes in your head.
Broken arms at your side.
Broken bird on a string.

Shake it till she sings,
And you realize the suffering
By the broken baby wing,
And you shake her till she sings,

And you shake her till she sings.