

Suzerain

Billy Woods

Spend the rest of your days here, I know it, I know it
Find a way to disengage here, I know it, I know it
Let the barren tree bring you shade here, I know it, I know it
I know that darling death's on the loose
Opulence will never seduce
Your payment presumptive and severe, I know it, I know it
You buy what is earned, you the wise fear, I know it, I know it
So eat all my fruit and get gone dear, I grow it, I grow it, I
grow
Whether spirit, breast, bone, or meat, you'll always be feasting
on me

She kept a record of everything that happened
Exactly as it happened
Every interaction captured in exacting fashion
Not a diary, but somethin' to be dissembled with dispassion
Carefully taken apart and the wiring examined
Bent her wrist to write, it looked like a butcher's list
A knife folded in the folds of her dress
She's nobody's muse
She wears a dead man's shoes and tracks the moon
Down till the ground glisten, the only sound hounds snippin'
Suzerain
Nothin' can exist without permission in the book what it listed
in
Charcoal sketch the men, the pen scratch some limbs
Pages full of such you won't see again
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She never drew his face
She never wrote the end
Just left a blank space
Her knee never bent
Everything swim in her eyeglass lens
Erased the sun, left the world to spin