Ankle Bone

Birdtalker

She walks alone across the burning sand
No song in her ears
No, she won't find another mother now
There is no other here
She wanders onward never to her right
The naked offer with nothing more to hide

Carves like a peg into the angry son
Wincing with tired eyes
Isn't there anything worth searching for?
Is it all compromise?
She has no saviour and nothing to decide
Spinning onward, a circular sky

The desert is her mother
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Maybe nothing is all that she will find
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