

Crooked Lust

Bowerbirds

I was born a ghost
An apparition
Filled with holes
And contradiction

And I fear I'm the only one
So I wake early
Watch the leaves quake
And the first light braze the trees
I hide myself in a secret place
Here I know my heart
I know it's careless
But, darling, you seem like you're feeling sad
Maybe you're my perfect fix

My conscience is
My conscience is an avalanche
Majestic
Bewildering
And holy and careless

I live with the tides
I live in reverence
And know the days are endless, endless
But, darling, you seem like you're anxious

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