

Wingbone

Califone

fill my belly with your whisepering some barely on the
thread
orange sound water sworn and cotton fire cold light
swallowing
your song
pasture moonlight newborn legs
let the constellations drop crack
your scorn water your
grave only when you're half erased forget
your lines
bed of nails sharpening the edges of your grace
cold
light sifting through lift the shade and let the night
in
carry your bed on wingbone legs let the
constellations drop water
your scorn and crack your grave
sharpening the edges of your
face lost a day a bed of nails
lost your lines only when you're
wrecked only when
you're half erased the loneliness aside it's
alright