

## Silver Ladle

Eileen Rose

Oh can you hear me?  
Am I moving in my own way?  
Faith is a cradle  
Then the wind blows  
And the bough breaks

I'm hard at work breeding devils  
A martyr, oh, do that real good  
I harbor jealous angels  
Bound in glamor to my wrist

Time is a cruel thing  
It's a cold rain on a slow day  
Fate like a flower  
'Til the wheel turns and the veil fades

The forest grows violet rivers  
The dead fall throws back our laughter  
Tomorrow taps my shoulder  
Add a memory to my list

Oh, Mother help me  
You were singing  
I was dreaming  
Hope plays a banjo  
Is a bell shape  
Does you real good

I found her own reckless ocean  
I found her own golden shadow  
I found her silver ladle  
Holding water to my lips  
Golden water to my lips