

## Avalanche

Ghost

Well, I stepped into an avalanche  
It covered up my soul  
When I am not this hunchback that you see  
I sleep beneath the golden hill  
You, who wish to conquer pain  
You must learn, learn to serve me well

You strike my side by accident  
As you go down for your gold  
The cripple here that you clothe and feed  
Is neither starved nor cold  
He does not ask for your company  
Not at the center, the center of the world

When I am on a pedestal  
You did not raise me there  
Your laws do not compel me  
To kneel grotesque and bare  
I, myself, am the pedestal  
For this ugly hump at which you stare

You who wish to conquer pain  
You must learn what makes me kind  
The crumbs of love that you offer me  
They're the crumbs I've left behind  
Your pain is no credential here  
It's just the shadow; shadow of my wound

I have begun to long for you  
I, who have no greed  
I have begun to ask for you  
I, who have no need  
You say you've gone away from me  
But I can feel you when you breathe

Do not dress in those rags for me  
I know you are not poor  
You don't love me quite so fiercely now  
When you know that you are not sure  
It is your turn, beloved  
It is your flesh that I wear