

Root Systems

Great Lake Swimmers

Born underwater in a month of fire
Born into hawthorn and tangled briar
A wild card from a hungry pack
A number on the front, a pattern on the back

Dirt in the furrows, patient and thick
Time curls at the turn of a pick
And life gathers in the wake of the plow
The line offers what the field will allow

The Root System stares down
Shoots defy and point up
Unreeling in an act of spite
Oh I had a feeling that they might
I had a feeling that they might

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Arms like Axes at a great expense
Hymns in the pastures, and penitence
The sweet glove on the agrarian hand
Caving prayers into a chaotic land

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