

Horses in the Ground

In Solitude

The room it unearths
undresses me slowly
I beg them to cut my throat
We crawl through the ground
our bodies are worthless
the gaunt sky is treading oil

Let us dispel the question
and make him ready for its arms
The purging love
that stops the heart
opens the cracks of my aim

Yes I've understood
with noose and with sickle
The beauty we saw down there
We hung from our feet
and bled into buckets
our daughters were holding flowers

Let us dispel the question
and make him ready for its arms
The purging love
that stops the heart
opens the cracks of my aim

I rip up the sails
from the frozen ground

We drift in damp stone
to the sound of blood

The wet mouth is black
its whispering my name
to leap through the rain at dusk

Let us dispel the answer now
to make him ready
for the arms that break
The purging hand
that shows the way
points to our open graves