

Sand

Kristin Hersh

race through the country the perfect carnivore pull over and stop to breathe there's grape jelly on your sleeve

you pick me up i pull you down down to the ground

make the most of daylight a sun-drenched meadow by the dumpster
i came back high and hungover from your flickering light

i hope you find your way home

to the country the perfect manifested heaven and stop to breathe there's an aching heart on your sleeve

you pick me up i pull you down down to the ground

your brain unbuckled: luxurious and softer than sand