

Rifles and Rosary Beads

Mary Gauthier

Rifles and rosary beads
You hold on to what, you need
Vicodin, morphine dreams
Rifles and rosary beads

Yellow smoke, orange haze
Blowing into, my eyes
Whistling sunset, bombs
I couldn't trust, the sky

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Vicodin, morphine dreams
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White knuckles wrapped, around
Blackness that has, no sound
Bombed out, schools and homes
Kids in the street, alone

Mirrors frighten, me
Don't recognize what I see
The stranger with blood, on his hands
Brother, I'm not, that man

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