

## Deep Clay

Pile

Those ivories will grind me down to golden dust  
Know that you can always lean or chew on me  
And may we all smile wide and prosperously

Some of that load, I might lighten up for you  
See how much I can fit on my back

The promise of building a home with two bare hands  
No one can live there, but it can store those plans  
And all that will  
And all that hope  
And then we can just run wild

Labor is bound by growth  
The vines slowly crawl up the walls  
A monument to be swallowed whole

A mystery eternal, why nothing connects  
Caught it with its eyes glowing and blood on its lips  
It holds my will  
It holds my hope  
So now I'm allowed to hide

The promise kept of a home built with my hands  
Nobody lives there, but that's where I store plans  
And all my will  
And all my hope  
But what was it you had in mind?  
So what was it you had of mine?

An unquenchable thirst for enough  
All fingers in Earth  
Dirt under my nails  
Dust in my lungs  
It is my belief  
I can write my way out of whatever this place is