

STRANGER ALIVE

SPIRIT OF THE BEEHIVE

I last heard something like a blight in the head
Post keeps rolling till you read what you read
And when it's all supposed to be dead
Keeps falling back in my lap like an urgent request
The one I left, the one I left

In the sun
I was nothing for so long
And meaning is fleeting and tired

I know anxious women with no mouth to spit in
Devotion is a cancer, a stone that's falling endlessly
I will walk backwards through the nascent light of empty rooms
Trace a life, what a shame
An elegy is wasted

But if they find you, stranger, alive
The path behind you is lit from the side
Somewhere beyond the passage of time