

Michael is Done

Swans

Now Michael is done
Stripped bare of pretense
Soaking his sheets
While counting insects
He's a grid on the sun
He's the hate in the love
Every hole is a leak
When Michael does speak
But Michael will win
There's a flame on his tongue
His words are burnt meat
To muscle and rend
Now Michael will cloak
Every raft in his moat
To speak is to choke
To leave is to come
When the other has come
Then Michael is done
Is done, is done...

While cracking his lens
He is breaking his hands
Growing wings from his back
Michael sinks in his sack
When Michael is gone
Some other will come
When the other has come
Then Michael is done
Is done, is done...