

# The Beggar

Swans

I'm sick of chewing at your heels  
I'm sick of licking up your spit  
What if I keep the power I give you?  
Will I then decide to live?  
The mud is sucking like a womb  
To pull my naked body in  
Without your eyes upon my weakness  
Will I forget where I begin?  
I am the stranger in your mirror  
I am a glove without a hand  
I am a body gently spinning  
Now deliquescing in the wind  
I am an empty vessel ringing  
In a stone house in the woods  
I am the poem that was written  
On the backside of your lids  
I am the shithead unforgiven  
Now crawling up your inner leg  
I am an insect on your bedclothes  
Searching for a place to beg  
Now every word's a new beginning  
When there's nothing left to give  
What if I steal the child inside you?  
Will I remember how to live?  
When will I finally learn to live?  
When do I finally get to live?  
When will I finally learn to live?

I stand before you polished, golden  
I keep a globe of light within  
My eyes eroded by derision  
They know the purpose of the wind  
In every soul there is a craven  
Supplicating begging shit  
But my objection leads to freedom  
My seed is growing and will live  
How many people were forgotten  
Along this road of broken limbs?  
Upon this hill I'll build my tower  
To survey their plowing in  
I hear the whispering of angels  
I see the dust is made of jewels  
I swallow liquid from a river  
Fed by the sewage of the cruel  
My love is purified but reeking  
Of your calumny endured  
My feet are bruised and torn and leaking  
But lead me towards a silver shore  
Before I go there sing a prayer  
Into my palms beneath your chin  
I am the slaughter at your altar  
That's where my will to live begins  
That's where my need for you begins  
That's where my love for you begins  
My love for you will never end  
My love for you will never end