

The Black Corner

The Chant

This is a place of healing
I must be buried with the days
That run like sand
Run through my fingers
Here I can find a grain of gold
In the dust
That covers me
My head, hands and feet
This is the place, this is the room
In the black corner of the room
Hidden from view
I lay down and fall through
Through the cracks on the wall
The black corner of the room
Hidden from view
A splinter of light cuts through
Through the cracks on the wall
How did I find this place of healing?
It's hidden from view
How can one splinter of light
Shine through the cracks?
This is the place, this is the room