

## Lent

### The Legendary Pink Dots

We, the starving volunteers; the ones who go without. The shoeless, hair-shirts, bonded, veiled; seekers of the drought now stand before your floral gate to rend these rags and shout your name. In your name. We came to whine, remind you that it's time for endless vigil. On stone cold floors, on ashes or on white hot nails. Slow motion tip-toe and vicious gales that flex then flail then punch from all directions. In your name. Our crosses rotting in the rain, we hang before you in your name. We bear the bitter mark of Cain.