Done Bleeding

The Mountain Goats

Recite the songs that kept me whole
On the day I hand over command control
Try to let them all flow into this one

List alphabetically
The toxins the doctors found in me
During my time in prison

Count my fingers
Every last one
When I get done

Clean the floors well, sweep and swab
Do a thorough job
Leave the old place nicer than I found it

Wish well as the neighbors cheer and shout
Finally taking their earplugs out
Things were even worse here than they sounded

Grim-faced pilots
Back from the bombing run
When I get done

Take a picture or two
Just to remember the view
Leave a mark on the door
As an empty warning sign
From one who's gone before
But isn't here anymore

Let the crust form
On my skin in the sun
When I get done

Sweep the front porch make it new
Put the broom away when I get through
No passersby need know of my lonely tenure

All this riot of light
The shock of leaves
Wind rippling in my sleeves
Swirling against my skin as in a blender

Red thread drying behind me
Hand smoking
When I get done

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