

## Grey Complexion

The Wrens

you got your mother call on the touch that you know so well  
and it's in and old cure the palms that drip black honey  
it's the steam that seeps from below  
pull in the cords that froze over night  
it's your gray complexion that I admire the most  
in the aqua cement pit I placed the sugar on my tongue  
so who will I call when I've decided to cease