

One Rose

WHY?

A man should die gaunt
And not bloated and overdone
There should be new words hidden
In the shadows on his face
And like a wine glass in the perfect pitch, he breaks

We're being dumped into order out of buckets of sea salt
What was the first condiment?

But always one rose grows though a littered lot of gravel
Or we're struck dumb and doomed when it doesn't

Flowers are how plants laugh
And not by joke or to ridicule
I never saw my parents
Try to make a thing like me

In time in the bathroom mirror
I learn to accept my body

I got jumped into living by a coven of midwives
Under a dracula-caped eclipse
Like cutting through watermelon meat with a wire
You shoot sick from the hip and never miss

All the things inside me I assume
Are doing what they need to be doing

And always one rose grows though a littered lot of gravel
Or we're struck dumb and doomed when it doesn't
Always one rose grows though a littered lot of gravel
Or we're struck dumb and doomed when it doesn't

Looks like a sky for shoeing horses under
Looks like a sky for shoeing horses under
Looks like a sky for shoeing horses under
Looks like a sky for something