

# The Butcher

[Matt Pond PA](#)

Open up till midnight  
The butcher waits for someones desperation  
That goes beyond control  
Speaking is an invitation Under fluorescent lights  
You cant wash out his desire  
Where bodies are indecent  
And they are not in decline From behind the counter he thought  
You whispered, you want more Cut out the brights of the oncoming cars on the highway  
Lightness is forced when you cut out the lines in the paper  
Cut the split seconds  
The ones over filled When you thought you were caught with unknowable thrills  
Instead you get absence  
Soft haze in the face  
The lines in your head, have to all be replaced Cleave the dry stone to a promise  
That an answer soon will follow  
Grave attention is still focused  
On the flashlight and the cold fortune Down the streets on prospects  
The butcher walks home  
Orange in the streetlights  
Even knows it in the dark  
Proves it with his eyes closed He puts his red coat, downstairs  
Goes up into his bedroom  
Undresses and folds his arms  
As if it could impress you From under the covers he thought  
You whispered, you want more

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