Remedy

Hot Water Music

I need a remedy of diesel and dust
Something I can taste whith a fix I can trust
Another high, more potent than lust.
Eating and repeating
like the workings of rust and time.I woke to the sound and the rhythm of rain
dancing down on the window pane.
Comatose. Eyes half closed.
Arms wrapped up with the wounds all sewn.
I froze from head to toe.
Clenched the jaw,
then felt my body roll over slow.I must live to know that healing takes some time.So no regrets, and no looking back to sinking ships.
I'll strip the gauze for a rational self-analysis.
"I'm down. Cut and bound.
Counting scars, and counting blessings loud."
So loud.I must live to know that time alone is always
healing as long as there's bleeding.
No regrets, or falling fits.
I'll strip the gauze and bleed it.There's no worry.
It's only simple therapy.

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