Woven Wood

Brandon Pfeiffer

Woven wood
with blue
with feathers and a neck
like no other
knowing the hands
of never known
to know the world
of unknowingness

stepping
the light
of a thigh
in the wait for maybe
to self precurse
curling the legs
of anonymity
until you drink
the dark unto yourself

well I would stay up late for you
and I would get up early too
and I would stay up late for you
to sit right next to me

freshing
the days of nightlife
wherefrom we often
get our days on
and spoiled hunting
finding
weeping
shelving the flavors
of your kind

you can close
and shall listen
without telling the gray
of money dressing
back in softness crowing
waits the mind

of constant motion

Lyrics submitted by bug.

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