

# Red Dust

## Heather Findlay

I will not cave under you  
For my heart is an unending tomb  
I will not trouble your rest  
For my heart is infinity blessed  
Cut from an ancient cloth of old  
Someone is ringing a bell  
It chimes through this shimmering shell  
That once was my vision of birth  
Now is my vessel and curse  
Heat from the tall lamp  
Melting the outer wax that holds  
Blood from a deep cut  
Some of the reddest stuff to flow  
Sometimes my hands they don't feel like my own  
I need someone to love I need someone to hold

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