Tryst

Steve Greenbaum

I'm attracted by the fabric of waste
Watching ourselves as our bodies decay
And though some love remains
I'm attracted by this waste
Watching ourselves as our bodies decay
Watching ourselves as our bodies
Decay
This is a tryst this is discipline
The discipline of flowers always takes me in
I'm attracted by the fabric of waste
Watching ourselves as our bodies decay
Angels bleed easy
Angels breathe easy

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