Rivers in the Dust

Radical Face

The sweat cuts rivers in the dust
on your face
while the wheels beneath complain
the wind still whistles through the haze
the sun shines like a razorblade
and the bones of crops and banknotes
pave the waythe highways are lined with graves
like the fingernails of giants
like blood pulled through a vein
we rush the west in silenceand I am not the one you wanted here
but I will fill my post
heaven's touch is often out of reach
to those who want it mostyou wear a rose from yesterday
like the world is green and overgrown
and I wear a handkerchief around my mouth
to keep the dust and ashes outI dream a glass of water
with you dreaming of the sea
and I watch my feet
in you and would watch the sky
and we would wonder why our eyes no longer meetIt was hard to call the thing we saw a storm
like it had climbed out from the pages of some novel
and the sheets of dust hit everything
like waves against the rocks
it was morning but I'd be damned if I could tellbut you would hold my hand
and close your eyes
and I didn't mind
when hell bares its teeth
you learn your place
and this godforsaken sun could be the moon
for all it provides
eyes are on the road
before it disappears again

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