# Rites

## Lost In the Trees

I'll
crawl out of my skin
leave all that I love
left a letter on the bed
every harm
every violent
moment
all of our faults aside
drift through rooms
of white light
lie on the ground
are you sitting down?
are you sitting down?
our family's in the backgroundwhere
does your art come from?
the Lion and the Lamb
our family's in the backgroundmy heart pumps blood
a ghost in sun
you keep disappearing
I keep disappearingare you sitting down?

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