

Hemp

Los Panchos? SÃ-!

How carefully I've shaped you in the solitude of days
How peaceful is my mind entwined in cord around my fingers
How sweet the days I've marked in knots I've tenderly caressed
So many times I've touched you, reached you, teased you
Now fingering these veins of hemp, their hair upon my skin
And how gently, quickly you will sleep
Slip into my collection with it's bristles, coils, intentions
Yet your words will be unfaithful before I set you free
Slip as life is bound to slip from this entropy disorder
Then tied and laid upon the floor in perfect symmetry
'Til the frayed edge of your lips on mine
Positioned, placed at ease once more
'Til this restlessness returns, I turn and turn and turn again

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