Blood-letting

Mothers

I think it's about time I was leaving
you're stumbling over words I don't believe in
but I'm finding new legs to walk with
I've been finding new knives to kiss withwhen you sleep your body turns a ghost white
and I can't help but feeling like a fly on milk
I crawled back into myself alonedarling, I was old enoughI am writhing with certainty
I am dancing with the slow death
trembling like a drop of mercury
I touched your wrist beneath the blanketno use now in trying to change our old ways
when someone else's name is stuck
between your shoulderblades
here are my hands
reminding you of someone else's handsdarling, I was old enough
god is stuck singing himself to sleep
I am not the only one
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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