

Story and Pictures

Woven Hand

Shook out my salvation in all four corners of my room
Lowly is the dust, trustworthy the broom
White lady, growlin' on a chain
Peacock caw the sound of my lover's name
The tone was pure and played on gut
From your birdhouse aflame
Your fire burns for me, red as grace
The blush came easily to your face
Your fire burns for me, red as grace
And she says that none would have her
As a boy I too drew near to the love of dust
Tough skin, blue light cowboy, idle hands they rust
Your fire burns for me, red as grace
The blush came easily to your face
Your fire burns for me, red as grace
And she says that none would have her
Let us allow the character to build
Wise as serpents and harmless as doves
Let's allow the emptiness to fill
Rich in mercy and brotherly love
Your fire burns for me, red as grace
The blush came easily to your face
Your fire burns for me, red as grace
And she says that none would have her

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