

Salvador

Sara Hickman

Salvador, your father named you
After a dead brother
And your mother hung the cross upside down
Salvador, so much of time hung over
Old men's sleeves
The prick of guilt's thorn rusted and worn
Sewn into our hearts in the shape of a star
Up the alley I stop at a window
Through the curtains I see
Figures moving, figures swaying
Figures talking in time
Paintings of persistence
Paintings of persistence hung like a jury
Searching and seeking
Silent icons I wipe the dust from my hands
Salvador, no one believes me
But I swear I know what I'm doing
And once you were painting
The ground you were breaking
But its never enough to gain their approval
Up the alley, the window is broken
The sky's on the ground
They unravel the rope of unreason
They will hang me for sure
Searching and seeking their silent icons
They wipe the blood from their hands
Salvador, they want a savior
And they crowned you king
They begged you for answers
But the glory or fame took away time
From your obligations
Keep on sleeping, dont awake from this dream
I'll comb your mustache, I'll wipe your body
I'll kiss your feet when they take you
Down from the cross

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