Danse Macabre

Camille Saint-SaÃ«ns

all my friends are skeletons
dulcimers and chariots
prayers to God, oh prayers to God
hammers for our hollowed headsoh you had such big, big plans
swallowed all your vitamins
wore your poems like a scar
what ever happened to them?was I sleeping all this time?
was my shadow ever mine?

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