# Resurrection Fern

## Salt Altars

In our days, we will live
Like our ghosts will live
Pitching glass at the cornfield crows and folding clothes
Like stubborn boys across the road
We'll keep everything
Grandma's gun and the black bear claw that took her dog
And when sister Lowery says Amen, we won't hear anything
The ten-car train will take that word, that fledgling bird
And the fallen house across the way
It'll keep everything
The baby's breath, our bravery wasted and our shameAnd we'll undress beside the ashes of the fire
Both our tender bellies wound in baling wire
All the more pair of under water pearls
Than the oak tree and its ressurection fernIn our days we will say what our ghosts will say
We gave the world what we saw fit and what'd we get
Like stubborn boys with big green eyes
We'll see everything
In the timid shade of the autumn leaves and the buzzards wingsAnd we'll undress by the ashes of the fire
Our tender bellies are wound around in baling wire
All the more pair of under water pearls
Than the oak tree and its resurrection fern

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