

# Decision Day

## Field Report

Now the morning was gilded around the edges  
with the shavings of bones  
that were pressed and glued around the corners  
and carved like soapstone  
It was gloriously grey-  
the sun a radiant underlay  
fighting, fading, winning, waning,  
purring behind milk and cloud and snow  
now the blinds are up a foot from the bottom  
I make out outlines of ankles, legs and asses  
A fresh set sends blood to my ears  
as the memories flood the levy of my boredom  
and the final sinewy strand has been cut clean through-  
there is a pop, a crack, and a thud  
and you are free and I am free now  
to extricate ourselves from the mud  
So you practiced your name  
in the margins of pages  
of a hundred thousand rough drafts  
I heard they roughed you up pretty bad  
You got to climb up the mountaintop and scream out loud  
and chip your teeth on a bottle top and do me proud  
When I held your hands in my blood-free hands  
I swear they were the cleanest ones in town  
take your time and let the tide pull you out to sea  
take your time and let the tide pull you away from me  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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