# 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 snownow 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 mudSo 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 bottletop 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.

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