

Sodom, South Georgia

Our Endless Numbered Days

Papa died smiling
Wide as the ring of a bell
Gone all star white
Small as a wish in a well
And Sodom, South Georgia
Woke like a tree full of bees
Buried in Christmas
Bows and a blanket of weeds Papa died Sunday and I understood
All dead white boys say, "God is good"
White tongues hang out, "God is good" Papa died while my
Girl Lady Edith was born
Both heads fell like
Eyes on a crack in the door
And Sodom, South Georgia
Slept on an acre of bones
Slept through Christmas
Slept like a bucket of snow Papa died Sunday and I understood
All dead white boys say, "God is good"
White tongues hang out, "God is good"

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