

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 weedsPapa 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 snowPapa died Sunday and I understood
All dead white boys say, "God is good"
White tongues hang out, "God is good"

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