

# Slave Riot

## Young Jazz Rebels

long ago i kissed her skull  
sunbleached and beautiful  
slick-wet with diesel fuel  
we'll watch the midnight movie  
painted with the sky  
bleeding white butterflies  
after surfacing from the mirror  
(where the rabbits lead us)  
woman shaking death from her hair  
i swear the wind sounded like spirits voicing all the things that tortured them  
(when they were men)  
the fire light was an offering to the god  
that runs through the bark of the trees, i believe  
like the sky above me  
we won't live to see it end  
now lets not pretend  
that it could've been  
(any other way)  
long and slow i kissed her skull  
sunbleached and beautiful  
slick-wet with diesel fuel  
we'll watch the midnight movie  
painted with the sky  
bleeding white butterflies  
older ghosts than you and me  
listen to the whispering  
whisper to the listening  
the old grey ghost and i  
whisper to the listening sky  
by the gods above us  
we won't live to see it end  
now let's not pretend  
that it could've been  
(any other way)  
bleeding white butterflies  
long and slow i kissed her skull

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