

# 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