

# Drought

## State of Being

Summer move forward and stitch me the fabric of fall  
Wrap life in the brilliance of death to humble us all  
How sweet is the day, I'm craving a darkness  
As I sit tucked away with my back to wallAnd the taste of dried up hopes in my mouth  
And the landscape of merry and desperate drought  
How much longer, dear angels? Let winter light come  
And spread your white sheets over my empty houseSummer move forward and leave your heat anchored in dust  
Forgotten him, cheated him, painted illusions of lust  
Now language escape, fugitive of forgiveness  
Leaving as trace only circles of rustAnd the taste of dried up hopes in my mouth  
And the landscape of merry and desperate drought  
How much longer, dear angels? Come break me with ice  
Let the water of calm trickle over my doubtsCome let me drown, angels, no fire, no salt on the plow  
Carry me down, bury me downAnd the taste of dried up hopes in my mouth  
And the landscape of merry and desperate drought  
Once I knew myself and with knowing came love  
I would know love again if I had faith enoughToo far is next spring and her jubilant shout  
So angels, inside is the only way out

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