Your River

Ellis Hooks

Your bloodied is what I cling to.
In powerful rain, they laid down their heads to die.
Let your dark, thirsty eyes drink deep the sights of me.
It's sad that, in our blindness, we gather thorns for flowers.
Your river holds a feast of danger.
The suffering you have had to bear.
I'd die for that moment one more time.
The loved one falls below your ideals.
Pleasure too safely enjoyed lacks zest.
The brave lick their sickening lips.
Rigid, handsome and a poet.
A king in his passionate castle.
Where now?
Feed me!
Hold me!
Save me!
Save yourself!
Where now?
Which way?
Dear God, show me, take your own.
Struggle free!
Arise!
You're ruined!
Stand down!
Your kin, piled thick around you.
Save yourself!

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