

# No More Shelter

Joan Shelley

Pull up the horses  
And carry me back behind the lines  
    Back to the water,  
Back with the gardens and the vines  
    Where two hands of ashen gold  
        Chase down my fever  
        and wash me with soap  
When half of us were losing  
    And half of us were wrong,  
        A rose you planted.  
        Leather and rope,  
        Fire inside the rock  
        The heavens open  
I am like a child on the spot  
    Asking god why'd you come?  
        Was it all for some glory,  
        Was it all for a song?  
And my eyes are still searching  
    For a light in the fog  
A sweetheart to sing for meI was thrown from the center  
    Where I once so bravely spun  
    I was pulled through the colors  
        Through the colors did I run  
And my eyes were wide and gleaming,  
    Though wind-whipped by the storm  
There is no more shelter for the broken  
    I hear they still track me now  
    Dogs try to sniff out my home  
        I'll write you in the scars  
    Laid in trails by the jets headed home  
        How you mold me and move me still  
I'm calling on your memory here alone in my cell  
    A time when you fed me, a time I was filled  
        But one of us must keep from crying.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.