Receiver

The New Deal

A deep sore dragged through ages
The sores are my own, I know
Wounds collected through a lifetime
And wisdom I pick up along the wayI received the spit from a snake
And the snare cut real deep
I was caught in her womb
Something spreading in my veinsThose walls I faced alone.
I crept on bounded knees
The own will just vanished.
I wept my compassion away,
with tears that flooded your heart.
No river leads back to mine.
I bow down in soil and whisper
I gather strength to spread the disease

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