

And Also The Trees, Shrine

Material folds
>From rough, modest clothes
Slabs of cold sacred stone
The peasant girl kneels
In strips of feeble water light
Slim fingers clasped
Warm steady, precise
The unwanted love for a murder
In strips of feeble water light
Echoed sighs
Soft madonna eyes
Bathe in smooth, flicked flame
The peasant girl kneels
The peasant girl kneels
crosses herself slowly
The warmth envelopes, seals
But stays as quietly she leaves
To love a murder
To love a murder