

Bloodlet, Worms

Everyday I reach down into the dirt
hoping to find me a little nugget of gold
but all I got is some worms
everyday I pull green slime down to my heart
grab it with both hands and hold until my lungs burn
I think tragedy sleeps at the foot of my bed
its incessant breathing keeps me awake
every time I wake up it takes me at least 10 minutes to remember my name
and sometimes I get it wrong
every time I reach out into the world hoping to find a kindred soul I get burned
burn it down
I've been searching for a reason I've been living for the season
give me something to believe in
burn it down