

Cake Bake Betty, 1916

i let my hands get caught
in all the flame
well i cannot play again
when do you ask me if
i am okay?

i see it when we dance
on reggae fathers portrait
on the steps, oh my
it is divine
but there is just one more question
i will ask, is all this really mine?
inside my heart i scream,
it must be time this weather cant be right
we rode our horses to the outer edge
the crusty, dry divide.

and we became the people
we have never meant to be
those dying flames
the pieces we did not want to receive
and when you come home from your dinners
darling, do you want to fight?
and when i cut the lines within my arms
will you still want to cry?

and when your gal beside
she's on her own,
you rethink your romance
you never want to care for
anyway you're taking down that fence

but when you come home to the kitchen
i am waiting at the sink
my salty fingers ride across the cupboard
drenching it with skin
we are in love
and rare descendants
of the faith less brats
who bit their toes
who screamed instead
to scare their onward sons

and in the trees they built their
truths and meaningless machines
we grew from these
that froze beneath the snow
in 1916