

Ghost Bees, Tear Tassle Ogre Heart

and i know that you have an awfully big
wound in your stomach
and i wish, my dear brother,
i could be god and mend it

but god, i trace your guts
and wear them as a beauty mark
tear tassle ogre heart
smolten ore from molten rock
tear tassle ogre heart
smooth wounds from willow bark
tear tassle ogre heart
god dreamt you in the dark

and isis sits by the doorway
she says,
"hurry up, please, it's time"
jug jug to dirty ears
round your swords, my cavaliers
beat your breast and choke your tears
this young war will roar for years
and though he can't account for it
and though you said you'd die for it
we will die for it, dear brother
we will die for it, dear brother

and i know that you have an awfully big wound
and i wish, i wish

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i dreamt of the fallow field
as the cities grew fatter with fear
General Pol Pot dreamt of Mao's career
said let's start at your zero
let's make it a very good year
and the cities were left with their red embers burning
as they tore off your glasses
and imprisoned you for questioning
in the fallow fields they built
your shallow graves attesting
to the power of those loathsome legions
uncovered in a mausoleum

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