

# Hands Like Houses, The Sower

I wade through the earth,  
Sowing my own, bound up in discords  
Spread in the stones,  
Planting deep into ready fears.  
Soak in these heavy rains,  
Break from your chrysalis beneath the clay.  
Though I left you behind,  
I'm all the while, wanting, to make my way home.  
All the while, watching, to see just how you've grown.

I'm the seeds among you, I am emerald blades  
With other sides and deeper shades.  
I'm the weeds among you, I am constriction.  
I'm the tightness in your chest.  
I could ruin you.

I am the horizon, the sinking sun,  
I'm the buried, the believer, the tomorrow that will come.

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Convict me of the devil in the details,  
Of these crimes; oh so meticulous were we,  
Of passion; I'll plead guilty.  
I'll plead guilty to every taken chance.

I am tangled machinery, I am wreckage.  
Distinguish the scars between;  
The pleasure as you dragged me down,  
Or the shards as they dragged you free.

I am the knotted anchors below the ground,  
I'm the shadow that weighs you down.  
I'm the ghost on your lips, the phantom's kiss,  
I'll be the page of your book that's missing.

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