

Red House Painters, Blindfold

blood ridden hands are the first things
to come through the bed
when all the pain in your life
comes to a head
poor lost soul
with no place to go
wait until winter
and you'll know
three years fold through your lies untold
innocence undoes her blindfold

who else's hands have touched
who i best understand
held close the neck and waist
of my adult orphan
this summer ends
the evenings we spent
life under china dinner din
wishes best to mystery address
i found deep in your occult key chest

on my suicide cloud
left me in the pit of my morning pout
an emptiness throughout
this scarred and sullied soul you threw out
what possessed you not to include me
how have you failed to invite me
how could you laugh with her in that theatre
when you're off and i'm alone