

Smog, Blood Red Bird

I was not woken by the rooster
Nor by the crow's tough song
But the midnight cry of a blood red bird
Brought this sleeplessness on

Threw open the window
Moonlight on a black garden of thorns
And the cool wind on my sweat

What cries home
Where cries from
A blood red bird lies in the woods
Weeping into dead leaves
With wing torn and jutting bone

What hand bent it to bust
To be useless
What hand I could have done it
With two fingers

A blood red bird
A blood red bird

We can continually sink into each other
Just deep enough to rip out a bit more flesh
When we move away
A scarf of skin trailing out behind

Like an arrow
I was only passing through
A blood red bird
A blood red bird