

# 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