

Veda Hille, Slumber Queen

there was a woman no head of her own
her body was soft her bed was stone
twist up the rags for her alone
we are all awkward in this world unknown
she had fell to sleep obscene
as if her life had never been
twist up the rags and wash her clean
she has become the Slumber Queen
she is there to visit but she cares for none
her sleep is calm her hair undone
she moves her mouth and words are won
she says take your blessed and things and run
there is joy in sorrow there is love intense
the things she says may not make sense
twist up the rags for eloquence
because she herself is blessed and ignorant
my heart is dirty my life is clean
my legs are weak from walking me
carry me down so I can see
she has not moved the Slumber Queen
queen says there is no light there is no phone
there is this when you're alone
your blood on the paper and your socks full of stones
we are all awkward in this world unknown