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 unkown 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