

# Woven Hand, Arrowhead

do tell  
how is  
the little pilgrims progress  
does he endeavour to perservere  
close mantled to knives and kisses  
just like  
when you were here  
what little he had  
from him it was taken  
for in the small things he could not be trusted  
arrowhead  
arrowhead  
run motor city rusted  
nailed to the floor by an old time gaze

who is who was who is to come  
given to other lips  
spoken on other tounge  
where are you and where have you been  
hold fast hold fast  
till he come again

would it do  
would it do any good  
to be able to remember  
the white of the page  
the black of the ink  
thrown overboard lest the whole ship sink  
you talk this way  
as you go walkin  
weavin your way through the straw  
it comes so slow  
and leaves so quick  
under grace  
we strike the striken laws