

# Woven Hand, Story And Pictures

shook out my salvation  
in all four corners of my room  
lowly is the dust  
trustworthy the broom

white lady  
growlin on a chain  
peacock caw the sound of my lover's name  
the tone was pure and played on gut  
from your birdhouse aflame

your fire burns for me  
red as grace  
the blush came easily to your face  
your fire burns for me  
red as grace  
and she says that none would have her

as a boy I too drew near  
to the love of dust  
toughskin blue light cowboy  
idle hands they rust

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red as grace  
the blush came easily to your face  
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let us allow the character to build  
wise as serpents and harmless as doves  
let's allow the emptiness to fill  
rich mercy and brotherly love

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