

Deafheaven, Honeycomb

shadow extend east
and Cortezar stares at woman shuffling by who blot their lips from violent men
and say " God bless you!
I sulk with pause
And loving marchiachi soars against the red and yellow tents of strangers
gifting geese the ends of bread
8, 12, 13 hours and the people keep fighting for sleep,
for rest

I'm reluctant to stay sad
life beyond is a field of flowers
my love is a nervous child lapping from the glowing lagoon
of their presence
my love is bulging
blue-faced fool hung from the throat by sunflower stems