Diane Cluck, Impatient Sun

tonight is colder than the fingernails of bitches

buckled belts on angry men

i was riding when the onslaught happened

i said here we go again

there was paper blowing all around the ditches calling me to find a pen

and when i went into the pen shop

i almost stayed too long

if you stop to think what colour ink to write your scriptures in

your vision will be gone

and everytime i bear a vision

of you

i admit i try to stop it

but mother's cannot carry babies past their due

so why deny if i'm a profit

i see you waiting like an impatient sun

knowing

the moon will soon eclipse it

i see greatness in your future

and then

i see you'll never glimpse it

before you're yanked away

and though i shiver

for all the unknown painters

who complete their masterpieces on the undersides of rocks

and everyday

there are fisherman awake at dawn

that find their boats have gone the ragged ropes

still trailing off the docks

i'm waiting like an impatient sun

knowing

his momma's gonna leave

you see death

written on a living face before you

you just get on with it

cos' what are you supposed to grieve

the night is teeming with the bloody teeth of traitors

hear it beating with the plastic hearts of liars

the toxic fumes will keep the godly ones away

were they thrown into the fires

but you

are waiting like an impatient sun

waiting for its turn to shine

and like the sun

we're gonna miss you

your brightness

when you leave us all behind.