

# 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.