

Gainsae, Ibis Flies

There is no relief
From the autumn breeze
And the bleeding tree
Has already died
In the clove of seasons
And rape or reasons
The rusty steel cable
Sways like an empty cradle
The millstone grinds
Changes in time away

As the ibis flies
Far beneath is the bleeding tree
It's scarlet chest
Paralyzed with stale breath
It was born to breathe
On borrowed time
Born to live is that my crime

The splintery box
Lost in the loft
The mahogany weathered coffin
Paints the picture
Perfect in my mind

He died alone in the fleeting rain
All alone by the bleeding tree
His legs were broke
He collapsed he choked
When I left him in the cold.

I saw it in his eyes
He died like the ibis flies