

# Horse Feathers, Blood On The Snow

Painless ghosts,  
of which she knows,  
the smell in her clothes,  
the smell in her nose.  
There's blood on the snow.

Bring your love,  
it's on your tongue,  
it's on your roads,  
and in your toes.  
There's blood on the snow.

Tuesday's violence,  
we're alone.

Into their beds they approach their doom.

Their heads, their lips, their chests, their hips, they walk.

Their bones they move, they talk.

Their bones they bleed they rot.

Their tones they're forged, they're wrought,  
into what they're not.