

Horse Feathers, Honest Doubters

Bound in blue, they wind into a love some would say
is grand in its making.

Worms may sing, that from beneath their graves,
they're found embracing.

Some might say love without touching.

Bones may break, parts keep on bleeding.

God loves honest doubters.

Praying is always work.

The best things will happen to the worst.

Tuesday's lovers, Monday's mistakes.