

Indigo Girls, Leeds

It's dark at four PM in Leeds the steeples pierce the skylight till the last of it bleeds
The absent sound of another day as it recedes into the shadows until it's nothing
Fax papers slipped under the hotel room door like food for the prisoner or the prospect to the who
Well fed and halfway drunk I ache myself for more until I'm shadows of myself until I'm nothing
Sixteen black churches burning on the TV all the way from Texas to Tennessee
a politician locks my eye and says to me there is no crisis here there's no conspiracy
I crave inertia every move made so I can stop
Whatever this madness is in me spinning like a top on a bed of anxiety
over a deep dark drop down into nothingness into withoutyouness
Was it ever so evil creep like ivy, toe hold on the stronger half of nature's dichotomy
Beating back a path through nothing more than pure insistence
Until here becomes the distance
Hold my head love I'm sick tonight find the open hole and press your finger
there will all your might before the last ounce of my spirit bleeds
onto the pristine sheets of the hotel bed in Leeds