Jim White, The Wound That Never Heals

Long about an hour before sunrise
she drags his body down to the edge of the swollen river
wrapped in a red velvet curtain stolen from the movie theater where she works. Quiet as a whisper
And by the time they find his body six weeks later... Well hell, she's a thousand miles away. And I
She runs from devils. She runs from angels. She runs from the ghost of her father and five differe
Baby why don't you cry?