

Juliets Wishing Well, Far From Winter

it's all being born
the year of my sister
all the years between
and all the years behind
little boys are praying
little girls revolting
far from winter
fingers learn to scream
while beaten heads are bleeding
voices can't be heard
above the line
little boys are trying
little girls are dying
far from winter
all that's naked down below
all that stays above
all that's there at sunrise
little boys are spinning
little girls are sleeping