

Kitchens Of Destinction, Gone World Gone

Animal nuzzles up to my shoulder.
Sweats and grunts and pushes me over.
With its musty mane in my eyes
I'm closed off and protected.
Inside sleep together,
sleep within sleep,
it's everywhere.
I'm safe, safe with the head of the animal.
Breathe on my breath,
there's nothing else.
Gone world, gone.
When he wakes in all our red rooms,
next to pillows that scream "alone",
and we're shaking uncompleted,
aching for this creeping sleep
on which to ride away.
Sleep is the animal whose name is safety,
whose name is angel's wings,
whose name is never will it happen to me,
whose arms are the longest the world will ever see,
whose voice is Jesus saying "innocence is the child",
whose breath is warmth and the scent of safety and the taste of purity.
Animal flies me in a hollow in it's belly
Until the world's gone.
Inside a world inside a world inside a world without end.