

Nature And Organization, Bonewhiteglory

The lovely copper colored mountain of flesh and stars
In my hands I cup my decline as it flowers into them
This is the rippling of the ages
Our lives are like rain
The small shower, the downfall, the thunderous pouring

In some green field of rape we lie

Dominion of this and that
He had one savage head like a great dead dog
He had one sad aged head, weeping
His other head
Over in the distance the hills are moving
London bridge burns, why, god may be dead
Many little children cry and laugh
My mind to me a kingdom is
Oh shall you kiss me as before

So then, here I am
The sky
What color shall I call it
From turquoise to what
Dark and light it is
Under it, a red fire cat shrugs it's shoulders
Her smile is bone white glory
The moon is a tiny star
And all the stars are shot from the glowing moons
Mothers all around me
Black faced, red spotted
Michael, Gabrael, Salael, Azrael
I laid down and wept
Let my mind not go
Bubbling lights all around me
I laid down and wept

Her smile is bone white glory
We may as well go with the angels
I laid down and wept
Sheeted wings, black amily
My love for you is very great
The breath of the stars

Between the ivory towers of her teeth (the sorrow of things)
There I say, in the red bed of the flesh (how lovely, how sad)
There is the golden womb of god (the sorrow of things)
I say there
These are god's pillars (how lovely how said)

Her smile is bone white glory (the sorrow of things)
We may as well go with the angels (how lovely how sad)
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The sorrow of things
How lovely, how sad
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