

Noe Venable, Ambassador

I know a country
wild canyons and seas
red roots wave in the fissures
so wild the space between my love and me
running in my midnight feet
river through every gateway
where you runs into me

I'm going hunting
my heart like a battle rings
to you out in the country
where true birds find their wings

where we might tear the veil from beauty
and see her dancing down the street
where I might cry that I was drowning
and you might laugh and drink the sea

out in the jungles
what if you should be the beast?
sometimes love is a toothache
to heal in a howl
out along the warring sea
breathing breaths of bravery
as love roars into me

til we might tear the veil from beauty
and see her dancing down the street
til I might cry that I was drowning
and you might laugh and drink the sea
and I might cry that I was dying and you might whisper
wait for me