

Now It S Overhead, Wonderful Scar

When you are balancing the leaves on a backyard
tree leaning over the railing
you are standing on,
all the blood that has gone to your head
disagrees with the bricks that its spilling on.
You awaken to words not ready to hear.
The dogs put to sleep,
your brother no longer is here.
But Thanksgiving is coming
and you have such a wonderful scar dear
When you are jumping out of your sensitive skin
for seventeen years shivering only everyday
from the wood shops and fig trees
and fingers gone missing secretly strange.
You balance has vanished,
you wake on concrete in a daze.
While you were unconscious,
the quiet ones crowded the stage.
When you are choking on fire
you are breathing the south
in front of your friends house too late.
All the ashes are flying beside her tonight
uncovering everything.
All the sickness built up in your body over
so final and suddenly.
Back-sliding through tunnels of light,
come alive while putting your life to sleep.
You awaken to words not ready to hear.
Unrecognizably perfectly clear.
But Thanksgiving is coming
and you have such a wonderful scar dear.