

# 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 unconcious,  
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.