

Red House Painters, Moments

gently in these ragged folds
curled up and warm like easter's child
a breath so faint, angelic weight

i can't deny
that i drift sometimes
even in these loving moments
to summery fields i call my own
where i can lie and in them feel
at one with my death
with limbs outstretched

i can't deny
that i'm weak sometimes
even in my strongest moments
and the way you cry at me
i don't know why
you stay