

# 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