

Red Kitchen, The Wake Or 110 Days

The Wake or 110 Days:

When you wake from all of this pain,
Wake from all this sorrow
You'll think of how your father did it
Face up in a barrow.

I know this life is longer than you'd like,
Not counting the 30 days until you lose your mind.

When you reenacted your life
In the attic and kitchen
How could you know the army men would
Give away your position?

And now, this time,
She's closer than you'd like
Having drinks with the homely man
Who tried to turn off the light.

No matter what you say or do,
You're always going to end up home
With nothing left to your name
But the lightning resting in your bones.

Something dark happens in the next room
Something completely devoid of light.
As the people on the TV screen pretend to be outside
For the fourth or fifth time tonight.

The clues come in so slow and so strange
Just a line a day
Like an awful horoscope
Tattooed on your brain.

I know this life is longer than you'd like,
Not counting the 80 days since you lost your wife.

When you finally lose your mind
To the sound your father always said
Was the sound of the woods at night,
You'll have some idea what he meant

When you wake from all of this pain,
Wake from what you've been through
Remember when your father did it:
Only when he was supposed to.

(C) Matt McClure