

Swan Lake, Petersburg, Liberty Theatre, 1914

If When you call she comes
for you
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for you
Give your all boy

we shot the holes in the portable well:
and that's why your boyfriend tracked us
in the wastes that the demons of hell
avoid as the road bends
and the pity of woman is the seed of our sainthood:
born from a slack din done blasted
done, by the archangel's light, "I hate your new boyfriend!"
we sow the songs the earth bears our wrong our pales wrongs all along!