

Twelve Tribes, Kite Eating Tree

down sped the long sleep;
across from me lay the drag,
the itch and the grace i had left the night before.
if only the pillows could speak,
would they mention me in yellow,
piss-stained, bleeding gleam?
A hung sloth of paradise or pendulum.
Once the day is over as I,
the drag will be found in the lost night
(and insanity arrives, I can't be called back)
otherwise i am left in drifting sands
without the air a whole man,
half-eaten heart.
And as it goes,
this weighted leaf the itch
will be found in time sinking,
longing my kite eating tree
this beloved world i disown
'impulse arrested spills over
and the floods are feeling,
the floods are passion,
the floods are even madness' fondling time,
seeing into the drop it sings to me,
and slowly falls apart
I slide away into the open wind.
I slide spilling fractions of family
over the floor it sings call me
what you will your master, your whore.
Call me brother,
color me red and the sun stone grey.
When I'm standing by your side
tell me your story friend impulse
arrested spills over the floods are madness