

# Vienna Teng, Pontchartrain

Sunday:  
Dark water draining north  
The heat swells and bursts like plague

Sunday:  
Ever-so-faint slow tambourine  
Glides onward toward the grave

Who drew the line?  
Who drew the line  
Between you and me?  
Who drew the line  
That everyone sees?

Darling,  
Lake Pontchartrain is haunted:  
Bones without names  
Photographs framed in reeds

Darling,  
What blood our veins are holding.  
The overpass frozen  
Fires ablaze at sea

Who drew the line?  
Who drew the line  
That cuts to the skin, buries me in?  
Tell me, who drew the line  
Darling don't close your eyes

(Lie as darkness hardens  
Lie of our reunion  
O lie if God is sleeping  
O I believe you now)

Darling,  
Lake Pontchartrain will cradle me  
And all you left behind  
Listen:  
Ever-so-faint slow tambourine  
Is marching back through time