

Winterpills, Handkerchiefs

Handkerchiefs

i cross the line
and see a face that can't be mine
through a long long night
to find a place where we all thrive
where every frail thing can survive
where we can live this dream of life

in a dim blue light
she saw his eyes give up the fight
a hand finds mine
traces answers on my spine
from malignant to benign
in the midnight smell of pine

walk, walk, further than you'll ever know
walk, walk, into the snow

a great divide
i didn't know her good friend died
drawn in black-light chalk
her ankles tied in flower stalks
we need a place where we can talk
just need a place where we can talk

into our handkerchiefs
into both our handkerchiefs
into our handkerchiefs
into both our handkerchiefs
walk, walk into the snow