

Woven Hand, Cripplegate (Standing On Glass)

shake sleep
wool and glass
hung on nails
here and there
wails the wall I pass
in you alone
in you alone
there is no harm
in you alone

your sound
in a picture frame
your burlap silken scarf
right hand stares down the left
I wish to know nothing here
save the blood of the cross
in you alone
in you alone
there is no harm
in you alone