

# Woven Hand, Wooden Brother

we hit the floor  
just like her blue silk slip  
dark puritan rose  
to the curve of her hip  
I did not know  
it was too much  
too much for me to handle  
to be shown to the heart of the matter  
by your holy candle

the clank of your second hand  
the stare of your glass eye  
have I no wisdom  
that is not wise  
in that way we laid the rail  
a woven handmade indian  
I spoke and understood  
your golden virginian

still not a day goes by  
something always  
something always by and by

sing the same old song  
in the same old way  
through mystic maze of memory  
our days of disarray  
stood still in the same place twice  
just to cast a shadow  
cast down by a western sun  
you have the right to know