

Woven Hand, Your Russia

medicine tounge and a heavy hand
together made a fist
they put me down and I do not rise
and now as an old child
I'll hand it down
I'll hand it down
then blow around
see me blow around
just like dirty paper

I crossed my mind
ahead of us
just there where the trees give way
do forgive
do forgive I will forget your name
far be it from me
far be it from me to take care

by word of mouth
all young men do stagger
and all come to shambles by heart
we will see just as we believe no lie
time will tell us
we'll see his face and know why
did I cross your heart
behind my back just then
just then as time went marching by
I must push on
in prayer and take it by force
though you've said it
you say it better
with more conviction than I

medicine tounge and a heavy hand
together made a list
row on row
of cold and hardened hearts that wish
my weeds and flowers
would together both grow wild
from a distance
from a distance
they come up close to smile