

“Three Can’t Keep A Secret”

Three pieces of this heart were yours

The fiery hearth where shillings melted clean off of coat
And in your pocket were heavy stones,
Pictographs we couldn’t afford

Unfeeling winter winds tore back my tears like buttons
and we stood
on porches corroded by wood
Malt time disparaged because we never could have
Imagined otherwise

And wading in precious fields,
sun dried like rotten heads and seasoned rabbit,
by and by, you always used to stay
back when our walks were long in the valley bowl’s haste
lips always insisting transcendence

Straying far from the path... wasn’t it just...
Reapers in the waning shadows, thought downcast and abandoned
Brought forth the light...

I could see you in the veil, what ignorant emerald streams
A star peering through clouds of copper seas
Dark eyes watching the valley its youth doomed to die
The feelings cut our insides and smothered salty tears

Your pictograph, our deliverance
Even though we couldn’t afford it...
We still can’t afford it
Now I hold them and stroke the brimstone
And I watch,
Watch as they curl.

In my agony,
Lifeless and burnt up like our son.