

*closing both my eyes\**

calvary sticks in my head  
the bird  
the cage  
the open sky  
high on fiction  
we can only look  
from behind  
the pot  
calling  
the kettle black  
scale of dispossession  
being driven cray  
everyday  
by a nest of baby  
get better or  
heal yourself  
at least we have  
the angels  
and here i am  
getting all dada  
baroness on you  
a tuned string  
feeling  
don't need  
no photograph  
to remember  
that battle cry  
these things  
warm, chiseled  
and uninterested  
in flinching  
the relationships  
of context  
rise and fall  
family lines  
approaching stereo  
i try to sing  
but sometimes  
i can't  
exist  
on my own  
that stretch of forever  
horse feathers  
shovels and rope  
sitting in the dark  
you are  
the daughter  
of sorrows  
the song titles  
say it all  
i am holding  
a mirror  
up to you  
in this beautiful  
no joke

january cold  
we keep the honey  
til the wheels  
fall off  
nobody's  
gonna  
tie me up again  
i got indian  
blood in me  
you can't heal  
a wound  
with logic

*gonna show you higher ground\**

*for louise jackson*

my heart was set  
on rothko  
marrakesh dress steel  
retro choreography  
fabric of being  
alive  
that expectation  
of oceans  
never listen to us  
anyway  
we set our boats  
on fire  
so triggered  
around the past  
it seems like  
we've always  
been on the water  
wandering blue  
electric soaked  
in rural american love  
white pontiac  
minstral show  
money is a kind of poverty, too  
i'm leaning in  
and my everything hurts  
sometimes  
this kick in your belly  
is just  
a kick in your belly  
in blackface  
in redface  
remember when  
the mountain fell  
like pennies down  
a wishing well  
put my hands  
in the water  
and they  
disappeared  
domestic sphere  
inheritance  
all that shit's built  
on the same story  
like a history  
of how to make it  
native glass  
burnt on spending  
those black black hills  
our collective lean  
plymouth collection  
confessional hymn  
we nailed  
the tempo  
to our heads  
a wound motif

we are overcome  
by our own  
testimony

*when all is put away\**

*for c.t.*

my blue scar  
oh, we did dance for you  
red tailed hawks  
shaking  
a tail feather  
boogie til  
the rain fell up  
and we up  
on that  
tellin  
the same story  
not knowing  
how to swim  
of river current  
verbatim  
love you  
deep  
all these birds  
gathered  
on this one tree  
said they eat  
the winter seeds  
and the sky  
the sky is crying  
that jungle book  
devil beat his wife  
some folks say  
we dead stars  
looking back up  
but i don't know  
if i trust the world  
with all my  
intimacies  
reciprocity  
is a motherfuckin  
prison  
be hard  
like a hammer  
ride or die  
we walk circles  
at night  
resemble  
some kind  
of spiritual possession  
and power  
power is more  
about certainty  
than stillness  
we pour liquor  
to appease  
the slain  
over the side  
of some  
stolen boat  
broken body

on them  
train tracks  
spoke  
from the gut  
have to get  
the stories straight  
justice  
like rubies  
in the river  
the songs  
be beautiful  
now