

The Receiving End Of Sirens, Bell Book And Can

this town:
near-demilitarized.
carrier pigeons
commit ritual suicide.

pleas for pity
and blank responses collide.
tied to their ankles.
tied like tired anchors.

but i know
you drink
like a fish out of water
and your everywhere, everywhere,
without a drop for me.

we were land lovers
together.
or don't you remember?
don't you remember?

and between empties and keys
i know you've fought wars.

but your a regular
Benedict when you wander, like
a derelict,
house to house.
you're a regular
traitor.

we stood and shook red-handed,
burying the hatchet,
even as our legs cried out
to run in different directions.

the innest crowd is throwing up last night's party
on a floor that isn't theirs
'til even their bodies hate their guts.

we've worked this swords to ploughshares
and back until our shared secrets were cannon fodder,
and comforts caused a coup d'etat.

bell, book, and candle.

so are you gonna to drop me like your morals?
you gonna drop me like you promised?
you gonna drop me like our ideals?
gonna drop me like our dreams?
or are you gonna drop me like your concern
for others and being honest?
you gonna drop me like all logic?
beyond reason, there you are.

(you can't draw the bow back and blame the arrow.)

(we stood and shook red handed,
burying the hatchet,
even as our legs cried out to run.)