

# Deafheaven, Honeycomb

shadow extend east  
and Cortezar stares at woman shuffling by who blot their lips from violent men  
and say " God bless you!  
I sulk with pause  
And loving marchiachi soars against the red and yellow tents of strangers  
gifting geese the ends of bread  
8, 12, 13 hours and the people keep fighting for sleep,  
for rest

I'm reluctant to stay sad  
life beyond is a field of flowers  
my love is a nervous child lapping from the glowing lagoon  
of their presence  
my love is bulging  
blue-faced fool hung from the throat by sunflower stems