

Horse Feathers, Eyes Full Of Rose

They move, they touch. Perhaps too much.

They love to sing, only to be seen.

They are cross 'cause they are clean.

They are grave 'cause they are green.

By tongue, by teeth.

By fist or feet.

There's two on the nose,

it's bloodied and broke.

I hid to see.

Eyes full of rose.

She tips on her toes,

her father's ears,

they are keen.

Late in a dream,

it remains to be seen

if his grave is in flames.

They move, they touch. Perhaps too much.

They love to sing, only to be seen.

They are cross 'cause they are clean.

They are grave 'cause they are green.