

Dry Grass & Shadows

Alela Diane

There are things that I've seen in my head while I'm sleeping i
n bed

They do not wither in the morning light

I'm taken back, oh I'm taken back to the dry grass and the shad
ows

Thinking I'd like to look at your teeth lined up in perfect row
s

A maze of children feeding orchard trees

Where the flat lands stretch inside your mouth

And when you laugh all the star thistles stumble out

The flat lands stretch inside your mouth

And when you laugh all the star-thistles stumble out

Strong spines of valley hills all overgrown in gold

Look softer than a spool of old silk thread

But if we walked down with our feet

I'd be pulling spines and barbs and fox tails from your skin

Oh, if we walked down with our feet

I'd be pulling spines and barbs and fox tails from your skin

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