

Meat Dreams

I Mother Earth

Two ripe for solar, tender rust
Too unfortunate to wake up
Not a problem, don't blame us
In the warm of daylight's cunt
In the black hole of cream and sunbeds
In the break of a strong fast
In the opened heart of awareness there is us

She said how we get there doesn't matter
It's all how you breathe...and stay kind
And that I'm an enlightened bear
Though a scavenger through with scavenging
In a moment I'll lose my mind
In an hour I'll lose my substance
In my prime years I might unwind
On my deathbed I'll think of us as good on earth
My yarrow, my aloe and my changing needs

Smooth isn't effortless, soon doesn't wallow
In a poet's hands awakened
She's a moderate sexual artist
In a snowblind we are a fire
In the headlights we are a rabbit
In our downtime we're always on
In the dawn of time we were right there giving birth
A new lemon, two apples and the dream
Of us all

Entangled in the wet girl
Her island unto myself
Entangled like a left turn
When you lean on somebody else
We'll need the wise and fortunate to help out
Just so you know
We'll need the fire and effect of everything
We tell to ourselves
Underneath the red ringing bell
Wondering who has been here before and fell
Underneath our vanity's high hope tight rope glow
So no-one knows we've become one

The most we can offer is awe and a well
Of intention
What is saved isn't lost here
Underneath the red ringing bell
Wondering who has been here before and fell