

## Cherry Wine

Jasmine Thompson

Her eyes and words are so icy  
Oh but she burns like rum on the fire  
Hot and fast and angry as she can be  
I walk my days on a wire

It looks ugly, but it's clean  
Oh momma, don't fuss over me

The way she tells me I'm hers and she is mine  
Open hand or closed fist would be fine  
The blood is rare and sweet as cherry wine

Calls of guilty thrown at me  
All while she stains  
The sheets of some other  
Thrown at me so powerfully  
Just like she throws with the arm of her brother

But I want it, it's a crime  
That she's not around most of the time

The way she shows me I'm hers and she is mine  
Open hand or closed fist would be fine  
The blood is rare and sweet as cherry wine

Her fight and fury is fiery  
Oh but she looks like sleep to the freezing  
Sweet and right and merciful  
I'm all but washed in the tide of her breathing

And it's worth it, it's divine  
And I have this some of the time

The way she shows me I'm hers and she is mine  
Open hand or closed fist would be fine  
The blood is rare and sweet as cherry wine