

Mother

Red House Painters

The way the street looked dim and polluted
So have felt when I walked upon the way
The air seemed gray fog diluted
So do I feel when I'm breathed upon

Ominous head spoke, you ain't so good
Poorly the sow joked, trashed and words muttered

I want to be mothered
I want you to give attention to my belly button
Mother, I want to have
Body pins stuck in my ears

And drown away the endless days
Ridding soon the troubled ways

Embedded down with a warm frown
In a wrong and impure dream
Anchored down with a mermaid
In sound halcyon sea, lure me in her salt

Liquid canyon far beneath, my mother savior
With her goddess touch brushes hands through my hair