

YEARS FROM NOW YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU DID THIS

blessed waist of this land,

copper buckle of this sun belt,

homesteader, baby, heaven's in your company

I'm writing songs to get in. I'm talking what's meant to be. it's better than skin. the flesh is a dream. your wife but filthy. your home but fox, and perfumed, and ending and leaving with passing arousal. home on the rip, painted horses in the rush.

you dream me, and above, and full of leather, licking up salt. and above, making love as coats. the moon gives down deliverance, purpose as gripped skin. as eternal as it matters. He fashions something to cover his hands. setter in the rush, and I kill what He has eyes for. He says the rip's filled out, she's a real life lady.

it crawls, it makes red dirt of these pale, little coasts, and they cry mercy, mercy, I'm your kid

water, the girls in it, have the bleed coming.

death is good of me, and death is kind of Him. I am a man with something sharp. I am perfect silk, covet freely. I live in His image, and I'm grateful for its blessings, and I'm sick all the time. I'm not eating like I should. I'm already dead! this is the bolt, and the bleed, or maybe here is under the bright light, and you are the skinner, or you are with the skinner, but I know you're not mourning. it was a good life on your land, and I am grateful, and I am sick.

on another, on something lighter, I do believe you care. I do think I love you. it's lust all the way, lust for sure. it's the sun halved. loosened belt when you say alright, yes, yes

yes

yes, I would, and I will, and I want to. get to the edge and look down. the water moves unnatural. the water's stiff just watching. if you're so kind, and you're so good, you'll close your hand to me.

that's very flattering, the way you're slow about it. the moon is peeling. I see things. I cover myself in the word. I wet it down sheer for tourists. they check my mouth for the unclean spirit, my destiny on my tongue, o, it's in me, o, isn't it delicious!

I close my eyes, and it's something like you're there. something like I'm praying, and you, Lord, with you—

I've never felt so helpless



a young woman prepares herself for you:

"have you ever just wanted something so bad?"