

Rhythms 2008

Is it Water on the Knee?

by Steve Usher

let me rip out your ribs
and use my hands to support your lungs
let the air come in and filter through my fingers
so your blood can feast on the sky

inside your skull im projecting shadows
a show of silhouettes
memories of me, in black and grey
hiding in the back of your head

The clinic you seek, can not be found
the haunted memories of you and me
now to you, I'm just disease
when im not, im still around

My arms cast your body
broken abused, unable to move
a shield from the world
a plaster of paris, safe from sore

no doctor can cure
the ailments you endure