

HAIL DIRT!

Vol. 2

THE
EARTH'S CYCLE

aka Springtime Suicide

#1

I am so sunbaked
I am hardened
You can trace my cracks with your fingertips
I am dying of thirst
Would you sacrifice
One sip of your drink?



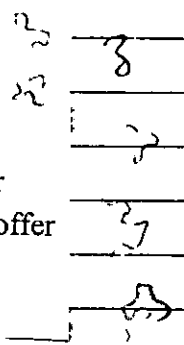
#2

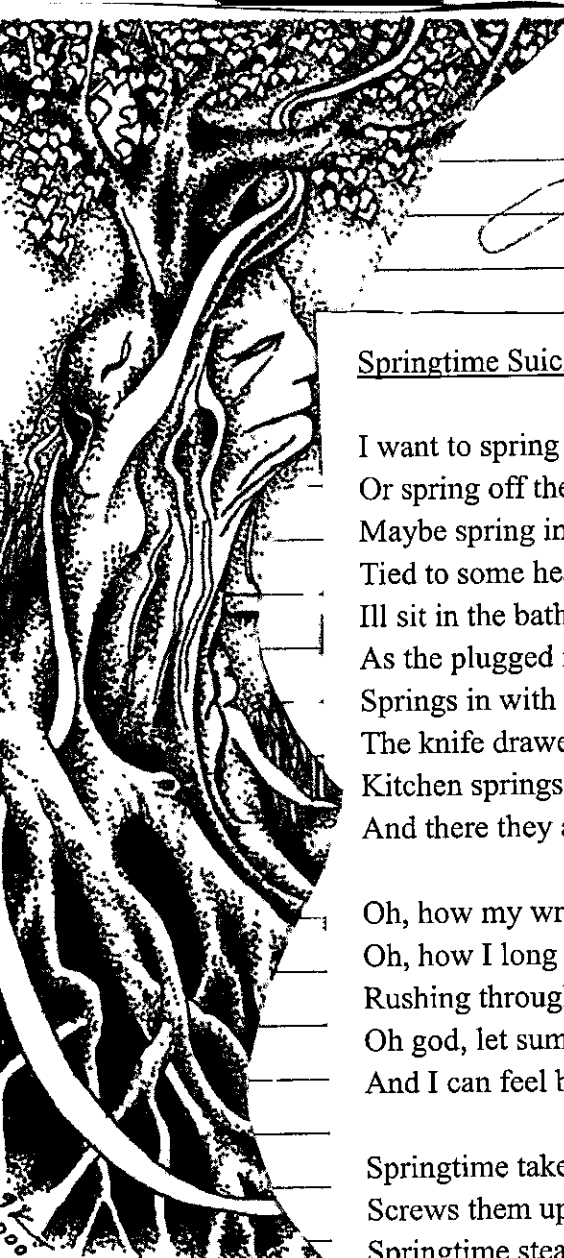
I am waterlogged
I cannot hold on to you
Everything seems to just
Slip through my fingers
I'll slide down from the mountaintops
I'm sorry if I hurt you, I was not trying to



#3

I am so special
I am packed in by the loving
Palms of your hands
I get to hold your most beautiful flower
I get to nourish her, she drinks up all I offer
I am made so beautiful in her shadow





Springtime Suicide

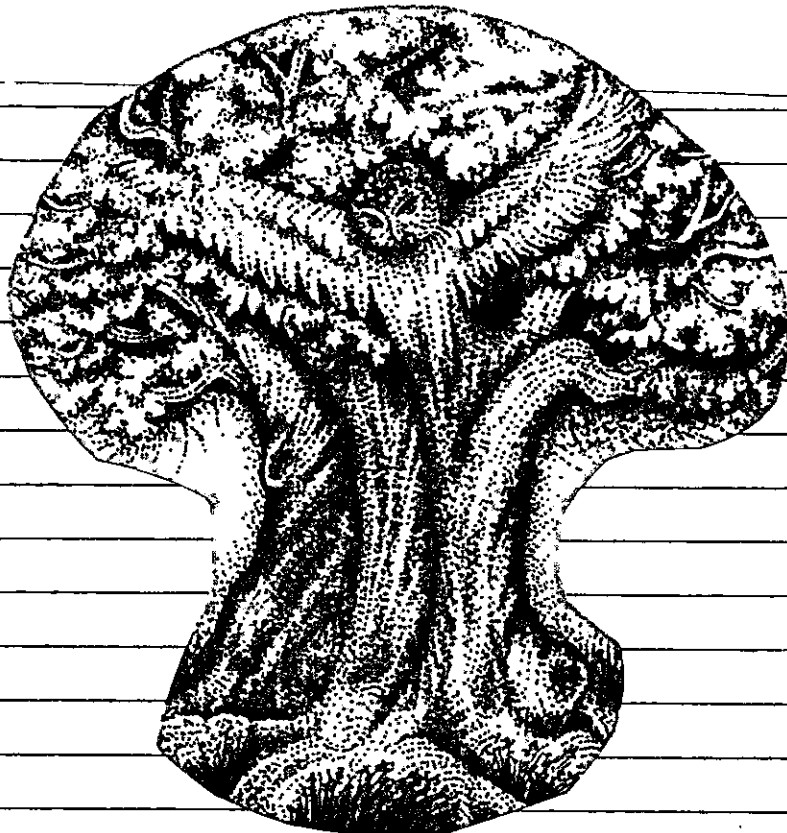
I want to spring out my window
Or spring off the bridge
Maybe spring into the lake
Tied to some heavy weights
Ill sit in the bath and watch
As the plugged in toaster
Springs in with me
The knife drawer in the
Kitchen springs open
And there they are enticing me

Oh, how my wrists itch
Oh, how I long to feel the wind
Rushing through my body
Oh god, let summer rain drown me
And I can feel bliss once more

Springtime takes all my nuts and
Screws them up
Springtime steals my shit
Before i can myself take it to the dump
Springtime is a craze and I fall in so deep
I am always breaking but this always breaks me



I am the feral dog roaming the streets
I might bite your leg if we meet
How did you not see that coming?



I want just for a banjo playing all day. Laying naked by the river, face caked in sunshine. I want to be smiling, the warm wind blowing through the gap in my teeth and my tattoos fading in the UV. I want to be playing that banjo, but I do not know, how to play. Is it a thing you can pick up real easy? Your stories of hopping trains scares the shit out of me, I feel so much better with my feet planted on the land. I can walk for miles if you let me. Sometimes, right now, I feel so stuck on this peninsula. There is no water for me to swim in and the sun only warms my face if I sit ever so still on the steps of the house across the street. The sun kisses me and I am the girl with freckles again, she is the only person I know how to be. I can remember those stoney September days, when we layed naked by the river. I sit on my neighbors steps with my eyes closed and my chin up addressing the sun. And then, I can hear the sound of the water rushing.

