

a poor devil and no lightning - lightning
is on the usshant, lightning from South and God.
What I really mean to say is that I couldn't
find her if I looked, every day I look in places I
know she isn't, every day the same three streets,
the same two bars, and my hearted, lonely, aching
face in the window of the shop I cannot afford.
I don't even bother, for you I would ask the prices
for you I would sweat the skin for you I would
clutch lightning, murder, thanks, kiss the sun into
my back and throw it into everlasting cold lake
Yonchigam, come home, love me, hold me, tell me
I'd be brave and beautiful forever.