

Birthstone

Chewing coal behind the shed, The baby's born

Ablaze.

Gnawing till your gums go red. Below's a twisted maze,

Of eerie songs, metal on stone.

A man begins to

Choke.

Floorboards over hollowed ground, graveyard cities, forgotten towns.

Fingers black like singed rocks. Dust on the ground, soot on socks.

Fruit of the labor, Daily bread.

The preacher man has lost his head

For the hoist is neverending.

The kids go off to school today,

Up the hill and far away.

Headstock looming with taunting jokes. Black. Blue.

A man chokes,

On blood like oil, thick, it burns

a naked green on the pavement

Turned putrid yellow, pink then puce.

The firemen can't put out the light. Policemen squark, children fight.

Taste the coal, it ain't quite right, Too hot, too cold... That's it, scorched

Sickly sweet, gritty with grief.

Red hot gold,

bloodstone baby, keeps you cold.