

Song of Another Country

by Kirsty Logan

They will wipe the dust from the cornices
They will dig the moss from bronze names
She will burn food onto the bottom of the pans
He will grow long hairs for the corners of his mouth

And she warms her hands on fresh-cut gizzards
And he forgets the taste of honeyed peaches
And the snow is too dense for the sky
And they dig
And dig
And dig

