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## The Defense

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I had to take my spoiled body and build lights around it.

Get down on my knees and pray  
I'd be visible again.

I witnessed every terrible thing my right hand would show me.

I can only hope to be judged  
not by the precision of my actions  
but the consequences of my confession.

Half lullaby                      half field-holler

I'm not just chewing with my mouth open.

If the saying's true                      if you love someone  
you should get to know them as best you can                      then I have tried—

All that drinking I did over Christmas,  
blown-out / hose and skint knees, my dress / ghosting floor after foreign floor,

I was just trying to take my body back.