

**Husk**

**Liz Durrett**

Husk

Liz Durrett

Husk

The whole song goes like this: Cm7, Cm7/D#, Bb, F

Thereâ€™s a gulf at the edge of the yard  
And the husk of a shed and a garden  
Itâ€™s the virus that swells in the grass  
Itâ€™s the ration that stays with the water

Thereâ€™s a boy with his back to the porch  
Thereâ€™s a root in a jar on the floor  
Itâ€™s the field that is tied to his ankle  
Itâ€™s the fodder that sticks to the table

Thereâ€™s the ghost of a beast in the woods  
And the trace of a shell in the dirt  
Itâ€™s the path to the place where he lay  
Itâ€™s the look of a crow on the grave

tabed by misslena@Walla.com