

# 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

