

Pea Sized, Cat Song

A head filled with words,
a hurting skin.
And underneath,
this bleeding heart.
Revolting stomach
and cold feet.
There is someone creeping up my back.

Shivering hands,
whistling ghosts,
behind a Spanish house.

He's got hands to stroke cats.

Lips made of red wine and amber
with nautical eyes.
And his skin is a baby feather.
He isn't as sick as I am.

Shivering hands,
whistling ghosts,
behind a Spanish house.