

# Peter Gabriel, The Family And The Fishing Net

Suffocated by mirrors, stained by dreams  
Her honey belly pulls the seams  
Curves are still upon the hinge  
Pale zeros tinge the tiger skin

Moist as grass, ripe and heavy as the night  
The sponge is full, well out of sight  
All around the conversations  
Icing on the warm flesh cake

Light creeps through her secret tunnels  
Sucked into the open spaces  
Burning out in sudden flashes  
Draining blood from well-fed faces

Desires form in subtle whispers  
Flex the muscles in denial  
Up and down its pristine cage  
So the music, so the trial

Vows of sacrifice, headless chickens  
Dance in circles, they the blessed  
Man and wife, undressed by all  
Their grafted trunks in heat possessed

Even as the soft skins tingle  
They mingle with the homeless mother  
Who loves the day but lives another  
That once was hers

The worried father, long lost lover  
Brushes ashes with his broom  
Rehearses jokes to fly and hover  
Bursting over the bride and groom

And the talk goes on

Memories crash on tireless waves  
The lifeguards whom the winter saves

Silence falls the guillotine  
All the doors are shut  
Nervous hands grip tight the knife  
In the darkness, till the cake is cut  
Passed around, in little pieces  
The body and the flesh  
The family and the fishing-net  
And another in the mesh

The body and the flesh