

PJ Harvey, A Child's Question, August

Starling swarms will soon be lorn.
Rooks tell stories 'cross the corn.
Goochoo soon will 'es leave make.
Swifts abandon autumn's ache.
What says dunnick, drush or dove?
Love Me Tender? Tender love?

Hear the grinding wheel-bird grieve.
Grief unknits my ravelled sleeve.
Death of zummer, death of play,
Waxing night and dwindling day.
Help me dunnick, drush and dove.
Love Me Tender. Tender love.