

# Tara MacLean, Calls To Nothing

Calls to nothing  
There are no ears  
Where echos would answer  
I, naked and slipping.

Skin is pale and worthy  
Wall, embracing the moon  
That table fits that corner  
I, naked alone.

The veil betrays the breathing  
And eyes to the sky.  
Whose bride am i?

That's a trick answer  
I am my own  
Here in this mistaken laughter  
I, naked and slipping.

The veil betrays the breathing  
And eyes to the sky.  
Whose bride am i?

Calls to nothing  
There are no ears  
I gave myself away  
I, naked alone.