

Ani DiFranco, Pulse

you crawled into my bed
like some sort of giant insect
and i found myself spellbound
that night at the sight of you there
beautiful and grotesque and all the rest of that bug stuff
bluffing your way into my mouth
behind my teeth, reaching for my scars
that night we got kicked out of two bars
and laughed our way home
that night you leaned over
and threw up into your hair
and i held you there thinking
i would offer you my pulse
if i thought it would be useful
i would give you my breath
except
the problem with death is that you have
some hundred years and then they can
build building on your only bones
100 years and then your grave is not your own
we lie in out beds, and our graves
unable to save ourselves from
the quaint tragedies we invent
and then undo from the stupid circumstances
we slomen through
and i realized that night that the hall light
which seemed so bright when you turned it on is nothing
compared to the dawn
which is nothing, compared to the light
which seeps from me while you're sleeping beautiful
and grotesque resting caconed in my room
that night we got kicked out of two bars
and laughed our way home
and i held you there thinking
i would offer you my pulse
i would give you my breath
i would offer you my pulse