

Elephant Island, Fishy

Voices southern
Dancing badly
As bad as I can
The shape left by your lips
Like a red fish swimming
In my hand

In the mirror
I'm like a monster
In this dress
Oh, I feel like August
Expectant before the softness
Of your breath

These blankets they threaten to drown us
We'll disappear, we won't say anything
I looked at you until you looked at me
I looked until you were laughing