

Noe Venable, Alcina's Things

Of fat to chew, the seventh rib
Of ocean kind, the electric eel
Of heights, the crest of Jackknife Falls
Of table scraps, the rotten peel
Of habitats, the barren land
Of maps, the palm upon the hand
Of fools, the sentimental man
Of weaknesses, Achilles' heel

Of animals, the Steppenwolf
Of feline sort, the cat in heat
Of criminals, the petty thief
Who dares to cross the porker's beat
Of miracles, the unexplained
Of damages, the body stained
Of years, the ones it never rained
To wash the spillings from the street

Oh Alcina, oh Alcina
Come unstrap your broken wings
And tell me of your favourite things

Of sicknesses, the stealthiest
Of this, or that, the other
Of weights, those held within the flesh
Of he, or she, another
Of quitting times, the unperceived
Of passing ons, the least bereaved
Of tales, the not to be believed
Unless you're witness, mother

Oh Alcina, oh Alcina
Come unstrap your broken wings
And tell me of your favourite things

Of motions, how this marble turns
Of grins, the moon of pearl
Of dances how this fire burns
Of balls, the drunken world
Of lights, a face of chalky white
Of deaths, the fading of the light
Of lies, we are alone tonight
The wolves are at our heels

Oh Alcina, oh Alcina
Come unstrap your broken wings
And tell me of your favourite things