

# 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