

Nosowska, The Iris Sleeps Under The Snow

She is lost in her eye
In the pupil she falls
To a tunnel
Deep into her woods
Secret and serpent-like
Walks under the moons
Under the bones
The Iris sleeps under the snow

She waits for a bus
And snowflakes fall on her coat
Alone as her thoughts
They waltz with her nose
And here comes the bus
And they're gone

She waits for a plane
She wears high-heeled jets
To scratch the sky
But lipstick tatoos
Don't hurt much enough
To kill all those guys
And break down this night
Though somewhere inside
It's salty and wild
Endless and green