

PJ Harvey, Seem An I

Bedraggled angels blethered
across Eleven Acres

as belling from the bwoneyard
a-rangled round the archet

Her fingernails a-ripped
from hauling clay-filled fists

out of the river's edges
for pots with happy voices

Conzum-ed with twanketen
that's only eased by scratching

whisp-words slim as thistles
or a sickly chicken's whistles

Seem an I a childhood
of quartere'il and wormwood

of not-friends running nowhere
of vog a-veiling elsewhere

Till in the vaulted barn
queer-lit by dummet zun

she knew herself a vessel
fit for a different wordle

where footsteps must be lwone
and barefoot upon stones

and the northwind's ever-host
gives edges to the ghosts

Seem an I a childhood
of quartere'il and wormwood

of not-friends running nowhere
of vog a-veiling elsewhere

of mother's voice not-calling
of corrugated iron

of devil's birds and whiskey
of chilver hogs and fleecy

and nuts I could not reapy

and nuts I could not reapy