

Rockettothesky, Call Medea

Always:

dancing across ribs bare feet,
cotton-sound,
the ticking of clocks.

Wilder:

ness I was, but when he called
I came
in the shape of a woman's body.

<small>And how did you come?</small>
I came wild with love and fierce with tongue.
<small>And who you gonna call?</small>
I'll call the only one who'll know

Teeth gnaw gnaw at the breast at night

<small>Call Medea!

</small>Moss-grown palms under paper skin

<small>Call Medea!

</small>Feet kicking through the coffin wood

<small>Call Medea, call Medea, call Medea call Medea the woocall Medea oocall Medea oooooo caaa

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aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

aa

</small>Ofa:

sunken ship i made their tomb,

and a song for little s i n g i n g s e a s h e l l s.

<small>Little singing sea shells!

I compose their melodies to feet and arms!

And how does it go?

</small>A melody composed to feet and arms.

<small>How does it go?

</small>I'll call the only one who knows;

pearls roll roll in the shell at night;

<small>Call Medea!

</small>little rocks on a crusted tongue;

<small>Call Medea!

</small>feel them knock through the coffin woo

<small>Call Medea, call Medea oooooo call Medea, call Medea, oood call Medea, call Medea

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