

# Rockettothesky, The Dead, Dead, Water Lily Thing

You can't just lie there on the bed, you know.  
You can't lie there without kissing back, you know!  
All the piles of books and not even a blood nose!  
I smell of blood.

And is there really nothing I can do to you?  
is there nothing to add here?  
I look through the sand in your mouth.  
and pick out the pearls  
and place them in the beaks  
of the pigeons.

Ididitonce,thedead,deadwaterlilything&lt;small&gt;water&lt;/small&gt;

You must have known  
that when I left I felt your head turning  
but had no mercy.  
My words were simple I'd given up poetry  
and I climbed back into the t o w e r,  
up the fine plaited ladder.  
In the car can you feel the sweater tag itching?  
pulling at the neck where I tied your threadstogether?  
Your spine plaited down  
your back  
thefeminineside  
but not on my body.

Andslowlyreelyouin&lt;small&gt;in&lt;/small&gt;

Unravelling with me up the escalators,  
down the road,  
around the corner,  
untie my hair from the ocean of winter.  
The roads and the cars dissolve behind me as I  
untie you;&lt;small&gt;  
walkonthewater;  
onthesweetwaterlilies.&lt;/small&gt;  
There is no giving back you know. You take and take again. Is that what you want?  
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Listen:  
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roadroadroadroadroadroadroadroadroadroadroadroadroadroadroadroadroa  
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