

Shannon Wright, The Hem Around Us

You fiend, you friend, you confidant
You hold me against my will
I scurry and scant this hectic step
You climb adrift this boorish racket

This wire, this mane, this coronet
You hold me against my will
I rummage and sear this furious step
You climb adrift this boorish racket

You and me could ride this fleet
You and me could drive the sea