

# Sophie B. Hawkins, 32 Lines

I want your hand  
Across my belly  
I want your breasts  
Upon my back  
I want your pain  
To rip right through me  
I am your death  
You are my wrath

I'll take your hand  
Beyond the threshold  
I'll take your gifts  
As art of fact  
I'll take your tongue  
Right down to my throat  
You are my loss  
I am your map

I find your eyes  
They give me shelter  
I find your lips  
They give me peace  
I find your need to take me over

Open my heart  
I'll tell you stories  
Open my legs  
I'll read your mind  
Open my mail  
I'll tell you're forty

You are my fate  
I'm your design

I'll lead you o'er  
The city burning  
I'll lead you home  
To provincetown  
I'll lead you down  
The soft dunes yearning  
You're my vision  
I am your sound

I long to be  
Your handsome woman  
I long to feel  
The crease of time  
I long to free  
Medusa's stallion  
I'm your water  
You are mine

I need to carve  
Your face in pavement  
I need to die  
In your embrace  
I need to keep  
A grave engagement  
You're my power  
I'm your disgrace