

Sparklehorse, Apple Bed

of horses wet
with melted ice
they would not heed
my advice
and burdened limbs
of its weight
to break and rot
a whispered fate
please
doctor, please
around me
in a bloody sea
to breach the hive
and smoke the bees
you can be my friend
you can be my dog
you can be my life
you can be my fog
please
doctor, please
the witches will return to their sticky tree knots
I will feel the sun
I will feel the sun
I will feel the sun coming down
I wish I had
a horse's head
a tiger's heart
an apple bed