

Twelve Tribes, Strings

stitch me from the inside out tell me you love me i am what you
want and i am what you need sew your face onto mine in red split
tongues let pins seal my lips wheeling in vines stitching over again
and spools becoming untied winding needles dysphoria sets in drag
knots at the corners of my eyes as i wander into low fields testing
my wings i am a boy under grey skies and still i pretend but i am
caught in a closed room with flickering lights and i can't see
anything i can feel only insects of a gift called grace and venus
palms release their clinch letting go of foolishness spinning in
circles staring at the sun laughing and floating and dancing in love
my arms outstretched catching stars in the day a blue stem with
green eyes i say hello to her smile painting flowers pink clovers
and giving water to them the drops burst into fairies caterpillars in
disguise leaving worms with no passion barely able to fly i lay
coiled in strings spun into my everything twisting until finally it
became all that i've ever wanted and she rings a blue bell for the
day from the will o' the wisp i touch her belly to say things will be
okay baby girl i can fly i can fly i can't remember if i choked i'm
sure that i have flown better winds i am a man designed to break to
fail yet to impress and venus palms released to their finger blades
ripping me to fuck frayed ropes bent strings