

She wept when she heard I was another girl I  
didn't break I learnt to be viewed boy she wept  
dragged in rooms folding notes traces between tongues your devotion  
travelling to ageless times threaded into bleeding lichen and madder  
voices hold traversing across dusk submerged in water two bodies  
throw shadows curved bound by genes omitting the need for  
lining significant impulses from both sides sting of a rip  
to a finger shrieking at the top boy she wept  
notes bound by wax and charcoal traces of telling where  
you had been and what you gave and the things  
you could not name with your own tongue ascending notes  
make their way down into the depths of lungs heaved  
sweet flower second ditto enable the curtain omitting the need  
uniformity displaced perfection third ditto I for one in wood  
the comb collapsed from both sides the boy she wept  
clever I felt through I was another girl very ordinary  
wine I gave no definition spontaneity too often takes I  
lined up grow things I framed A illusion of security  
I didn't break I was too impersonal to be another