

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