

# Dimple

Scott Walker

November in July  
Eyes glistening in darkness  
Like freshly crushed flies

Fourteen bones held together  
By avian phlegm  
When the whistling has ended  
I won't stale again

Slurry soul, unbearable clink  
Fraying through tartared chink  
Took the Dorgi, left the dent  
Frozen fast in the sagging night

4/4 of silence, 5/4 of shame  
When the sneezings subsided  
I won't stare again

Ink-a-dink-a-dink  
(Hej do, hej do)  
A-dink-a-dink-a-dink-a-doo  
(Hej do, hej do)

Jutland is crooning narcrotic Lorilies  
(Ingen, ingenting, ingen, ingenting)  
Awaiting command  
Its huge snout wedged between my thighs  
(Ingen, ingenting, ingen, ingenting)

Ink-a-dink-a-dink  
(Hej do, hej do)  
A-dink-a-dink-a-dink-a-doo  
(Hej do, hej do)

Jutland is hvining while stars fall in thuds  
(Ingen, ingenting, ingen, ingenting)  
Flattening the cheek, like soft muffled scuds  
(Ingen, ingenting, ingen, ingenting)

Tongues lick the lead Lego  
They won't be denied  
If you're listening to this  
You must have survived

My only pige passed your only dreng  
In Jutland's sheer city  
(Farvel, farvel)

November in July  
Apropolis lip to where acid-fast fly  
Crepey and shiny guanine restrain  
While out lifting scalp  
I will not glare again

Took the shilling, ditched the score  
Frozen fast in the lowering night  
In the lowering left-testicle night