

# The Water Jet Cilice

Andrew Bird

I knew this one girl  
Drowned in her own curls  
Candy colored swirls  
That never seemed to end

I could not comprehend  
Half what she said to me  
So casually  
All our tender ears would bend

Tales of ritual self-torture  
She's making you abort your  
Most carefully laid plans  
To make a final stand  
The rest threw up their hands  
Scoreless victory for serendipity

Tales of ritual sef-torture  
She's making you abort your  
Most carefully laid plans  
TO make a final stand  
The rest threw up their hands  
In scoreless victory for serendipity