

Pulse Thief

Born Gold

Euphoria's asleep
i took her timid pulse
euphoria's asleep
beneath clean sheets of snow

euphoria's asleep
my body's trembling wax
euphoria, you priest
of barren wrists and arched backs

static snows
our mirrored glow
can't you hear
the wet hum of my heart?

because we aren't
so let me graze you
with these wires

till our pulses conspire
in the coda of modems

but we aren't
sure i know that
you're real and you're red

but i just don't have
the energy for it

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beneath clean sheets of snow