

Caterpillar

Emiliana Torrini

The hem of her dress spills over
What covers the seat
N'flutters in the breeze like
Caterpillars on a leaf

Hair the hue of lions,
beaches dried by morning suns
Promise you will write me a poem
Of who I am 'for sadness comes

Oh it comes in slow slow whispers
When it comes feels like long long winters

She placed her hand in the sun and
With her shadow smoothed me down
Turn your mind down low now
Hold me close 'for madness comes

Oh it comes in slow slow whispers
When it comes feels like long long winters

Let it come in slow slow whispers
Let it come with its long long winters