

## Spitting Image

## Freelance Whales

I watched you flare up from the ink  
Nocturnal glances were surrounding

Our legs got sucked in and  
Our bodies keep on lifting off the sheets  
Our hands get tied to our minds and  
We keep on talking in our sleep

Caspian power moves within me  
My circulation thermohaline

Our fingers swell up and  
Our bodies keep on lifting off the sheets  
Our eyelids collapse and  
Our limbs and hinges rust into the sea

We all seem to have big plans  
We all seem to have

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