

Fever

Neko Case

In an open field at dusk
To footfalls I awoke
Marching ants across my temples, oh
Their feet had no intention
They followed some magnetic drum
Prisoners of their destination

From the slats of the factory come
Where once they did make rails
Old death's peculiar songs

He didn't know I was listening
So he crowed out nice and long
To the spiders and the lumber and the dust
Of his conquests and his hunger, his lust
I heard his feet rejoice
I heard him tap his cane
As if he had his own review
On stage at the Athenaeum

I caught his words with my open mouth
I gagged and choked and spit them out
I heard him turn as he did hear
My tiny heartbeat in his ear
I was already running
I heard him coming
Shrapnel spitting from his wheels
His scything arms rake for my heels
I dove and rolled and hid my face
And I said these magic words:

"My dove is home, her breast is warm, my dove is home"

I spoke these magic words and
Fell down, down, the anthill
For days

"My dove is home, her breast is warm, my dove is home"

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