

Anabacus

Ohbijou

Oh sweet child oh
endearing light to whom may I
direct this sinking the urges me to swirl and twist
in childish fits.

I read your ribs like
an abacus.

My body lies limp
softly angled in
a plea for your affection

So I'll rise like the morning
in light so charming you can't resist.

I read your ribs like
an abacus.

I read your ribs like
an abacus.

You know you know.