

## The Queen

### Pianos Become the Teeth

"You probably don't remember, but I made it a point to anyway,"

as long as I can,  
I think you might remember,  
a tree in Seven Valleys with golden string,  
a promise we made for every day,  
and we're taking names, not taking traits,  
mind you,  
you are the bulbs hanging from the ceiling on a sinewy string,  
mind you,  
you're beyond me,  
there's something to be said for being spoken for,  
a certain solidarity,  
and you handle me with such a delicate demeanor,  
you know what I'll think,  
it's about who you love,  
it's about who you tell,  
and my voice carries more than it should but not now,  
it's not the thought that counts, it's the pulling through,  
not my mind that wanders,  
it's your heart that keeps me and mine you,  
mind you I can hold my breath forever,  
for as long as I can,  
mind you,  
my dirty hair in your lap will be the feathers in the grass,  
but for now your sugar the sap in my selfish glass,  
you want to be planted beneath the leaves,  
bloom and blow with the breeze,  
but not yet, but not now,  
"we can always be found."