

## Pulling Touch

Poi Dog Pondering

You are a butterfly and my eyes are needles  
The cold has your breast and my hand is on fire  
You resting and reposing  
My veins are pulsing  
And nothing can cure me, but your pulling touch  
I'll stretch you out, and lay alongside you  
Run my hands along, devour and divide you.  
In the cool of the night, under a rain-pelted roof  
Beneath cotton white linen, our love is spilt  
You are a cup that I hold by the cheekbones,  
I pull you close and I drink you up.  
I'll stretch you out, and lay alongside you  
Run my hands along, devour and divide you.