

# Vibrating

Robyn Hitchcock

Cross-legged on the bed  
She gazed across the town  
Her shadow climbed the wall  
Until the sun went down

She bought a china pug  
It lay there on the bed  
And in the paper bag  
She could just see its head

She was vibrating  
She was vibrating  
She was vibrating

In an adoring pose  
He shrivelled up and died  
Until his bones were stems  
Upon the grass they dried

And made an alphabet  
Of white upon the green  
And it was beautiful  
And some would say obscene

She was vibrating  
She was vibrating  
She was vibrating

And in the demon's hat  
Discoloured flowers grew  
And they had fleshy stems  
And fleshy petals too

To slither is divine  
To multifoliate  
She just lost her watch  
She couldn't concentrate

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