

## The Pig

Showbread

I know the way inside my heart  
but nothing seems to get that far  
I've spent my life down on my back  
It falls asleep, it pops and cracks  
And when the sun comes up again  
My body dries and shrivels  
Then some nice man is over me  
So I throw up and giggle

there was a time when i was blank and see-through  
but never white as snow  
just made of rippled glass  
i thought that it was sealed, but now i know  
in goes a tiny seed that splits open with rotten spice and sage

and then the numbness is consuming me  
just like a sweeping plague

my soul is cheap, lay on top of me

I peel myself up off the floor  
Say "I can't do this anymore"  
But then my soul has run away  
So I lay down another day