

Your Owls Are Hooting

Showbread

This letter won't make it to you in time
Introverted by your distance from me, and by mine
But the chameleons who sift through the trees
Are garnering a bouquet in my head's faculties
And its filled with scales and perfumes wearing thin
There is no flaw in you, there is no sun on your skin
Where have you been all of my life?
I hear a lizard tongue above my head
Will you be my wife?

Skin and bones and things that make my heart beat
My possession my obsession, everything to me
The sound of your voice and all your fingertips
Is like a bible verse spilling right across your lips

Waiting for my bride no longer taking it's toll
Like a great horned owl swallowing fruit bats whole
Now that you're here I feel a presence that I didn't before
I feel your love I feel the warmth I'm feeling so much more
No more stiff joints, no more skin dry and rigid
You're like a funnel in my heart
No longer arctic and frigid
I'm indebted to you, you are my only one
Straight from the breath of the almighty Father, Spirit and Son

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