

32 Lines

Sophie B. Hawkins

I want your hand
Across my belly
I want your breasts
Upon my back
I want your pain
To rip right through me
I am your death
You are my wrath

I'll take your hand
Beyond the threshold
I'll take your gifts
As art of fact
I'll take your tongue
Right down to my throat
You are my loss
I am your map

I find your eyes
They give me shelter
I find your lips
They give me peace
I find your need to take me over

Open my heart
I'll tell you stories
Open my legs
I'll read your mind
Open my mail
I'll tell you're forty
You are my fate
I'm your design

I'll lead you o'er
The city burning
I'll lead you home
To Provincetown
I'll lead you down
The soft dunes yearning
You're my vision
I am your sound

I long to be
Your handsome woman
I long to feel
The crease of time
I long to free
Medusa's stallion
I'm your water
You are mine

I need to carve
Your face in pavement
I need to die
In your embrace
I need to keep
A grave engagement

You're my power
I'm your disgrace.