

Smooth and altogether white,
Same on the inside. It was my
birthday, I felt its weight like
a stone.

I listened for the sound of it,
smelled for the smell of it. And it was
my birthday.

Down below the garden's bed, weak
deep and dirty lead, sinking to the
surface making a fine, fine mess.

If I don't clean it up, I better get
used to it, sinking to the surface.

Sometimes I forget you took your
chances with another, there is coal
in the ivory.

Depends on how you see it, that
ain't how I see it, sneaking through
the fence of my long eyelashes.

You can say that it's the first time,
but it ain't the first time, sneaking
through the fence.

Can you see us through the
mountain, heart of mine?