

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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