

Saint

Björk

She always knows when people need stroking
And is attracted to deathbeds and divorcees
I dreamt she cared for my dying grandfather
Lying naked face down on his bed
She insists on total presence
And knows how to get through to the rest of us
She has entered me thousandfold often
And undone knots at my most awkward

Music loves too

She reaches out to orphans and refugees
Embraces them with thermal blankets
Her favorite childhood moments
Were at a hospital for the disabled
I've seen her offer empathy to widows
She attends funerals of strangers
Her strongest memory is feeding children with leprosy

Music heals too
I'm here to defend it