

## Ovule

Björk

I have placed a glass egg, above us floating  
An oval ovule in a dark blood red void  
Carries our digital selves, embracing and kissing

My skin-mud dense by you, I anchor our darks  
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Sleep with one eye open, watching our sub-selves

The keel of our ship, these obstacles are just teaching us  
So we can merge even deeper into our own personal mineral  
Fuse alloy, ship ahoy  
The hostility a broken heart endures  
The velocity of the injury is returned to the world  
With the same grin showing teeth

When I was a girl I felt love was a building I marched towards  
But deadly demonic divorces demolished the ideal  
Now with your romantic intelligence, sensual tenderness  
We dissolve old habits and place a glass egg above us floating  
In the dark blooded oval void  
Our lovemaking avatars in a shell