

Sow Mare Bitch Vixen

Fionn Regan

Spit on your hand and lead me inside
Through the caves of your fingers and into the tide

Sow, mare, bitch, vixen
I've always had a thing for dangerous women

One more line and an audience will clap in their head
Removing the animal hide that covers your bed
With a classroom compass I can now say I've been kissed
Across my pale body, clenched in her fist

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Button on your hood and we can sleep in the graveyard
Zip up your boots, I'll be in the yard
The holes in conversations she fills with smoke rings
I tell her I'm with someone, she laughs, says "no strings"

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It's easy to remember and hard to forget
For the dust of reflection has not settled yet

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