

Spitting Image

Freelance Whales

I watched you flare up from the ink
Nocturnal glances were surrounding

Our legs got sucked in and
Our bodies keep on lifting off the sheets
Our hands get tied to our minds and
We keep on talking in our sleep

Caspian power moves within me
My circulation thermohaline

Our fingers swell up and
Our bodies keep on lifting off the sheets
Our eyelids collapse and
Our limbs and hinges rust into the sea

We all seem to have big plans
We all seem to have

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