

Rats In the Attic

Juliana Hatfield

My baby's in my blood
And in you
And where we are
And what the wind blew sideways
And backwards
Here by the ocean
I've got murderous urges
I've got murderous urges
There's lead in the water that we drink
And in the paint on the ceiling chipped off and falling
There's rats in the attic
I've got murderous urges
I've got murderous urges
This land is mine full of poison
Inhaled in corners of my home
Seeds were thrown
There are no weapons so we can't fight
What grows inside me
Is it alive?
Rats in the attic