Ananon

Liturgy

Pulling up to the curb
Rapier in my hair
Honey and lavender
Endocrines and vetiver

Ananon
Ananon

Turning up dead in golden ploughs
Cutting up tubes of weathered clothes

I stomped the brain
I fell away
My open chest
Contained a hymn

Pay
Making the grapes take the fawn
Pay
Letting the napes grace the necks
We squeal at the form we gave birth to
We break into the exhale of a sire
And tell our selves to cry

Pulling on to the lawn
Iron brazier on my chest
I hold close to the mother

Ananon
Making the grapes take the fawn
Letting the napes grace the next
Making the grapes take the fawn
Stumbling our way to the dawn

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