

Ananon

Liturgy

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

Ananon
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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