

Charon's Obol

Mitski

At midnight, the dogs
Gathered around the house
Around her house
Her heart was like a drawer
She only opened when she went
Out to feed those dogs
And let her memories bathe in the moonlight for a while

Those were the dogs
Owned by the girls who died
In that house
Meeting every night
Keeping vigil in the place
Where their people went away
And so she'd wake the rest of her nights
In that house
Feeding all the hounds at its mouth

On her first night
Wandering through the dark
Of her new house
Solemn as a bride
That's when she first saw them out the kitchen window, right at
12:00
A dozen silent dogs of all different type

She almost was
One of the girls who died
In that house
So when it was stigmatized
She took it on to start a new life
In that house
Be the token coin in its mouth

Maybe with enough time tending to that ground
She can heal the heart of her house
Feeding all the hounds at its mouth