

Mandible

Odette

I walk along the pebbled shore
Legs covered in phosphorus
And up ahead is a mandible
With jagged teeth stained by mildew

And oh I get so damn distracted
I feel there's something I needed to do
A gull plucks pilchards from the water
And I remember seeing you

Take my heart in your hands
Feel it beat
As we dance
I want more than just two strangers
Stealing thrills from fleeting glances

Sound the horn
Play the drums
I will call will you run
Will you lash out at the web that's
Keeping you from everyone

And so I will enter the parlour
Hands clasped with nervousness
And up ahead is a mantelpiece
A rugged, ochre ox's head

I'll approach will you turn
Will you listen
Will I learn
I want your infatuation
Though I know the heat, it burns

I'm no moon, I'm like silt
I'm no flower, though I wilt
I'm an upright out of tune
With broken keys and chords that shrill

All these scattered bones are
Remnants of a past
That stripped them of their skin
And left them in a glass box

I don't want to seem conviction-less and shaky
But pin me to your table
And trace my bluest veins

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