

## Herod 2014

Scott Walker

She's hidden her babies away

Their soft, gummy smiles  
won't be gilding the menu.

The deer fly, the sand fly,  
the tsetse can't find them.

The goon from the Stasi  
is left far behind them.

Their delicate derma  
won't witness a ray.

She's hidden her babies away

She's hidden her babies away

No 'Raindrops on roses'.  
'Whiskers on kittens'.

They refuse to be blinded  
by Rubens or Poussin.

They'll hardly be boarding  
the 12:10 to Tucson.

Is she shaking them hard  
in dry run cabaret?

She's hidden her babies away

Ho, Ho, watenay  
Ho, Ho, watenay  
Ho, Ho, watenay  
I'm closing in.  
I'm closing in.

She's hidden her babies away

And why bring them out  
with no shelter to offer.

The nurseries and creches  
are heavily with lush lice.

Bubonic, blue blankets,  
run ragged with church mice.

The Havana has died  
in the clam-shell ashtray.

She's hidden her babies away

She's hidden her babies away

From posed, high,

pelvic bridges.

Pearly bone  
mountain ridges.

No hiccupy silence  
to finger their traces.

No colicky moon  
shines bright pain  
on their faces.

She has slipped  
through the dark  
like a mother moray.

She's hidden her babies away

Ho, Ho, watenay  
Ho, Ho, watenay  
Ho, Ho, watenay  
I'm closing in.  
I'm closing in.

I've come searching,  
from far and away.

A r-e-a-c-h-i-n-g, L-o-n-g-A-r-m-e-d  
vet ape  
feeling hard  
for a breech birth.

I gaze up at the night  
at the asterisk's blazing.

Til they straighten,  
and like tiny spines,  
fall to earth.

I bite down on this  
as I dance  
and I pray.

She's hidden her babies away