

## The Hem Around Us

Shannon Wright

You fiend, you friend, you confidant  
You hold me against my will  
I scurry and scant this hectic step  
You climb adrift this boorish racket

This wire, this mane, this coronet  
You hold me against my will  
I rummage and sear this furious step  
You climb adrift this boorish racket

You and me could ride this fleet  
You and me could drive the sea