

The Nub

Swans

Floating, floating
I'm happy to be floating
I'm naked, I'm drifting
In black milk that I'm drinking
I'm licking, I'm sucking
White nipples, while sinking
Oh sweet light, oh mind krill
This throat jerks, this belly fills
Not thinking, gently streaming
I'm dreaming while feeding
I'm sinking, I'm sifting
I'm calling, freely leaking
I'm weeping, I'm seeping
I'm cleaving, while leaching
My disgorging, my forger
We swim in your ordure

Bring bells of bright silver
Bring pillars of glitter
White horses, they're screaming
They're echoes, receding
Calling, they're calling
The angels are calling
Floating, falling
Calling, calling