

# Mosquitoes

## The Beths

There's a creek I would walk to  
When my house felt like a locked room  
Lean on little wooden bridges  
Watch the eels playing cool  
I could walk a little further  
Down the dirt path on the shoulder  
To the biggest waterfall my city limits could produce

Boy, it fell  
Kept on falling  
Biting down, carving rock, slow erosion

Lay me here on the stone  
I'm only here to feed mosquitoes  
Only skin, only blood  
A little less now than there was

In January '23  
The creek became a raging sea  
A great torrential flood that ripped  
The bridges from the banks  
The soft slope of the valley  
Ravaged, cracked and wounded badly  
Fallen giants breathing heavily  
Across the severed track

They fell  
Stayed fallen  
Roots exposed, reaching high  
Something's growing

Lay me here, by the bones  
I'm only here to feed mosquitoes  
Only skin, only blood  
A little less now than there was  
A little less now than there was

I still go, it's been a year now  
Past the chain link fence that keeps out  
With the bridges all still blown out  
You can't amble anymore  
Overgrown, abandoned  
I take off my shoes to cross and  
Find the current has forgotten  
How it felt to break the world

And if I fall  
I'll fall in  
Soaking wet, ruined pride, Tui laughing

So leave me here, let me go  
I'm only here to feed mosquitoes  
Only skin, only blood  
A little less now than there was just  
Leave me here, on my own  
I only breathe to feed the ego  
Only flesh, only blood

I'm letting go of what I'm not  
A little less now than there was  
A little less now than there was