WHY SWANS HAVE NO HANDS

I want to build you a nest
Beautiful little creature
I want to make you a nest
But I'm not coming back
My heart gave up so silently
My heart gave up so silently
Then fiercely removed itself

I want to run you a bath
Beautiful little creature
But I'm not coming back
Who will soap your delicate hands?
My heart gave up so silently
My heart gave up so silently
Then fiercely removed itself

I saw a swan snorting like a man I saw his sisters take off in a diffused ray I saw particles moved by my own breath I saw a man reduced to a pair of hands

I saw a temple constructed without man
I saw a body as ornamental as a swan
I saw a swan with its ornaments dropped on the floor
I saw the one and only possible door

THE RIGHT JACKET

Sleep chalk, sleep chalk, sleep chalk Grinding, grinding, grinding Grinding, grinding, grinding

I hear you've been sleeping still like water Do you know I've been visiting parties Stevenson trying to mock me on a soft floor Beta blockers just steel my limbs

One night, I break free
Of the grip of my own handhold
And finally I find you
With your coat on by the front door
And I feel the most tremendous surge
Of what I've been grieving for

One night
Will you throw me the right jacket

ACTIONS OF MY MOUTH

This type of story
Has a pattern
In the books I've read
Clean as a shell
I try to hold it
In the burning actions of my mouth
But the pattern breaks
The story fades

Touching you Feels good No-one ever read to me About that

This type of story
Has a pattern
In the books I've read
Clean as a shell
I try to hold it
In the burning actions of my mouth
But the pattern breaks
The story fades

ALWAYS ON MY MIND

The first kiss is A foreign organ Your face is Weeks of new information

The patterns pile up The patterns pile up

I needed to work slow
And I needed to work alone
I needed to work nights (You were always on my mind)
And I needed you not to mind (You were always on my mind)

You were always on my mind (You were always on my mind) You were always on my mind (You were always on my mind) I needed to work slow (You were always on my mind) I needed to work slow

CLOSE, DAY

Close, day Close, day Your mouth is slack and soft

Close, day

Your mouth gives the same cold affection To all the upturned faces

Time to close, day Close, day

I'm sober. It's OK. It's OK

JOY

This bed's blessed with the body
Pulled from the speeding car
It wants me to
Rest too but I can't
I hold you in time
And your breath mists the jar
Sweet and still, and I can love you
Just the way you are

Next summer
I will wipe the blood off
I will sniff the sun
I will lick the blossom
Til they come undone

FINISH ME OFF

You were too sweet to the noise in my spine When it was just a night When it was just a fight Then it spilt out in time

Along convincing patterns
Through startled eyes
I'm not the violent type
I can't sleep when you've turned on the light

Just finish me off In your hand In your jaw Before your sudden sleep

It spilt out in pulmonary shocks
That I shouted into thin walls
I discovered and I loved to shout
Through your hands pushing the blood out

And the startled membranes didn't tear In the vigour of your fist like I'd feared They vibrated and grew And your heavy hands were good to me

Just finish me off In your hand In your jaw Before your sudden sleep