

## **Fionn Regan**

### **"Sow Mare Bitch Vixen"**

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Spit on your hand and lead me inside  
Through the caves of your fingers and into the tide

Sow, mare, b\*tch, vixen,  
I've always had a thing for dangerous women.

One more line and an audience will clap in their head  
Removing the animal hide that covers your bed  
With a classroom compass I can now say I've been  
kissed  
Across my pale body clenched in her fist

Sow, mare, b\*tch, vixen,  
I've always had a thing for dangerous women.

Button on your hood and we can sleep in the graveyard  
Zip up your boots, I'll be in the yard  
The holes in conversations she fills with smoke rings  
I tell her I'm with someone, she laughs, says "no  
strings"

Sow, mare, b\*tch, vixen,  
I've always had a thing for dangerous women.

It's easy to remember and hard to forget  
For the dust of reflection has not settled yet

Sow, mare, b\*tch, vixen,  
I've always had a thing for dangerous women.

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