

Hawkins Sophie B

"32 Lines"

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I want your hand
Across my belly
I want your breasts
Upon my back
I want your pain
To rip right through me
I am your death
You are my wrath

Iâ€™ll take your hand
Beyond the threshold
Iâ€™ll take your gifts
As art of fact
Iâ€™ll take your tongue
Right down to my throat
You are my loss
I am your map

I find your eyes
They give me shelter
I find your lips
They give me peace
I find your need to take me over

Open my heart
Iâ€™ll tell you stories
Open my legs
Iâ€™ll read your mind
Open my mail
Iâ€™ll tell youâ€™re forty
You are my fate
Iâ€™m your design

Iâ€™ll lead you oâ€™er
The city burning
Iâ€™ll lead you home
To Provincetown
Iâ€™ll lead you down
The soft dunes yearning
Youâ€™re my vision
I am your sound

I long to be
Your handsome woman
I long to feel
The crease of time
I long to free
Medusa's stallion
I'm your water
You are mine

I need to carve
Your face in pavement
I need to die
In your embrace
I need to keep
A grave engagement
You're my power
I'm your disgrace.

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