

## **Polly Paulusma**

### **"Perfect 4/4"**

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Wires fan before you, they draw you  
In deep troughs and sharp peaks of green  
Each cough rips through you, it wounds you  
And flat lines cry wolf on the screen

If I could change the shapes of the waves  
They'd all be a perfect 4/4  
If I could exchange the sky for this cage  
You'd walk with me straight out the door  
You'd walk with me straight

Needles slip in you, they pin you  
To whimpering, limping machines  
Night air surrounds you, it drowns you  
In billows and pillows and sheets

If I could change the shapes of the waves  
They'd all be a perfect 4/4  
If I could exchange the sky for this cage  
You'd walk with me straight out the door  
You'd walk with me straight

Wires fan before you, they draw you  
In deep troughs and sharp peaks of green

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