

## Dylan Thomas

### "If My Head Hurt A Hair's Foot"

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If my head hurt a hair's foot  
Pack back the downed bone. If the unpricked ball of my  
Breath  
Bump on a spout let the bubbles jump out.  
Sooner drop with the worm of the ropes round my  
throat  
Than bully I'll love in the clouded scene.

All game phrases fit your ring of a cockfight:  
I'll comb the snared woods with a glove on a lamp,  
Peck, sprint, dance on fountains and duck time  
Before I rush in a crouch the ghost with a hammer, air,  
Strike light, and bloody a loud room.

If my bunched, monkey coming is cruel  
Rage me back to the making house. My hand unravel  
When you sew the deep door. The bed is a cross place.  
Bend, if my journey ache, direction like an arc or make  
A limp and riderless shape to leap nine thinning  
Months.'

No. Not for Christ's dazzling bed  
Or a nacreous sleep among soft particles and charms  
My dear would I change my tears or your iron head.  
Thrust, my daughter or son, to escape, there is none,  
None, none,  
Nor when all ponderous heaven's host of waters  
breaks.

Now to awake husked of gestures and my joy like a  
cave  
To the anguish and carrion, to the infant forever  
Unfree,  
O my lost love bounced from a good home;  
The grain that hurries this way from the rim of the  
Grave  
Has a voice and a house, and there and here you must  
Couch and cry.

Rest beyond choice in the dust-appointed grain,  
At the breast stored with seas. No return

Through the waves of the fat streets nor the skeleton's  
Thin ways.  
The grave and my calm body are shut to your coming  
as  
Stone,  
And the endless beginning of prodigies suffers open.

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