

Robyn Hitchcock

"Tropical Flesh Mandala"

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Lying out there on the beach,
Was a pleasant growth.
In the reach of me and you,
In the reach of both.
Tropical Flesh, Mandala.
Tropical Flesh, Mandala.
Floating in a moist exotic pool,
Feeling so good natured I could drool.
So I took a photograph,
So there'd be no doubt.
But when I got the pictures back
None of them came out.
Tropical Flesh, Mandala.
Tropical Flesh, Mandala.
Underneath your ribcage and your skin,
Honey there's a new way to get in.
It was covered in pink scales,
Lots of tiny feathers.
Valves that opened up and closed,
Very tight together.
Tropical Flesh, Mandala.
Tropical Flesh, Mandala.
On the night the creature came ashore,
Someone told Joanna what they're for

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