

## **Robyn Hitchcock** **"Vibrating"**

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Cross-legged on the bed she gazed across the town  
her shadow climbed the wall until the sun went down  
she bought a china pug it lay there on the bed  
and in the paper bag she could just see its head  
She was vibrating She was vibrating She was vibrating  
and in an adoring pose he shriveled up and died  
until his bones were stems upon the grass they dried  
and made an alphabet of white upon the green  
and it was beautiful and some would say obscene  
she was vibrating she was vibrating she was vibrating  
and in the demon's hat discolored flowers grew  
and they had fleshy stems and fleshy petals too  
to slither is divine to multifoliate  
she just lost her watch she couldn't concentrate  
she was vibrating she was vibrating she was vibrating  
she was vibrating she was vibrating she was vibrating

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