

SCOTT WALKER**"See You Don't Bump His Head"**

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While plucking feathers
From a swan song,

Spring might gently
Press it's thumbs
Against your eyes.

While plucking feathers
From a swan song,

A cobweb melts
Within a womb.

While plucking feathers
From a swan song,

An incontinent
Is singing Scarpia.

While plucking feathers
From a swan song,

While plucking feathers
From a swan song,

A mythic instance
Of erotic impulse-

While plucking feathers
From a swan song,

-is slipping under
A surefire sign.

While plucking feathers
From a swan song,

Bdelloid rotifers
Join the
Chitterling circuit.

While plucking feathers
From a swan song,

While plucking feathers
From a swan song,

Shit might pretzel
Christ's intestines.

While plucking feathers
From a swan song,

Being crushed
From the inside
Out.

While plucking feathers
From a swan song,

On the snow
"Rummy" flaunts
His unmanly
Dribble.

While plucking feathers
From a swan song.

While plucking feathers
From a swan song,

A tiny laugh
Dirties everything
It touches.

While plucking feathers
From a swan song,

Night stops dripping
Through the stars.

While plucking feathers
From a swan song,

Blast the sheet
Of jewels
Horizon to horizon.

While plucking feathers
From a swan song

