

## Showbread

# "Your Owls Are Hooting"

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This letter won't make it to you in time  
Introverted by your distance from me and by mine  
But for chameleons who sift through the trees  
Are garnering a bouquet in my head's faculties

And it's filled with scales and perfumes wearing thin  
There is no flaw in you, there is no sun on your skin  
Where have you been all of my life?  
I hear a lizard tongue above my head  
Will you be my wife?

Skin and bones and things that make my heart beat  
My possession, my obsession, everything to me  
The sound of your voice and all your fingertips  
Is like a bible verse spilling right across your lips

Waiting for my bride, no longer taking its toll  
Like a great horned owl swallowing fruit bats whole  
Now that you're here I feel the presence that I didn't  
before  
I feel your love, I feel the warmth, I'm feeling so much  
more

No more stiff joints, no more skin dry and rigid  
You're like a funnel in my heart, no longer arctic and  
frigid  
I'm indebted to you, you are my only one  
Straight from the breath of the almighty Father, Spirit  
and Son

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