

## These Arms Are Snakes

### "Horse Girl"

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Nevermind the marrow of the program.  
The bone was meant to be viewed from a distance.  
And if I bite my cheeks long enough I figure  
I could chew right through the skin.  
So breathe slow, and gnaw on.

And while you suck on your pills for composure  
It's like a light burned out in your head.  
Then while it nests in your vertebrae I'm like an  
epidermal harvesting.  
So breathe slow then stop  
I'll take you in again.  
Your breathing pattern is key to this therapy.  
Then find your favorite vein and watch for the pulse.  
There it is now, again.  
(Treat it like a push pin, push it 'til it gets in)

Rue for skin.  
Tile for eyes.  
Deep black gums  
changing you from the inside.  
You buried yourself  
into your hands.  
It takes it all away.  
May myself be caught in this?  
I can look to the sky.  
Pronounce the words softly and then breathe slow.  
It's just another way I'm going to  
have to carry you.  
On a sling, on a leash.  
It's got you in one.  
It's got you in four.

So belittled you're almost gone.

It takes the first spark to make it through the night.  
It takes all night just to get it right.  
It takes the first spark to get it right.  
It takes all night just to get it right.  
It's right now.

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