

## **These Arms Are Snakes**

### **"Subtle Body"**

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Keep running with this, it's running through  
my fingers.  
Solid connection happening.  
Ten long years and this crooked smile still bare.  
Low vibrations shake the base of the ground.  
Soft monotony pulling me in like womb.  
So long.  
A strange cool to get.

Strict coil, long face, horse hooves stepping around in  
the dirt.  
With morose fatigue I worked my way  
halfway through the body.  
'Til I hit the heart.  
It seeped black tar at the first bit of tooth.  
Such a long road to get to this point, I thought.

With this contaminated  
fluid like dry rot in the gums.  
The tooth had gone bad  
and so had you.

They butterflied  
the muscles in my back  
in order to give me wings.  
I never asked, I never asked to fly.  
Locked away in a mahogany case.  
I always took the strange way.  
It never seemed strange to me.

Strict coil, long face, horse hooves stepping around in  
the dirt.  
With morose fatigue I worked my way  
halfway through the body.  
'Til I hit the heart.  
It seeped black tar at the first bit of tooth.  
Such a long road to get to this point, I thought.

How many ways  
could there have been  
or such ways I could have lied to myself.

It's in storms or chords or beats or in time.  
Strokes of hands in air of homes.

Reorder.  
Redirect.  
Stop biting.  
Disinfect cold skin.  
Implement warm feeling  
in the neck.

You want a suitor?  
You want a chance to forget?  
Well I'm glad we met.  
I think I'd look nice in your lawn.

You can take the time to cover me in vines.  
Hide me in the shack behind the house I grew up in  
'til I'm ripe.

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