

This Perfect Dress

Maria McKee

You send me color
Pulled through the needle of you
Torn up I'm wearing it
What I wouldn't give

To change the weather around you
I'm never cold
I'll never cold

Lost as we spin
I'll sew you in
This perfect dress
Skin of our skin

Woven our hands
Silk is our breath
Wear it for you
This perfect dress

This perfect room
This little death
Birth without womb
What I wouldn't give

To tear riddle from riddle for you
But all I know
It's all I know

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Skin of our skin

Woven our hands
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