

I Cut My Hands Off

Mount Eerie

Open hands and open paws,
(I send them off)
And hooves, and open claws,
(I send them off)
And all arms and my goosey down,
(I send them off)
And branches reaching broad,
(I send them off)
To end my reaching out
(I send them off)
To end wanting what walks through town
(I send them off)
So I'll not hear that enticing sound of approaching
voices
I turn me off. I cut my hands off. I close eyes off.
I turn me off. I cut my hands off.
So. No more hugging in the kitchen,
No more pats on the back in the hall.
No more chest on breasty chest in shower stall.
No more lip on nape of neck behind the curtain.
No more rosy gardens.
No more craving curving hips on my belly.
I sent them off.
I hope to not want, and for to hope to not haunt.
I want no-one never.
I want nothing nowhere.
I send them off.