

Polar Nettles

Neko Case

He takes his dinner in the bath
Love sickened and infirmed
The orderly found him there
Fileted on the marble stairs
Hat still in hand
His smoking remains
Blown out by a kiss from the Sunday scene
Sunday soon Sunday soon someday soon

Someday someday someday

His eyes are closed his mouth has named her rosary her lips and
tongue
She is the centrifuge that throws the spies from the sun
The cistine chapel dated with the gattling gun
Someday soon
Oh the meadows set on him
Move like starlings of the clearing and tenor of a foggy tongue

The forcefield round his frosty hips
Whose shape recalls the wicked spade
That buried him but on his lips the last rites of man
Someday soon