

Audrey, Mecklenburg

Child, you have branches in your hair
Been moaning, quiet
His small voice
Been living a steady low
Hand or knife

Child, remove the dirt from your cheeks
Turning clinging vines into brick walls
I hear mumbling
But I'm deaf and dumb
So I bite my tongue
And swallow its sickness
Though you're definitely the best
And I wouldn't mind

Come hold my hand
It's enough, it's enough
Your reflection is me
Stick around, stick around

(Come, come, come, and it's all closer)