

Bjork, ancestress

My skull, it is my cathedral
Where this matrimort takes place
When I was a girl she sang for me
In falsetto lullabies with sincerity
I thank her for her integrity

My ancestress' clock is ticking
Her once vibrant rebellion is fading
I am her hopekeeper
I assure hope is there
At all times

My ancestress has left all manners
Her pulsating skin rebelling
The doctors she despised
Placed a pacemaker inside her

When you're out of time
How you look back changes
Did you punish us for leaving?
Are you sure we hurt you?
Was it just not "living"?

She had idiosyncratic sense of rhythm
Dyslexia, the ultimate freeform
She invents words and adds syllables
Hand-writing, language all her own

I don't have that story in my mouth
When you die, you bring with you what you've given

The machine of her breathed all night
While she rested
Revealed her resilience
And then it didn't

You see with your own eyes
But hear with your mother's
There's fear of being absorbed
By the other

By now, we share the same flesh
As much as I tried to escape it
This is no mediocre debris
My ancestress this is

The odour of our final parting
Those have been
The perfume of separation for centuries
The perfume of separation for centuries
Ancestress

Nature wrote this psalm
It expands this realm
Translucent skin let go of
A cold palm embalmed