

# Bjork, ovule

I have placed a glass egg  
Above us floating  
An oval ovule  
In a dark blood red void  
Carries our digital selves  
Embracing and kissing  
My skin-mud dense by you  
I anchor our darks  
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Sleep with one eye open  
Watching our sub-selves  
The keel of our ship  
These obstacles are just teaching us  
So we can merge even deeper  
Into our own personal mineral  
Fuse alloy, ship ahoy  
The hostility a broken heart endures  
The velocity of the injury  
Is returned (is returned) to the world  
With the same grin showing teeth  
When I was a girl  
I felt love was a building  
I marched towards  
but deadly demonic divorces demolished the ideal  
Now with your romantic intelligence  
a sensual tenderness  
We dissolve old habits  
and place a glass egg above us floating  
In the dark blooded oval void  
Our lovemaking avatars in a shell