

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