

Bjork, Sun In My Mouth

I will wade out
Till my thighs are steeped
In burning flowers
I will take the sun in my mouth
And leap into the ripe air
Alive with closed eyes
To dash against darkness

In the sleeping curves of my body
Shall enter fingers
Of smooth mastery
With chasteness of sea-girls
Will I complete the mystery
Of my flesh
Will I complete the mystery
Of my flesh
My flesh