

# Nina Nastasia, The Body

My blood for you  
My lover's bruise  
My clothes are scattered  
My skull is fractured

One lock of your hair  
In my grip  
Tears on my lip  
Cut from my bit

My gaze can not keep  
Freckled and green  
Whirling over chills  
Of my morning

Why did you do it?  
Why did you?  
While i was pleasing?  
Will i be waiting?

Giant caws blow  
Through the switches  
We are heirs  
Who's not a coward?

All await  
The eyes to cloud  
For the will  
To leave the birches