

PJ Harvey, I Inside the Old I Dying

The beech buds wait.
The aish buds wait.
The frogs and twoads in lagwood holes
and hedgehogs in their leafy ditch,
all waiting for His kingdom.

The eth waits.
The dead brakes
host the holly's bloody beads;
they are His crown of thorns
and He will rise again.

Oh Wyman, Oh Wyman.
Unray I for en.

Slip from my childhood skin;
I zing through the forest,
I hover in the holway
and laugh into the leaves.

Oh Wyman, Oh Wyman.
Unray I for en.

I laugh in the leaves
and merge to meesh,
just a charm in the woak
with the chalky children
of evermore.