

# The Hair Pillow

## Shudder to Think

Veins and a rope. Gold hair wrung out. Laughing. From back of the  
sheep-shack,  
a high bleat hum. Veins map the hair pillow. Strung out. I'm sleeping.  
Its the kind  
of a nap, though, you don't wake from. Sky of gold. Pink and lazy in  
pond I lay.  
Take it slow. Drunk and crazy in a pond I lay.

Lyrics provided by  
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