Sarasvati

Mary Lambert

You are Sanskrit on my skin.
Peel me open til I am nothing but a whisper.
Name yourself sinner, I only play for pennies,
And I don't play for sinners, I play for sadness.
I play for dead things.
Pull the bones from their sockets,
Please be softer while you do it for I am fragile and vacant.
Sarasvati saw me to sleep.
I rested my head against the knees
And the music I like rose up and down
Like bobbing bodies in the river bend.
And they say,
"Mary, why are your songs so sad?
Look at the luck and fortune you've had.
Why do you cry at night?"
Pull the bones from their sockets,
Please be softer while you do it for I am fragile and vacant.
You can take my body and tongue and organs,
Whisper to my skin like death has already rose and stuff.
I want every piece of me to crash into every piece of you,
I swear to god that's how they make stars.
I know.
Pull the bones from sockets,
Please be softer while you do it for I am fragile and vacant.

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