

Becoming a Nun

Vanessa Daou

On cold days it's easy
to buttom the mouth against kisses,
to dust the breasts with talcum,
forget the red of the heart.

Becoming a nun

One those days the heart beats,
beats like a digital clock-
chilly as green neon,
luminous in the dark.

I think I can live without it

-

lovewith its pumping blood,
sex with its messy hungers,
men with tjeir peacock strut.

Becoming a nun

I'm zipped into my body suit,
I'm wearing seven league suede boots,
I'm marching over cobblestones
like heads of men I have known.

Lyrics submitted by claude.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>