

Nesting Behavior

Mothers

You've been giving me away to other men, to other men
Most things are born golden
Until they start to notice Oh, I was on your side
I was on your side I gathered twigs between your eyelids
Until they fell between your eyelashes
Wove my hair into the bare places
And mashed it down for the evening
Oh I preen my feathers in the old milk
That you shed for me
I wear this dress of indifference
And find it quite becoming

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