

Nesting Behavior

Mothers

You've been giving me away to other men, to other men
 Most things are born golden
 Until they start to noticeOh, I was on your side
I was on your sideI 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
 OhI 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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