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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