

The Violet Hour

Sea Wolf

Your lips are nettles
Your tongue is wine
Your laughter's liquid
But your body's pine You love all sailors
But hate the beach
You say "Come touch me"
But you're always out of reach In the dark you tell me of a flower
that only blooms in the violet hour Your arms are lovely
Yellow and rose
Your back's a meadow
Covered in snow Your thighs are thistles
and hot-house grapes
You breathe your sweet breath
And have me wait In the dark you tell me of a flower
that only blooms in the violet hour I turn the lights out
I clean the sheets
You change the station
Turn up the heat And now you're sitting
Upon your chair
You've got me tangled up
Inside your beautiful black hair In the dark you tell me of a flower
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