Gloves

Aqualise

Today I found a baby's glove
Lying on the drainage board, so still
Yesterday a leather glove
From the slim tinkered hand of a womanThe next time I saw one it was lying half frozen
And twisted on the curb, I couldn't take itNow I have my own private collection
All lined in rows when you open up the wardrobe doors
Now I have no room for my obsession
Lined up and labeled in neat little packetsThe next time I saw one it stuck inside my head
And became all that I could think about, ohAnd through wax seals and padlocks
A hand through my ribcage past the choking
I saw palms and fingers grasping
Shoulders collarbone crushingI imagined myself hacking desperately at a sea of appendages
Forward and right, freeing myself like a butcher
Feeling the mash of bone and sinew
Running slowly down the front of my body and I couldn't take it any moreI said, I've got to go, I've got to get out of here, I've got to go
And I ran down the street, I've got to go
I've got to get out of here, I've got to go, I've got to go

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