

Perfect 4/4

Polly Paulusma

Wires fan before you, they draw you
In deep troughs and sharp peaks of green
Each cough rips through you, it wounds you
And flat lines cry wolf on the screen
If I could change the shapes of the waves
They'd all be a perfect 4/4
If I could exchange the sky for this cage
You'd walk with me straight out the door
You'd walk with me straight
Needles slip in you, they pin you
To whimpering, limping machines
Night air surrounds you, it drowns you
In billows and pillows and sheets
If I could change the shapes of the waves
They'd all be a perfect 4/4
If I could exchange the sky for this cage
You'd walk with me straight out the door
You'd walk with me straight

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