The Manifold Curiosity

Kayo Dot

It never hurt this much before,
And I feel I'm courting Saturn.
The Twelve-Eyed Secret gazes through a prism,
Staring into raindrops swirling slow
It lifts its horrible heads
With lidless orbs of limitless vision.
I dream with fluid movements in a lake
The ripples cast from skipping stones
We speak below a gushing mind,
Crouching in a corner, hid behind a box
Full of Worms and stalking shadows.
Magnetism draws me to a cone of space;
I sift still through hours of its plasma,
Biding time until the clocks collapse.
Music shattered my spine on the steps outside;
I cannot move; my liquid breathing
Is sculpted with this binding gel.
But come, my love, and rescue me
From failure.
Cover me with an opium sheet,
Embrace me with gossamer;
Kiss the moonstones from my eyes
And brush the cobwebs from my bones.
It all sings beautifully;
With all your strength believe this.
But I know you can't understand
Why I threw myself from the glass again.

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