

# Bloodhound

## Foxing

my bloodhound baying at your door  
the wild grass overlapping your front porch  
the sound of scratching claws trimmed short  
keeps you buttoned up on the floor  
and you're reduced to howls  
and i'm not there to drown them out  
swallowing up the room  
letting yourself down  
darling i'll be fine  
the hiccups my mouth emits  
i've left behind my calluses  
this solicitude i won't forgive  
i'll be whatever you like  
all of this inside my head  
i'll be whatever you like  
your seafaring love to the shore  
when the tide came in there was nothing left  
but an albatross hanging from my neck  
and just as you could not contain the sea  
you could not contain me

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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