

# Gloves

## Eggfooyoung

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 woman The next time I saw one it was lying half frozen

And twisted on the curb, I couldn't take it Now 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 packets The next time I saw one it stuck inside my head

And became all that I could think about, oh And through wax seals and padlocks

A hand through my ribcage past the choking

I saw palms and fingers grasping

Shoulders collarbone crushing I 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 more I 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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