

Belispeak

Purity Ring

Grandma, my sleep is narrow
Bid you bring me some strong drink
Strain out the pulps and set them close outside
For when my belly,
For when my little belly speaks. Grandma, there's air beneath my bed
And it whispers,
And it whispers when I rest
Bid hem the skirts and salt and vinegar
Vinegar
And hover closely, oh hover closely
Underhead Grandma, the water is rising
My boundless hair has gotten green.
I'll be your swimming forest island,
Bid you walk safely, safely
Over me. Grandma, my hands have wandered
And my legs,
My little legs are getting weak.
Bid lend me your wispy frame
And guard my powers,
Guard my precious powers in its cage. Grandma, I've been unruly,
In my dreams and with my speech.
Drill little holes into my eyelids
That I might see you,
That I might see you in my sleep. Grandma, the water is rising
My boundless hair had gotten green.
I'll be your swimming forest island
Bid you walk safely,
Safely over me. I'll be your swimming forest island.

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