

Long Night's Stand

Your fingers comb my hair
My teeth are brushed by your tongue
Write all your newest songs on my spine
Play the congas on my rib cage, my love

Long night's stands start with lying down,
progress to both getting laid,
we move on to mutual lying,
and end with leaving Lover's Lane.

We sleep like Greek sculpture, my lover and I
And wake to be tangled in Gordian knots
These satin sheets seem filled with bread crumbs tonight
It's no feast, but it's what we've got.

I can help you hear the hymns,
but I cannot help you sing them tonight
We pack tomorrow's clothes so gently as the bells ring
My dark suit, your dress so white.