

I. Lady M.

Palms lie flat against walls.

The wall is a petrified body.
Yet here's a spot.

II. Lady M.

Arrow-wound, stake of the flesh, come to bed. Come to bed and rest thy stain. In flesh of body, rest where you burrow. Skin bark new and alter the course of fine veins.

Flesh and stake, err wound. Ground your branch and fall light.

Branch of a mother, you have steered flesh slow and heaped knees upon earth. Arrow-wound come to bed and drift toward thine heart. Come to bed and rest this pale stiffening.

The still: Lady M., look not so pale: I tell you yet again,
to bed, to bed. Come, come, come, come, to bed, to bed, to bed.