



Kesha
"Crazy Kids"
Warrior
11/2012
Kemosabe · RCA

A Machine of Iron and Sap (a golden shovel after Kesha)

E. Kristin Anderson

I hear the whisper of pretty death between my thighs tonight—
birds roost on my belly, wearing my prayers like fancy lace. We
have seen this before; the highway is just like a bedroom. Do

you remember how far I fell that February? How on the floor it
was like a garden of nettle and primrose and I lay there, eyes big
like a war, pulling serotonin back to my guts? I've had honey and

bread, found words I'd forgotten, slipped that guttermouth shine
into my voice and on my teeth. Another phone call—maybe I like
genuflecting toward medicine. I know when to run with my stars,

ringing the bell with my tongue. I bite down, take your fingers and
(just to hear my breath) I speak to the birds. Again, I'm sorry, we
can't make room for anyone else in such a narrow space. I don't

carry an axe for fun. I cleave hearts like fruit. I leave and give
it all away before it can rot. I dare you to find me, dressed in a
gown of velvet and feathers. There's no one here and so I fuck

starlight, let the sky carry my secrets into dawn with a kiss 'cause
that's all I need to consider art as truth. Outside, remember that's
the way of things. I seal you in amber and I am home now, just

waiting in the dark with an armful of foxglove; a woman who
knows the blade is only as valuable as its bearer. So who are we
to resist? I carry this whisper on my lips, as bright as they are.