A strong hand.
For a strong face.
So long as that face simmers away
In sort of round lines of thought.
Soft like silk, but washed with sand.

Scattered between the threefold of such:
Confined precision.
Restraining a carpet of thoughts.
The sharp edge of my tooth won't rise away
Wandering to the back of my throat.

Confined precision.

Restrainting a carpet of thoughts.
The sharp edge of my tooth won't rise away
Wandering to the back of my throat.

A soft voice, a short song.

Soft like silk, but washed with sand.