**Yellow Are His Opening Eyes**

Tigers pace the flat ivory square  
Snails crawl across cold and bare  
Toes pale as a worm  
Plotting the fleeing moon  
From portico to indigo to yellowing glow  
White froth and cream, strawberry  
The morning sun I breakfast  
Golden and immense the belly of the tiger  
Devours the day  
A cycle, a circle, a spiral, a helix, a crescent's curve  
A hand on her belly  
The lover bears fruition  
The tiger with the yellow eyes  
Feel the heat  
The warmth inside the shell  
The embryonic sac  
I crack the yolk between sharp teeth  
And gold lays pooled at my feet  
Tie feathers to my fingertips  
Feathers for flesh - The Phoenix  
I am fire in the sun  
Ash to eggshell, feather to flame, solar to lunar  
I slip under the wave  
The cold scales of my belly  
Gone flat and pale  
I am silver salmon red  
Cold and bare, I am hungry for the worm  
Mouth open, I swallow the dangling tiger's tail  
Hooked and clawed  
Now a feast, I am tiger's meat  
In the circle of her belly  
I am cycle, I am recycled  
Golden and immense, the belly of the tiger  
Devours the day  
I am milk to cub  
Yellow are his opening eyes.  
Sunrise.  
  
Lyrics by Lynnette Shelley  
Album: Feathers for Flesh (2004)