Petals

Beth Orton

Petals pour from themselves in a synchronized swim They'd been held to the stem as though holding their breath' Collectively they agree to exhale and be free Now one after another they tumble silently

Oblivious to me The ashes of last night sigh into a heap.

Petals pour from themselves in a synchronized swim I am woken in a moment as they break the air Disintegrate integrate with resigned grace lining up to jump they remind me of tears

Sudden and many fall I look to you Your empty chair And then I remember Why there's lilac in the air

My tears well up and cry for you My tears well up and cry for you My tears well up and cry for you My tears well up and cry for you

There's wet in my hair and I never knew My tears well up and cry for you My tears well up and cry for you My tears well up and cry for you

My tears, my tears My tears, my tears My tears, my tears... These are my tears