

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