

## 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