

Emily Dickinson

David Sylvian

She was no longer a user
Don't think she realised we knew that
Not one to make a fuss
Why this and not something else
Wasn't it obvious?

She made such a hash of it
You can't help but notice
A near absence of tenderness
And who wants to live like that?

And friends turn their backs on her
She, no longer a user
And she wanted to stay home
With a box full of postcards
And no place to send them

Live like Emily Dickinson
Without so much as a kiss
Or the comfort of strangers
Withdrawing into herself

But why this
And not something else?