

Sprig

Emily Haines

Fresh when sleeping and every other night
Falling asleep for the fifth time, early in the morning
Awake in terror we're staring back at him, never to be used
Their hands aren't cold
So quiet, they could hear each other's thinking, denying
Garner interest, each other's thinking, denying

Making of life, a forged painting
Life's big magnet talk, talking
And listeners like you