

I've gone as far as I can go
The rest you must do alone
With your pants around your knees
You said "don't leave me please"
But this is as far as I can go
And so I swivel on my heel
And soon the green becomes the grey
Now that my sister's cleaned my car
I can depart from where you are
I never liked the country anyway
The birds they steal things from my sleep
They sing the promises I couldn't keep
Last night I dreamed the alphabet
Out of my voice, all pretty plastic shapes
Muted microphones
Turned in my hands to ice cream cones
And the silence was all syrupy, all candy, tarts and
Cake
The sad curl and shine of baby spit
And a secret trail that leaves beyond a tick
Oh, the sad curl and smear of baby spit
I said "yes" but I did not agree to this

Last night I dreamed of paper trails
Dolls without faces joined infinitely with fingerless
Arms
Blank as the air was dead and sound is chasing the
Stillness all around
Is choking the vibrations
Beady little tales of sewing needles and ball of string
Tear them apart and make them sing
Of sewing needles and ball of string
My useless heart, a wedding ring
Apologies are boring and they're trite
But if desire, I will see what I can find
As soon as the concrete comes into view
Pencil to paper we'll move for you
Squeeze our time together to lines and lines and lines
Of fifty words
Across the page
Big decision all contained in a phrase
I know I promised you all along
Forgive me please for I cannot