

Does Not Suffice

Joanna Newsom

I will pack up my pretty dresses.
I will box up my high-heeled shoes.
A sparkling ring, for every finger,
I'll put away, and hide from view.

Coats of boucle, jacquard and cashmere;
cartouche and tweed, all silver shot--
and everything that could remind you
of how easy I was not.

I'll tuck away my gilded buttons;
I'll bind my silks in shapeless bales;
I'll wrap it all on up, in reams of tissue,
and then I'll kiss you, sweet, farewell.

You saw me rise to our occasion,
and so deny the evidence.
You caused me to burn, and twist,
and grimace against you,
like something caught
on a barbed-wire fence.

Now, you can see me fall back here,
redoubled,
full bewildered and amazed.
I have gotten into some terrible trouble,
beneath your blank and rinsing gaze.

It does not suffice
for you to say I am a sweet girl,
or to say you hate to see me sad
because of you.
It does not suffice,
to merely lie beside each other,
as those who love each other do.

I picture you, rising up in the morning:
stretching out on your boundless bed,
beating a clear path to the shower,
scouring yourself red.

The tap of hangers,
swaying in the closet--
unburdened hooks
and empty drawers--
and everywhere I tried to love you
is yours again,
and only yours.