

Glasses

Jonathan Coulton

Shed the days like skin
Pray for evenings in
Hold their hands in the street when you walk them off to school
A box too full to shut
Cardboard paper cut
Bleeding edge of a picture of your parents when they were cool

So much to say, I forget to start
There goes a day, fading as it passes
Forget the grey, let it fall apart
It's okay
I like you in glasses

Shovels in the sand
A playdough wedding band
A drowning princess in a tangle of towels on the floor
An old familiar ache
The little pills we take
The thoughtless kindness of a coffee cup waiting by the door

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It's on the board
Someone's been double-booking
I've got time
How is your next week looking?

House shifts into place
A little breathing space
The radiators and the floorboards will argue while we sleep
There's water in the walls
The stairs make waterfalls
Down in the basement the soft sound of a river digging deep

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