

Edges

Lucy Kaplansky

Tear me out of you, come on, try
Tear me out of anything, come on, try
Give me a little light
A mirror and some smoke

I am an amulet, wish upon me
If you can find me
If you can see me
If you can love me, if you can love me

Edges between us join and hold us in place
With a little glue and a little heat
We make love and separate
Then we melt, then we go away

Back to the place where all the memories go
Where you go
Where I want to be with you
I am your amulet, wish upon me

There are miles of wreckage on the road
Miles of love packed away in bags
Filled with lies and kerosene and rags
Strike a match, strike a match

Go on, strike a match
To all the cargo buried in the hold
That keeps you from me
And is going up in fires in me

I am your amulet, wish upon me
If you can find me
If you can see me
If you can love me, if you can love me