

Cut By Wire

Mary Black

The letter stopped in a minor key
A Christmas card that you drew for me
Done by the hand that I knew so well
Disguised the message that you could not tell

I see you bent above your potter's wheel
The piece you've throwing is the piece you feel
The softest colour and an eye so true
For cups and bowls that are shaped like you

You work in porcelain cut by wire
Now as ever lovers walk through fire
When we were breaking we made no sound
The pieces almost touching on the ground

And now your silence says there's someone there
She stands behind you as she strokes your hair
How does she hold you like a long lost friend
Or are you like me on your own again

And so I write you in a minor key
Wondering if there's something left for me
I'm only writing so that I can sleep
I never found another love as deep