

Automatic Flowers

Our Lady Peace

And Sara thinks she's died here once before
she's crazy
a pop-up book of flowers from grade 4
are driving her insane
no-one knows why
she's sad tonight
no-one can help her find

Crying, she couldn't afford
the view
crying, these automatic flowers won't
do

Another brick
another window frames the confusion
her garden blooms but Sara can't see straight
she's drinking herself blind