

Tender Blindspot

Peter Mulvey

It's cold, but at least the sun is out
Her breath hangs glowing in the air
She's standing at the car with the key in her hand
Like a sleeper coming back from somewhere

All at once, the weight has lifted
Forgotten the weeping all last night
She's wearing a frown borrowed from her father
Her head is tilted a little to the right

And it's just your tender blindspot
Not the ruination of your soul
As long as trees are skying
Tears are weeping seas to make us whole
Still you wonder why you're aching
Why you should go on, you just don't know
But it's just your tender blindspot
From that tender blindspot you must go

The days are short and grey
It's the hardest time of year
And she must have missed the roadsign that said
"From now on, nothing will be clear"

And the whole day is claling
But she is frozen to the ground
There's something in the silence
There is something waiting to be found

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And the morning dove is clinging
To the powerlines above
And time is hanging frozen
In its grace and pain and love