

## 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