

Crying From Outside

The Tear Garden

This beating heart is yours to break.
Take your sacrificial knife and cut.
This lamb was born to slaughter
but I'm lying on your altar,
still I stare at you
with big brown sheepy eyes.
I'd like to blow a kiss goodbye.
Can you help me?
But you pulled away...
So I kicked away my chains and
threw a line out to the crowd
shouting "Pull me in, please take me in..."
I'll try to understand.
I'll keep my questions in a can
and my hands inside my pocket -
if you like you can lock it.
I won't look you in the eye -
will you help me?
But they pulled away...
And now I'm floating in a box without a window
so I try leaning on the wall but it crumbles.
So I stumble to the floor but it liquifies,
transforms itself into nothing.
I want nothing.
Is that so very much to ask?
But she pulls away....