

## Delicate Cutters

## Throwing Muses

It's just the lack  
Of time I keep  
Reaching out, lashing out

It's just the lines  
Run down the walls  
I can't believe they never fall  
The walls never leave  
And the walls begin to scream

Ah  
And my toes against the wall  
I stare ahead  
The door inside the wall  
Your face inside the door  
You crawl across the room

The picture never moves  
My books are very still  
You slide to my feet  
You slide across the floor

I  
Throw your head across the ice  
I  
Throw my head through a window  
Crash  
Like poetry

It's four o'clock, I'm waiting  
Your face appears  
I keep forgetting your name  
While I'm writing this, you  
You crash through the wall  
You fall off the floor

I  
Slide your head across the ice  
I  
Throw my hands through the window  
Crash  
Like gods

A room  
Full of delicate cutters  
All sitting down, the room has many doors  
All but one of them are closed  
She goes around  
(Remember)  
Opening the doors

This has another ending  
Full of innocent children  
One of them are closed

She goes around  
This has another ending

(Remember the room)  
Full of delicate cutters  
Opening the doors