

# Mother

Vashti Bunyan

My mother would dance sometimes  
Believing herself alone  
But through a slightly open door  
I would watch her as she turned  
Turned round, round,  
Briefly unbound  
My mother played and sang sometimes  
Believing herself alone  
But through a slightly open door  
I could see her face upturned  
Songs long learned  
So long untuned  
I was her only audience  
She believes herself alone  
My applause should have been rapturous  
But I close the door  
And turned, turned away

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