Blue

Pram

In the hum of time you stand
Frozen like a stopped clock's hands
Wrapped in the things you wear for comfort
Only your eyes show your terror
Your chalky skin is thick but frail
Like Egyptian paper
And pent blood deafens your brain
Till you think you've let the outside world inAnd you're like a star in the heaven
That's cold bright and beautiful
And just like a star in heaven
You're so unreachableYou imagine yourself a statue
To be looked at with a price
Around your neck to show how much you're worth
And how you shouldn't be touched
But you're made of flesh and yearnings
Like all the rest of us around you
No statue ever cried like you
When your mother weaned you

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