

# Pendulums

[Sarah Harmer](#)

We are like pendulums  
Our arms swinging at our sides  
And I am a good little clock  
Walking along power lines I'm thinking like a swinging door  
Hinging on these changing thoughts  
Between the pull up to the shore  
And the push off In the lines of footprints in the snow  
All along the edges of the road  
I haven't even walked my block  
Since I moved out here years ago The secret lives of twist ties  
The hidden story in one line In the lines of footprints in the snow  
All along the edges of the road  
I haven't even walked my block  
Since I moved out here years ago We are like pendulums  
Our arms swinging at our sides  
And I am a good little clock  
I'm ticking off the time The distant lights are twinkling  
It means there is a wind  
That blows the trees against themselves  
And hard into this house I'm sleeping in  
I'm sleeping in

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