Parentheses

The Antlers

One broken wing,
Soaring and suffering,
Arm in a sling,
I donâ€™t owe you anything.

Iâ€™m a bad absentee,
You know when I want to leave.
So close up your knees,
And Iâ€™ll close your parentheses.

Iâ€™m a bad amputee,
With no phantom memory.
So close up your knees,
And Iâ€™ll close your parentheses.

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