

# 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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