Parentheses

The Blow

some philosophies fuel a belief in the self,
constructed to keep one's goods on one's own shelf.
built well you're a strong letter I,
with the feet on the ground and the head to the sky.
now and then you can bend,
it's okay to lean over, lean over my way.
you fear that you can't do it all,
and you're right.
even diligent day takes relief every day
from its work making light from the night.

(chorus) x2
and when you're holding me
we make a pair of parentheses.
there's plenty space to encase
whatever weird way my mind goes,
i know Iâ€™ll be safe in these arms.

if something in the deli aisle makes you cry
you know Iâ€™ll put my arm around you
and Iâ€™ll walk you outside,
through the sliding doors,
why would I mind?

you're not a baby if you feel the world.
all of the babies can feel the world. that's why they cry.

(chorus)

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