

Gentle

Tanya Tagaq

Sometimes I see myself
going blind, falling down,
crawlin' round
breakin' the bones is an appalling sound.

Math test, the last breath,
the go-getter, it's hard,
telling myself I should know better.

Climbin' the walls, diggin holes
and meetin' fences,
wantin' to run but unable
and beaten senseless,
the skeletons of old instruments
in the naked verse -
music won't make it any better
but it could make it worse.

The weight I'm under,
broken hearts that are kissing
help that ain't coming
the parts that are missing
medicine for reticence
matters, mistakes,
forays through doorways
ladders and snakes
mistaken identity
evidently stranded
unfamiliar in front of the mirror
and empty-handed.

Sometimes the hand held out is what ends the war,
a second set of shoulders
and this is what friends are for.

Far away from home
and I can't stand the cold
a stranger to myself
it's good to have a hand to hold,
an unwanted band of gold
an empty bed and torn pages
pictures in frames
and souvenirs adorn cages

sound of my own breathing and sorrow roaring
 sun through the window
 waking up tomorrow morning
 this is a place that once was
 that's no longer
 pain is what you feel in your bones
 when you grow stronger
 it's well known
 it's newborn babies
 it's knowing you're not alone
 knowin' we're all in pain
 it's your favourite song
 it's playing repeatedly
 sometimes suffering alone when you need to be
 it's beautiful
 it's ugly
 it's both in combination
 it's staying awake all night long in conversation
â€cause sometimes the hand held out is what ends the war,
 a second set of shoulders
 and this is what friends are for.

Lyrics Submitted by SolaceSylum

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