Tiny Glass Houses

Amelia Curran

There's a crack in my memory,
as if something has gone
and split the foundation
of showdow, of song.And raddled the windows,
and the tiny regrets.
And the tiny glasses houses
that I tried to forget.Drink til your sleeping,
I love you that way.
Like we are all babies;
all our beds are unmade.
No memory has molded
enough to forget.
And our tiny glass houses
are not built for us yet.Takes all of the courage,
and none of the pride,
to stand in the threshold-
to sit down inside.
Where we are not babies;
no we are not new.
And our tiny glass houses
with the beautiful view.Theres a crack in my memory
where a funeral parade,
rolls through the doorway
that my memory made.
And funeral marches
to its funeral sounds.
And the tiny glass houses
are all tumbling down.And tiny glass houses,
are all tumbling down.
And tiny glass houses,
are all tumbling down.

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