

# Vincent Crane

## And Also the Trees

It was late afternoon  
She sat watching never come to Vincent Crane  
Under the wet weather swollen door  
Never came  
She pressed her knee up  
Underneath the wooden table  
As in her midriff  
Dread flutters like the thread of love or pain  
There was a bowl of fruit  
Shrinking on the table by a rusty spoon  
Over the mist weary distant hills  
Never came  
Through piles of wrecked cars  
>From the stagnant pools of water  
>From the abattoir flies  
That swarm leech and crawl in Clamour Lane  
She walked towards the door  
Pushed it open and stood behind Vincent Crane  
He leaned back and locked his arms around her  
Thin awkward legs  
They watched the sunlight  
Slide in cold squares across the walls

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