Stevie

Kathryn Williams

She draws scratchy pen and ink women and cats
She looks like any old lady dressed in another time hat
Walking to the shops, thinking of dead things that rhyme
She's with another timeYou might see her over there
Stevie's not waving but drowningNormal people in the park beat with monkey hearts
And she draws on them with cries and smiles
And one day we'll all be done in
But it's more about the livingYou might see her over there
Stevie's not waving but drowning

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