

# No Wonder

Peter Mulvey

Are these your arms across your chest?

Is that your face turned from me?

Are these your legs drawn between us?

Is this you?

No wonder Is this my voice, pleading, broken, bitter?

Is this my mouth filled with sand?

Are these my hands inert and heavy?

Is this me?

No wonder I have never been here before

I had no idea

The chill you seem to know your way around With a white-knuckle grip on the center of your soul

I have the same grip on your heart

Sometimes when the words fail

And the silence bleeds into the snow

I wonder

I wonder which of us will be the first to let go

Which of us will be the first to let go And I say listen to the rain

listen to the fall

listen to the voice

listen to the trees

listen to the call

listen to the sun

listen to the wind

listen to the way

listen to the dream

The shout's begun to whisper

Listen to me, listen to me, listen to your heart

The truth is speaking softly there

And I am almost beyond caring

And I can only breathe

And I can only watch you be yourself

And you can only do the same No wonder...

No wonder...

No wonder.

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