Embroidery

Casey Dienel

Since I was a girl, I've been good at embroidery
I finished up my finishing school in Switzerland
Then I escaped to Evian, wound my car down the alps, lived only on apricots
Picked by the side of the roadIn vevey I lived with two spinsters who spoke only french
But mostly bickered
They fed me strawberry wine
I sat in my room writing you lines on doilies
They all said the same thing
I wish you were hereThe lights on Lake Geneva are a sight for sore eyes
They turn the water into glass
I could step on it and be in Lausanne
Then I'd be just miles from you, maybe I'd see you in line at the shooting booths
Maybe you'd buy me an ice cream coneBut if you look you'll see my initials stitched inside your left breast pocket
The one you keep your handkerchief in
The one closest to you heartSince I was a girl I've been good at embroidery
Since I was a girl I've been good at embroidery
But no needlepoint will bring you
Across this continental divide
Across the Atlantic ocean to where I am now

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