

Learning the World

Mary Chapin Carpenter

Grief rides quietly on the passenger side
Unwanted company on a long, long drive
It turns down the quiet songs and turns up the din
It goes where you go, it's been where you've been
And pushing your empty cart mile after mile
Leaves you weeping in the wilderness
Of the supermarket aisle
And in the late night kitchen light it sits in a chair
Watching you pretend that it's not really there
But it is, so it is and you ask
Are you predator or friend
The future or the past?
It hands you your overcoat and opens the door
You are learning the world again just as before
But the first time was childhood
And now you are grown
Broken wide open, cut to the bone
And all that you used to know is of no use at all
The same eyes you've always had have you walking into walls
And the same heart can't understand
Why it's so hard to feel
What used to be true
What's now so unreal
But it is, so it is and you say
I wish I were the wind so that I could blow away
Grief sits silently on the edge of your bed
It's closing your eyes, it's stroking your head
The dear old companion is taking up air
Watching you pretend that it's not really there

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