

# Damn Sure

## Laura Gibson

Damn sure about itWe covered our bodies in the mud and moss  
Drunk on the rhythm of a cricket's song  
We were damn sure about itAnd love was a shape in the slippery light  
A flame on a moth at moonless night  
We were damn sure about itCaught in the arm of a blue-eyed storm  
Rain on cloth on muscle on bone  
We were damn sure about itAnd love was a half-blurred poem you wrote  
The creak in the moan of the hardwood floor  
Damn sure about it  
We were damn sure about it  
We were damn sure about it  
We were damn, damn sure about it  
We were damn sure about itWell, I changed my name the day I left  
I cut my hair, I hemmed my dress  
I was damn sure about itYou were playing piano in an empty room  
Ringless finger, a calloused thumb  
Damn sure about itWe were damn sure about it  
We were damn sure about it  
We were damn, damn sure about it  
We were damn sure about itNow I'm lost in the belly of a cold museum  
Staring at the beaks on the bird-faced men  
Now you're sitting in the kitchen with someone else  
Stacking up peels of your clementinesDamn sure about it  
We were damn sure about it  
We were damn sure about it  
We were damn sure about itDamn sure about itDamn sure about it  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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