Knots

Clocked Out

It was early in the morning,
we were sitting on the stoop,
there wheeled away a starling
and I thought that I would too.
Oh for all I knew,
I was lost through and through,
in my high heels and my old dress
with my new keys in the wrong city.
I tie the knots to remember in my heart,
so I choke and I sputter to a stop,
I am a borrower and lender of the lot.
I walk away asleep
and chalk an outline round the scene.
This shadow play of whiskey talk,
a heavy denier dream.
Oh let it be, I was lost in him and me.
In my high heels and my old dress
with my new keys in the wrong city.
I tie the knots to remember in my heart,
so I choke and I sputter to a stop,
I am a borrower and lender of the lot.

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