

Heather Nova, Sugar

On the Vermont Transit Bus I leaned my arm into a little chink of sun,
Going somewhere older than I was,
Strapped into something tight, keeping me small.
I dug into you like rock climbing;
Too scared of coming down,
Too scared of going up,
Too scared of rockface.
I should've split my sides or spilled my guts or hit you or something,
But I was good, and your father's little pancakes
So round and perfect and me sitting up too straight,
Laughing in wrong places, kissing you,
Kissing up, kissing too soon.

When the cock crows
When the morning comes where will I go?
When the cock crows
When the love is gone where will I go?

And when you got me pregnant I stopped the party and
I stopped the typewriter and I stopped your dumb ball game in the red barn and
I Stopped your father and bled instead.
And I felt the lie - something sticky on the inside,
A bitter wind in my throat,
Stopping me wanting,
In my stomach, in my head and you said

Sugar sugar, you couldn't come come
Sugar sugar, without your mother
Sugar sugar, you couldn't taste it
Sugar sugar, in my throat.

When the cock crows
When the morning comes where will I go?
When the cock crows
When the love is gone where will I go?