

Kirsty McGee, Cloudwatching

were she here now i think i would make coffee
just to hear the hum of good machines
the sound of her voice seems to echo in the walls
in the plaster and the paint
like a bee inside a jar

summer slips by in tattered old clothes
six seasons passed in cloudwatching
miracle plants that bloom in the winter and die in the spring
i watch for her return

were she here now i think i'd make her coffee
or some other faux pas like before
the sound of her breathing seems to echo in the walls
in the plaster and the brick
like a bee inside a jar

summer slips by in tattered old clothes
six seasons passed in cloudwatching
miracle plants that bloom in the winter and die in the spring...

and if i listen hard enough
i hear her footsteps in the hall...