

# Clark Anne, All We Have To Be Thankful For

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She clutches onto his protruding hips  
for dear life  
Going down  
she is going under

She wishes he were emotional  
or something approaching tenderness

Outside the weather beats a little harder  
than her heart

There's nothing that will keep them together

She makes love  
He makes time pass a little less painfully  
One and the same

This time it could be everything

It's enough reason for staying  
It's enough to make you want to die  
The hardest part is trying  
not to make a mess of it all

It's all we have to be thankful for.