

Clark Anne, The Sitting Room

You are just a tenant here, you say
living in and out of this life
as cheaply as you can.

I sit here in the darkness
gently
Like an old woman
Thoughts knot and click like brittle bones
doing too much
Trying to question all of this
Trying so hard to fade out
in the blackness
all of the fear
all of the tears that bring us to this.

Sometimes it is better that we sit
here in the silence
I don't look at you
and you don't seem to notice
And the reasons -
the reasons are impossible to see converge.
They gather like dust upon a shelf.