

Cursive, Pivotal

Strung out on leaving
One leg stretched for the curb
The other one grounds itself against rebirth
So the swallows will stay in the barn
The finches left a long time ago
The fall must be oh so close

I cannot exist in this circumference
I keep a crippled leg on home base

Where I hang my crutches
I'm so weak and needy
My knees are so weak
Crutches keep me from kneeling
I need something I can fall back on
Something to relate to
Something to rotate to, now

Nothing's so far away
And nothing so good can ever stay
Now, could it?
And I know that the stars all have names
Some of them just aren't as good as others
Some of them are just letters and numbers

Sometimes I forget
That the smallest things can be oh so big

Where'd you hang my crutches?
I'm so weak I'm bleeding
I bleed every week
Crutches keep me from kneeling
And there's nothing here to fall back on
Nothing to relate to
Nothing to replace you

Now, nothing seems so far down
Down, I'll shove my foot
Deeper into the ground