

Gainsae, Adrienne Alone

She is Manhattan at night ?
Long Island alone sometimes
She swims the riverside
Crawls through muddy banks
Does not hesitate

She is Adrienne alone
She is growing cold

She's fighting for you
Through heavy shadows and great light
Something moves half-bottled
Across that space
She is the color of stone
She greets the moon alone
She scratches a circle in ash
She's in the middle ? she dances.

She is Adrienne alone
She is growing cold
Fear wound round her throat
And chokes her like hair
Not that they cared

Deep in her mouth sleep
Entwined laughter and grief
She hopes the recorder caught
A ghost of you of her together
You tried to love ? she only tried
To sketch you in the ash
In the circle in her mind

She is Adrienne alone
She is growing cold
Fear wound round her throat
And chokes her like hair
Not that they care