

Newcomer Carrie, The Length Of My Arms

I've always had long arms and my sleeves never fit.
And my mother would worry about my dangling wrists and
I never grew to tall, but it did me no harm
To never grow into the length of my arms
What I have embraced, what I've carried for years
Like a bucket of self doubt, like a basket of fears
but we finally cherish what we got from the start
Like the length of our own arms and the shape of our hearts
I dreamt I was flying, and I dreamt of my mother
She was walking in paradise with one saint or another
and I looked out at my own arms they felt so strong
and really quite lovely though ridiculously long