

Nina Nastasia, Our Discussion

I know it makes you feel sad
Then you look at me that way
Your hands hold on the railing
As we glide across the bay
With everything uncertain
It's easy to defend
But we do not talk of feelings
And with you I can't pretend

I don't believe in power of love
I don't believe in wisdom of stone
I don't believe in a god or the mind
And I'm not alone

I listen to your breathing
It's steady and it's slow
We lie close to the ceiling
I think of children in our home
But the quiet in the quarters
Stirs me from the thought
I might leave tomorrow
To feel the joy of a new start

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In the morning many sea birds
On the icy wind arrive
Never crowding their companions
Against the blinding sky they dive
I think about you sleeping
How miss you'll miss the morning tide
But my stomach is uneasy
And I choose to stay outside

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