

Talis Kimberley, Small Mended Corners

There are women I've been who you would not have liked
Very much - and I can't say I'd blame you for that;
but I had to be them before I could be me
They are threads on the loom of the woman you see

And they're all - here - sewn in the lining of me
In the seam-folds and the small mended corners
Tucked into collar and sleeves in the lining of me

There are women I've been who you would not admire
Yes I have been that thief and I have been that liar
But I had to be them before I could be me
They were doing their best to fight fire with fire:

And they're all - here - sewn in the lining of me
In the seam-folds and the small mended corners
Tucked into collar and sleeves in the lining of me

Ah, don't shake me too hard
Ah, you don't know who'll fall from the folds
And be lost on the journey
Ah, don't shake me too hard
Ah, do you know when to love, when to grieve,
When to hurt, when to carry away...

There are women I've been who were not very strong
Till they found even well-meant advice can be wrong
So I gather them close for their lessons bought dear
Few enough, I suppose for the sum of my years,

And they're all - here - sewn in the lining of me
In the seam-folds and the small mended corners
Tucked into collar and sleeves in the lining of me

Ah, don't shake me too hard
Ah, you don't know who'll fall from the folds
And be lost on the journey
Ah, don't shake me, don't shake me too hard
Ah, do you know when to love, when to leave,
When to learn, when to carry away.

There are women I've been who you haven't seen yet
There are women I shall be who you've never met
As to who I am now if you're prompted to ask
I'm the ghost of my future and the sum of my past,

And they're all - here - sewn in the lining of me
In the seam-folds and the small mended corners
Tucked into collar and sleeves in the lining of me