

Hands Like Houses, A Definition Of Not-Leaving

I wish I'd just stood and let the sun creep through me.
Instead of my attempts to build slingshots, spools and sinkers to bring in the sky.
Inventions out of sticks and stones, a crown dusted off from beneath the bones.
A white liar, protector of our hearts and homes.

Stay, don't go,
I'll eat you up, I love you so.

I want you to follow and find me,
Howl like its us and no-one else,
We could keep out the sadness and stand so tall,
We could run like wild things, and lie right where we fall.