

Painting

Anne Clark

I just don't want to know about
The way the lamp lights up your room
Or the table-top your elbow's on
Or the wood you write and work upon
I just don't want to know about
Quiet evenings moving on
Nights of re-inventing lives
Unfinished stories
Unsatisfied

The small scar on my hand's the same
You eased and took away the pain
But now I'm taking all the blame
For wounds neither one of us could quell
And the blood won't wash away so well

I find myself on the street again
Beneath your window in driving rain
Needing to see just for myself
What you could only tell to someone else
What you couldn't say to me yourself

I just don't want to know which way
Your window faces on the day
Or the route you take to face the world
Or the way you're sleeping
Sheets unfurled
You and another neatly curled
around the centre of what was my world.