

Damn

Aldous Harding

Can you make a space on the seat?
A box-like shape for a silly woman?
Damn, a [?]
I thought I'd made a tambourine

When I am let, I resent
Only when I'm left do I know what I said
The old, it bickers with the fresh
When I'm standing with my brush in the emptiness

Sorry I was late and you didn't get your weekend
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My mother said "Why must you drag all the hopes out of bed?"
I blame the seasons
We all have our reasons, I meant

Sorry I was late and you didn't get your weekend

I did at one time attempt
In landing sleeves and a silly ribbon
There must be a reason, he said
I know the reason, he meant

Damn it, Hanny
When you jump up and down
The chains almost sound like a tambourine