

# You Don't Get to Go

Amanda Shires

You don't recognize yourself, or the bottles on the bathroom shelf  
You search for words, and curse the hand you got dealt  
It was a poetic attempt, I wouldn't call it a try  
When you went down to the pond, no note, to slip cold through thin ice

And you don't get to go out your own way  
You don't get to choose what you spare me

Between you and the kids, I've been lifting, or cleaning  
Feeding and bending for over twenty years now  
We might be standing here looking at the end of our world  
But there's beauty in knowing the closure you owe to your girls

And you don't get to go out your own way  
You don't get to choose what you spare me

So, let go of how it gets worse, remember I signed up for the work  
We'll find drops of goodness, so many to make it worth it  
Holding on to each other in the quiet light  
Bird watching, sky watching, sunsets, and moon rise

And you don't get to go out your own way  
You don't get to choose what you spare me

I know you're afraid  
Of becoming your own ghost  
You're afraid, I know, but you don't get to go  
You're afraid, I know, but you don't get to go