

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