

## 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.