

Bending

Cloakroom

Bending blades on the longest of days
You've encountered in an ice age
Keeping time with an old sun
Beating down like it's the last one

Oh, aren't you so privileged to witness it fall

Your observation makes you twice as small
In a day, cut a tall tree in two
Build it high in the back by yourself
Burn it in the afternoon

Oh, aren't you so privileged to witness it fall
If you for one minute were moved by it all

But if you're not caught in the moment I won't mind
I won't set my expectations high where they should be
What a slippery slope to climb
When I find my feet I would soon retreat
To a tower made of ivory
Where I'd contemplate the mess I've made
And take comfort in the temporary