Emily Dickinson

David Sylvian

She was no longer a user
Don't think she realised we knew that
Not one to make a fuss
Why this and not something else
Wasn't it obvious?

She made such a hash of it You can't help but notice A near absence of tenderness And who wants to live like that?

And friends turn their backs on her She, no longer a user And she wanted to stay home With a box full of postcards And no place to send them

Live like Emily Dickinson Without so much as a kiss Or the comfort of strangers Withdrawing into herself

But why this And not something else?