

Return

Emma Ruth Rundle

A rich belief that no one sees you
Your ribbon cut from all the fates and
Some hound of Hell looking for handouts
The breath between things no one says

Author of a Poor Design
No one to steady your hand
All things lost in their own time
Where have you gone to?
Where have you gone to?

Return to me
Return to me again
Return to me
Return to me again

Some demimonde astride the crossing
You're reaching for a life-like face
You stumble to the cellar door and
Your fragments glitter the eyelids of a child

Author of a Poor Design
No one to steady your gaze
And the things a pound of flesh can't buy
Where have you gone to?
Where have you gone to?

To return to me?
To return again?

Return to me
Return again