

# Holding

Grouper

I hear you calling and I want to come  
Run straight into the valleys of your arms and disappear there  
But I know my love could fail you  
Because in a clearing when the sunlight comes  
Exposing all the shadows of/in our intricate behavior  
I see/feel a sort of fading  
We build our own unfolding

It's in the morning when the sadness comes  
The tears fall down in patterns on the windows  
And our shape is undone  
You only wanted holding  
And I let my structure fail you  
You know, I watched as it unfolded

And in the image of the other hand  
A needle drawing pictures in the blood that runs the valley  
Your honesty engraves me  
Stay the line  
The pain of its derailling

And in the water  
Where a mirror opens up  
To show the gravity of non-repeating patterns  
When no one else can hold you  
Come in and then unfold  
Oh the lines  
I'm lying just to hold you

It's in the evening when the moonlight comes  
Illuminating silver in the rivers as they fall/run into the sea  
The beauty of their failure  
As the tides erase their lining

There's nothing left to hold to