

Eastwick

Julia Jacklin

It might make for good TV
The grieving process for all to see
But I don't want my fathers ashes
Scattered over strangers couches

And it might make for a fun night in if I
Wore a dress and slept with him
But I really hate showing my legs
Even when the Sydney summer begs me

Come on now your roots are showing
Unlike hands your hair keeps growing
Oh now love you could keep on dyeing
I think the truth is more age defying
And in the day when it gets dark
We were just two shelves apart
When we realised, it's not right

You are not in a garden, you are in a store
A single stemmed rose reaching out for more

Did it come as a great shock
When your third love said hey you're not
Gonna get his heart to beat by
Laying offerings at his feet
And in the day when it turned dark
We were two cages apart
When we realised, it's not right

You are not in the wild, you are in a pen
A forgotten sow wondering when you can run.