

# Historians

Lucy Dacus

You said "Don't go changing  
I'll rearrange to let you in  
And I'll be your historian  
And you'll be mine  
And I'll fill pages of scribbled ink  
Hoping the words carry meaning"

Then one day, the motorcade  
Covered in flower wreaths  
First in a big parade  
Will come to take one of us away  
Leaving the other with plenty to read

This is what I want to talk about  
But somehow the words will not leave my mouth  
Was I most complete at the beginning? Or the bow?  
If past you were to meet future me  
Would you be holding me here and now?