

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?