

Brambles and Briars

Polly Paulusma

Where do you stop? Where do I begin?
These muddle and merge is a sinking of skin
And the boundary's cursory, papery thin
We breach it wherever we are

Oh, I am your fabric, and you are my thread
And who can unravel, the knots in the head
Or the cavernous avenues where you have left me
I'll follow your voice like a star

Grown together, brambles and briars
Sown to weather sunshine and showers
We're brambles and briars

Mountains and rivers and deserts within
The maps of our bodies are contours of skin
And the years take their toll, but your eyes never dim
They shine like the bright morning star

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Sown to weather sunshine and showers
We're brambles and briars

Tangled together, it's funny to think
Can't tell the diamonds from the ice in my drink
Dandelion clocks throw their hours to the wind
Where do you stop and where do I begin

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