## Cinders

Sarah Blasko

Slow falling whispers on pricked up ears Slow burning cinders, three long years between When we lit them in so much haste High hazard seasons, houses laid to waste

Did you forget it all? Do you listen when I call? These fire trails lead north And slowly back in time, Slowly back in time Slowly back in time.

Time has it's reasons for letting go Comes as it pleases. This new growth beneath Where the branches are cracked and bowed Covers the feelings these old scars still show

Did you forget it all? Do you listen when I call? These fire trails lead north And slowly back in time, Slowly back in time.

If only I could have escaped Without turning back to take Things that I could have replaced

You just can't return to these days

Did you forget it all? Do you listen when I call? These fire trails lead north And slowly back in time, Slowly back in time Slowly back in time.