

Shoemaker

Sarah Harmer

What did it take to take all of your things
At least what you could carry
Full of promise and grim thoughts that you could drown in the water

Just the special things
Your wool, a ring, a book you bring for guidance
In a box that someone will watch as you push past the safety
Of home islands

A lonely sky
A shoemaker's eye
Had never seen a horizon
So wide

In the closet there's pioneer pages
Passed along, I'm him and I'm her
Who thinks of them now, their far away gazes
Just a face sent to the future

I was late to see it coming
It's been hard to watch it go
And I miss that way of knowing
I'll never know

So long this time
It's the end of a line
It's the end of a line that we're coming to

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It's the end of a line
It's the end of a line that we're coming to

So long this time
It's the end of a line
It's the end of a line that we're coming to

So long this time
It's the end of a line
It's the end of a line that we come to
That we come to
We're coming to