

## **Blueline Medic "Over The Lawn"**

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She's standing at the door and getting one thing clear.  
I throw the book down and march right into their eyes.  
I'm reduced to almost nothing now, still, I've  
apologised.  
Look out! The sky is knitting . . . filling . . . creeping in.  
I don't think it's going to just pass by.  
She stands at the door and gets her one thing clear;  
"I'm not my mother nor my aunt,  
So it's exactly what I mean when you little fool if I say I  
can't."  
She's shouting down, over the lawn  
And like an army under the door.  
Slow advancing.  
How will she sleep tonight with all that commotion  
going on?  
Something's beginning to fall.  
It's quiet now, there are bigger disasters  
And they they're gone into the ground and gutters and  
out to sea.  
Swept along with the dirt and leaves  
. . . and back up . . . back up into thin air.

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