

## Consider The Thief "Go Back"

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You can pull nails,  
But a hole is made,  
And for every hole a haunt  
Of memory  
Where the voids  
Left too small  
A space to slip  
Through my  
Recall, the  
Pieces pulled  
From my door,  
Or forget the holes  
And nails it once bore

You can pull nails,  
But the holes are made  
A haunting of memory,  
Of my mother who always  
Spoke to me  
In similes  
Of my father's hand,  
And the nails it drove

Can we go back  
To the way it was once  
Can we completely mend  
Or go back to once was  
Before I met you

Can we go back  
To the way it was once?  
I'd reclaim all those  
Pieces from the door  
I held  
Before I met you.

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