

Darren Hanlon

"That's How I Know"

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An old lost book has reappeared
With the pages all dog-eared
That's how I know you've been here

The garden's gone to rack and ruin
But I'll be up and the crack of noon
In time to seize the evening

They say that waking up is hard to do

It doesn't take a Sherlock Holmes
To decipher all your poems
As abstract as you make them

Put painted hand-prints on T-shirts
Laugh until the stomach hurts
Days like these don't have price tags

Talk of the love and the like
She let him borrow her bike
With tyres gasping for air

Brought it back with wheel rim buckled
He hopes that with any luck she'll
Decide to ride the bus to work come morning

They say that waking up is hard to do
But when she did
Breaking up has never been easier

Now there's a hint of that perfume
On blankets in the lounge room
That's how I know you slept there

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