

Jane Siberry "You Don't Need"

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I think it is the hardest
when I see you look at her
in a way I thought was only
meant for me --- inspired by me
and my heart is black and heavy
it is slags of Merthyr Tydfil
and it heaves once
and then it sighs once
and then there's nothing more

so I walk on through the marshes
and my cheeks are burning white
and my hood is your rejection
and my pain is your connection
and a bird I don't recall
called don't recall
called don't recall
and I know you must be there
because people stop to talk to you

you don't need...

and the wind howls cross the ice floes
and the frozen furrows quicken
as I stumble to the tundra
and the tundra is my lover
and I lie here
and I wait here
and I raise one arm unto the sky
and if I raise it high enough
and hold it long enough
will the snow pull me back through?

and it's Beddgelert and frozen dirt
the snow a soothing, smoothing, soothing hand

you don't need....

so I ate a star from the far back, black sky
and it floated up behind one eye and wavered there...

