

Kathryn Williams**"Shoulders"**

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Shoulders lean on a wall
Shadow a doorway
To nowhere at all
The sky has no surface
So you look at the floor
Eyes tire out when
You're searching for more

The crook of your shoulder is where I belong
The crook of your shoulder is where I belong
The crook of your shoulder

Like a fancy domed clock
Moves the sky over time
Looking behind me when you're only in my mind
Searching is endless
When there's nothing to find

Someone brushed past me
My name shouted out
The voice in my head when
I'm walking about
Endlessly searching
To figure it out

The crook of your shoulder is where I belong
The crook of your shoulder is where I belong
The crook of your shoulder

Like a fancy domed clock
The sky is a circle
Days are repeated
Around over time
Instead of beginnings
The clock ticks on and through
And through and through and through
And through and through and through

