

Kitchens Of Distinction

"Drained"

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And when she woke, she shook the dreams that bound
her tightly to her bed.
She cleaned it all. Tidied up and cut the cobwebs inside
her head.
Clinging on to frays of comfort what has she thrown
away?
Two lives incinerated drained. Nothing left to give now.
And there she walked. She came upon a tree, where
their lips first kissed.
A thunderbolt and then the sound frightened the birds
from their nest.
Clinging on to frays of comfort what has she thrown
away?
Two lives incinerated drained. Nothing left to give now.
Clinging on to frays of comfort what has she thrown
away?
Two lives incinerated drained. Nothing left to give now.

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