

Krystle Warren "Sunday Comfort"

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These circumstances, these days of the week
I'll pick them up, fold them in, make them origami
'til words form within and give me something to sing
Boats, trains, aeroplanes..I'll take anything.
These sweet pieces of love's etiquette
Spoil my appetite and make me forget
Can't find the hole that enabled the fall
Can't find the quarters to make sense of it all
When you were blind, I wrote a letter in braille
Thinking that you would take it as just everyday mail,
I carved out a soldier, wounded, laid on a cot
In quotes he asked you why it was that you shot
You left me looking for Sunday Comfort on a Monday
afternoon.

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