

## **Liz Durrett**

# **"Cup On The Counter"**

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The cup on the counter leaves a circular stain  
The rut from the tire is deep in the clay  
The flat of the grass where a body was laid  
The contents of pockets all strewn on a table

Why try to lie to me  
I'm not a child I know what I've seen  
Why try to lie to me  
I'm not a child I know what I've seen

The fray of the fabric, the edge of the chair  
The hard to reach places, the things you put there  
Ashes on cinders long after the flames  
The rain on the road leaves a beautiful haze

Why try to lie to me  
I'm not a child I know what I've seen  
Why try to lie to me  
I'm not a child I know what I've seen

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