

## **Marty Willson-Piper**

# **"How Come They Don't Touch The Ground"**

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Even yesterday has gone away  
Has tomorrow ever come  
Will next week last forever  
How come it's funny but it's not fun  
Have the fingers slipped, has time been cut  
Has the face misled the eye  
Break the glass let me out of here  
Why doesn't six come after five  
Turning, turning round and round  
My feet are burning  
How come they don't touch the ground  
I play a game on the paving stones  
The cracks seem so small to me  
I suddenly shrink and meet some insect friends  
And need binoculars to see across what now is wide to  
me  
They close the doors on another train  
The windows dirty as the floor  
You can play games with your reflections  
But I don't do that anymore  
I got up to leave  
But something I couldn't see--stopped me

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