

## Mary Timony "W.O.W."

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49 reasons to live and one to die.  
Which one do I see through my myopic eye?  
You're the only me I feel like talking to.  
I swallowed a bottle of you.  
Let's go for a ride, I'm a fighter, not a bride.  
(Do you think that you are sick? "No, I know I am not  
sick.")  
Once I was dying and then I talked to you.  
Now the seasons grow and the trees are in bloom.  
I'm tired of trying, I'm sad for those in pain.  
Once, I swallowed a river of rain.  
The seasons come and the seasons go  
and the worms of wisdom always know.  
The worms of wisdom always know,  
what will die and what will grow,  
the turning of the universal night into light, into dark,  
into day

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