

Norma Jean

"...Discipline Your Daughters"

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I can't recall that last day of sun
Curtains closed and sitting with the lights out
An uncertain emptiness surrounds me
I'm numb and my judgments have switched to autopilot
Nothing left but echoes and thoughts of moving on
Don't stay away but don't stay here.
Tell me all your secrets
I promise I'll be listening, and if you ever come back
home I'll be waiting patiently

Tell me nothing sacred. I promise I won't hear a word,
and if you ever come back home
I won't act so patiently
Black feathers and an unannounced call.
These things go hand in hand, like talking to you and
the intake of glass
I hope this knife in my hand speaks for itself...
She's not coming back

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