

Ben Weaver

"40 Watt Bulb"

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You can't beat lightning with a 40 watt bulb
You can only go one direction once your backs to the
wall
The scent in the air and the wind through the magnolia
tree
The branches bend and drop petals at my feet
Street lights balance on the shadow of a lost dog's tail
The sky looks like a table covered in fish scales

A black cat just crossed my path
Reminds me that today could be the last
It's no wonder you hurt like a bent crow bar
It's no wonder you runaway like dust from the saw
The curtains part like ruts down the old mill road
You can't expect to hold on and at the same time let go

The sorrow is sweet like a ruby in a blind man's ear
The truth is not forgiving no matter how convincing it
seems
Time is naked as a mannequin but always dressed in
style
After all this time between us can you forgive me now?
The world loves bad news when it comes from a pretty
mouth
The earth groans in sorrow as the farmer hitches up his
plough

I didn't know what I had till I threw it all away
I took things past the point where there was anything
left to save
From a car window I watched you drift downstream
But objects in the mirror are closer than they seem
From the outstretched wings of a dirty dove
There's a knot only idiots tie and it's called love

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