

Peter Mulvey

"Tender Blindspot"

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It's cold, but at least the sun is out
Her breath hangs glowing in the air
She's standing at the car with the key in her hand
Like a sleeper coming back from somewhere
All at once, the weight has lifted
Forgotten the weeping all last night
She's wearing a frown borrowed from her father
Her head is tilted a little to the right
And it's just your tender blindspot
Not the ruination of your soul
As long as trees are skying
Tears are weeping seas to make us whole
Still you wonder why you're aching
Why you should go on, you just don't know
But it's just your tender blindspot
From that tender blindspot you must go
The days are short and grey
It's the hardest time of year
And she must have missed the road sign that said

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