

Philip Glass

"My Worst Habit"

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My worst habit I get so tired of winter.

I became a torture to those I'm with.
If you're not here, nothing grows.
I lack clarity.
My words wrangle and knot up.

How to cure bad water?
Send it back to the river.
How to cure bad habits?
Send me back to you.

When water gets caught in habitual whirlpools,
Dig a way out through the bottom of the ocean.
There is a secret medicine given only to those
Who hurt so hard they can't hope.
The hoppers would feel slighted if they knew.

Look as long as you can at the friend you love,
No matter whether that friend is moving away from you
Or coming back towards you.

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