

## Allison Crowe

### "Both Hands"

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I am walking  
out in the rain  
and I am listening to the low moan  
of the dial tone again  
and I am getting  
nowhere with you  
and I can't let it go  
and I can't get through

And the old woman  
behind the pink curtains  
and the closed door  
on the first floor  
she is listening to the air shaft  
to see how long our swan song will last

And both hands  
now use both hands  
oh no, don't close your eyes  
I am writing  
graffiti all over your body  
I am drawing the story of  
how hard we tried  
how hard we tried

And I am watching your chest  
rise and fall  
like the tides of my life  
and the rest of it all  
and your bones have been my bed-frame  
and your flesh has been my pillow  
and I've been waiting for sleep  
to offer up the deep  
with both hands  
oh, with both hands

And in each other's shadow  
we've grown less and less tall  
and eventually our theories  
didn't explain it all  
and now I'm writing our history

up on the bedroom wall  
and when we leave the landlord will come  
and paint over it all

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