

## **Pram**

# **"Serpentine"**

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Suddenly I notice that the brightness of the day  
Makes the shadows darker, makes the shadows  
deeper  
As they creep from the corners and a feeling in myself  
As if I were weighted down with lead

Somebody's whistling in the winter sunlight  
Some old bitter song that makes me want to shiver

All the hours are hanging as if caught on celluloid  
Reeling ever closer, coiling ever tighter  
As if they conspired to conceal from me  
The secret of my gloom

Somebody's whistling in the winter sunlight  
Some old bitter song that makes me want to shiver

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