

Sarah Harmer "Pendulums"

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We are like pendulums
Our arms swinging at our sides
And I am a good little clock
Walking along power lines

I'm thinking like a swinging door
Hinging on these changing thoughts
Between the pull up to the shore
And the push off

In the lines of footprints in the snow
All along the edges of the road
I haven't even walked my block
Since I moved out here years ago

The secret lives of twist ties
The hidden story in one line

In the lines of footprints in the snow
All along the edges of the road
I haven't even walked my block
Since I moved out here years ago

We are like pendulums
Our arms swinging at our sides
And I am a good little clock
I'm ticking off the time

The distant lights are twinkling
It means there is a wind
That blows the trees against themselves
And hard into this house I'm sleeping in
I'm sleeping in

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