

## Steve Way

### "The Gift"

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She pulls back a calico curtain  
Half shuts her eyes to the light  
Inside she is warm but uncertain  
If she's unlocked the chains of the night.  
She looks down on the street  
Where they're selling their meat  
And remembers her feet felt so raw,  
And the church of her heart  
Is now falling apart  
Laying ruined and bare on the floor.

She no longer fears the rejection  
She knows she's not tired or worn  
For she has the perfect infection  
Her body is battered and torn.  
She pulls down a blind  
At the back of her mind  
So no-one but strangers will see,  
Then she turns out the light  
Saying one last 'Goodnight,  
I have so many places to be.'

They laid out her body on granite  
Tortured and twisted in grey  
The thought that I caught was, Would I  
Always recall her this way?  
Down in her soul  
They discovered a hole  
That was cold as coldest coldest be  
But her spirit lives on  
In a rose by the lawn  
And this gift that she's given to me.

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