

## Emily Picha

### "Revolving Doors"

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You've got this little fantasy  
involving a revolving door  
You've got no itch for the train tracks  
You ask me what that suitcase is for  
And I can feel the earth in your eyes  
when they look upon me  
I wish I could stay rooted under these open skies  
but I like the way the earth moves me.

Do you remember sweet Saginaw  
your first ride on a train  
with your head out the window  
and your timid little tongue  
just tasting the rain  
and your feet tapping the toerest  
this is the rhythm I began to live with  
and there were no superhero powers  
and no mind control games  
it was just your eyes in the morning  
and their warm save gleam

I have been blessed.

My penny jar gets me just south of Charleston  
where the cabbie drops me off at the curb  
he says I could get you all the way to New York  
if you had the money and a little nerve  
But the phone booth is singing me a song  
and I am sailing away  
I say I know I will get farther  
but probably not today

And I see a seagull  
in ruins on the sidewalk  
his feathers are all cloggin up the drainway  
all white and wet and lost  
but this is no signal  
yes i've seen it all before  
my body's screaming for your tidepool  
but ah the skyline, the open door

I have been blessed .

You know I still get your letters  
the ones with the lingering women  
but the empty home  
and I know I can fill up those spaces  
but right now I'm better off alone  
because I am just your kind of woman  
I am just your kind of girl  
I just wanted to tear open the porthole  
I wanted to see the world

I have been blessed .

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