

## Nursery Rhyme

Amanda Shires

If you aren't tip-toeing, then you're stomping across my mind  
And I know it's time, I know it's way past time

My breath, a prayer, I'm holding in  
I know you're coming soon  
But until then I'm keeping distracted  
Avoiding the growing truth

I've been digging up weeds  
And lucid dreaming of sky's degrees of blue  
I've been staying up late and sleeping in  
There's only so much to do

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I've washed the car and stained the deck  
Pulled a randomly growing vine  
Had it been bull nettle  
I'd have killed some more time crying

I've been reading the classics, scanning the news  
It all goes in the mouth of the muse

Between planting trees and avoiding parties  
I've burned some holes in my shoes

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