

## Cut By Wire

Mary Black

The letter stopped in a minor key  
A Christmas card that you drew for me  
Done by the hand that I knew so well  
Disguised the message that you could not tell

I see you bent above your potter's wheel  
The piece you've throwing is the piece you feel  
The softest colour and an eye so true  
For cups and bowls that are shaped like you

You work in porcelain cut by wire  
Now as ever lovers walk through fire  
When we were breaking we made no sound  
The pieces almost touching on the ground

And now your silence says there's someone there  
She stands behind you as she strokes your hair  
How does she hold you like a long lost friend  
Or are you like me on your own again

And so I write you in a minor key  
Wondering if there's something left for me  
I'm only writing so that I can sleep  
I never found another love as deep