

Song

Lyrics for Duckling
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Memory Loss

I left the lights on in the car
'cause yours turn off on their own.
Found my battery dead in the cold
and I walked five miles home.

You once woke me and told me
“the window's been open all night,”
betrayed, like I let the light in
uninvited, like an unknown stray.

Now I'm awake and I'm crawling
out the window like a teen
face down in the gravel, searching
to be lost, for silence in my ears.

There's a spider inside my mind,
a rustle behind my eardrum,
cobwebs where I forgot to dust
and its musty and cluttered
back in the dark. I swore I saw it
in the corner of my eye.

I swore I saw it, back in the dark
it's not a flaw to forget.

Slow

listen to them shouting down the hall
radio and tv at the same time
wonder why you've felt so behind
there's something making you falter

there's something slow in the water
there's something creeping in

it's deafening, pressing in on you
you can't shut out all the noise
you only have your own voice
it's okay to want to be softer

Habit

are you healing?
are your bruises fading?
you keep throwing yourself on the floor
ask me for help, I'm so close now
when you're hurting you ask for more

are you healing?
do you feel alive?
you keep holding your hand in the fire
can you hear me?
we've been here before
when you're hurting you ask for more

and I know it's hard to say when
and I know it's hard to quit
you can't know the last time is the last
'til after you've decided you won't look back

Winter

All my blues glow yellow sun
low on the horizon, cold.
Born in retrograde
mercury dropping below.
Zero light, inside or out.
Huddle in the snowfall
hibernate in my mind
curl up on your tummy like a cub asking:

where will you be in five years?
Tell me all your existential fears
I bet they're holding hands with mine,
tell me — where will you be in five years?

Bright night, moonlit snow
sparks fly from the fire we light,
melt deep to the heart of dirt
remind me of the earth beneath us.
Tell me, where do your memories go
when you're not trying to dig them up, tell me:

where will you be in five years?

Wildfire

sweat on your back
shallow breaths in thick air
dry heat on the wind
the sun is the flash of the eyes of a fox
when a hare springs to life

it's a wildfire summer
no clothes, no night
and we spent all winter
waiting for this fire to light

try to block out the sun
in salt soaked sheets
smelling like a campfire
orange light burns over the hills
smoke will rise

Turn

to say it's dark would be a lie
your skin — it burns white hot
I can't help but turn to you
a ship sighting in to shore
a moth drawn to the porch

and we start the whole thing over
like the second cup of wine
the moon tonight is sobering
but my hands are tied
burn your image in my mind

you caught me
mouth full of glass
hands in my pants
eyes on the door