



Solange

"Cranes in the Sky"

A Seat at the Table

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Saint / Columbia

On "Cranes in the Sky" by Solange

Lorraine Steriopol

You twist and
Turn in my grasp,
Tumbling in circles around my palms and
Slipping from in-between my faltering fingers,
Sloshing, wet with the sweat of holding too tight.
Resistance turns my knuckles
White.

Mismatched words choke through
Your gritting teeth, but still I
Hold tight.

I squeeze.

I squeeze and squeeze
Until I strain the life
Out of you
Or out of me.

Which one
Will it be?

I drink the remnants of our
Memories, of times you,
Swore you adored me,
Revisiting them endlessly,
Wringing them dry,
Only to breathe them
Back to life,

One million times.

Still, I hold tight.
Resistance turns my knuckles
White, and I refuse to believe that
You are right to take flight.
Is a life without you
Really a life?

It cannot be that we're better off
Free.

I do not believe in a you
Without me.