

The house is a mess  
Again  
Again

It doesn't matter, it doesn't matter  
Try to be kind, at least,  
Because it matters, it matters

We are trying to bail a tsunami with a tea cup

Impossible, exhausting, what is the point?

Look at the china, it came from Stoke, I think,  
Spode perhaps,  
Look at the handle.  
Delicate.  
The pattern beneath the rim.  
There's beauty here.

I see a storm

I can't live like this

I can't cope

Let's stop for tea,  
Warm our souls, fan our embers  
Find ourselves here, a ritual offering.

I guess - I have to make it

It is me doing everything

I haven't slept a wink in weeks

Cradle this cup with the tips of your fingers,  
Think of what it took us to get this,  
Keep it safe,  
Bring it with us.

You bought us here,

You made this happen,

It is your fault

Don't make me say things I don't mean  
You lost your job  
Working longer, harder,  
For less.  
I came for more.

I don't want to separate

But we need to.

I will not make it happen,  
I am tired of fighting the sea with an umbrella  
I can not dig us out of here with a spoon,  
Battle wildfire with a waterbottle,  
The wind with a flag.

I surrender

Me Too

At last