

# I Haven't Got the Answers

*Eartha Duley*

Where are you in this porcelain painting?  
Where am I in this fragile structure?  
We're neither here nor there nor anywhere  
Our faces are cloaked and hidden  
Sheathed by something still unknown to us  
Our confusion, our ignorance, our shelters, maybe?  
I haven't got the answers, I washed them down the drain  
I saw that they were stupid and vain  
I heard the questions sneaking behind my back  
I felt them tear as I fell on my knees  
I knew it was them that gathered together and  
rolled down my cheeks  
My body is worn and battered  
My life, about the same  
And I haven't got the answers, because  
I washed them down the drain . . .  
Questions are banging down my door  
Step inside the four walls to search and explore  
The answers they seek  
Aren't written on my feet  
But rather they've gone to be seen no more  
Tell me things I don't want to know  
Give me answers I don't want to know  
The answers you give will be washed down the drain  
Because I saw that they were stupid and vain  
A secret lies deep within my stomach  
No one will find it there  
It's buried deep, under lots of old clothes and  
Memories of childhood  
Colorful and delightful now shrouded in black  
What has made it pull the covers over its head?  
I ask but no one knows the answers to the questions of my soul  
All the wisdom has left the world  
and the answers we no longer know  
My secret sleeps in shame  
Because our world is full of pain  
And I do not know the answers  
Because I washed them down the drain