

She's all yours, be inclined not to do anything
The lobby zombies sat up smoking
Floating across cities contemplating jazz
Astound the girl at dawn looking for a saint of divorce
But to cemeteries running rampart, tell all about werewolves
Dragging themselves through the cave beneath the Falls
He wants our Mary Lou! Together on the third degree sofa
And I understanding why scream "You must feel! It's beautiful to feel!"
And the family thinking, not getting angry, instead take her
Don't take her! And I, trembling, knowing what was going to happen
Sit there. And she, going just so far for a young man
Woo her, seated before a family, a scourge of bigamy
When she introduces me, O how terrible, how else to feel?
Just wait, indifferent
And only a handful, all her family and friends, all streaming into this woman's tombstone
Supernatural darkness lights the constellations of the sky

Sarah diGiovanna