

Should I tell them we're losing a daughter?

Oh, I'd live, devising ways to break

And high heavenly connection leans against an old crooked bend in the road

Strangled by a tie, these corny men slapping me on the back

And all her preliminaries and forked clarinets

Oh God, where is this leading us?

I saw the best minds of my generation wither away

And her poverty and tatters and hollow-eyed beating heart

Will never be the same

Sarah diGiovanna