

the old car in the driveway just
jumped backwards twice — like
the pull before any good renaissance.

now - love and hate are kissing in the
backseat as it flies on down the road.

raised in the shadows of sluts and rebels,
jenny diver kept her pearls away
from the drunkest cassanoves
and the bold crash city girls —

every era seems to have a different way to
say. we don't belong —
~~as science grows it~~ each day
~~it gets ^{harder} to understand~~ see
that we really do. especially for
the ones that ~~don't have~~ long for
~~what they've never had.~~
especially for the ones that don't
have you.

an ill mind - the body of a dancer -
rumbling el. leather the color of
childhood and various other shades we
never really understood

~~there is no good in the world~~ there
is ~~only~~ there is no goodness here —
there only is your shining self.
there is no evil here — there are
just things i don't want to be.