## a pity by DJ Young

Morning crooks over a soot-covered sill looking like a millstone fresh from the mill. There really isn't much to see.

The one that I love - doesn't love me.

Work and play and I forget the rest means nothing at all when you're 27th best. Or the fifty-first. Or four hundred and seventy-three.

The one that I love - doesn't love me.

Hair loss, weight loss, last minute's style everything goes thin and tatty after a while. What does it matter when you're small as a flea?

The one that I love - doesn't love me.

Tramp in the weeds, tramping the lawn, the world feels shifty when you've been put-upon (and everywhere you step, someone's had a wee)

The one that I love - doesn't love me.

The sun over there can go h

a n

q itself.

These books look better in dust on the shelf. The moon's a teabag sunk in a radium-colored sea. The one that I love - doesn't love me.

I'll write trite verses a penny a line and sell them to you for a diamond mine.

Then I'll blow up the mine with a thousand pounds of TNT.

The one that I love - doesn't love me.

Shred all the letters and rip the arms off the clocks choke every dog on his leash and take a piss off the public docks. Make an ass of myself. And a mess the world would pay to see.

The one that I love - doesn't love me.