

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
g 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.

