

Art Takes Over

by Jerry Ratch

She must fuck like a marmot

That's all I can say, if he already turned his back

On the Statue of Puberty

To get near to her

What do you think it means?

He joins the hierarchy

Where they sit

On the steps of life

And she passes the healing comb

Through the hair of his soul

During the night

As she retouches her youth

And art takes over

Where the electric misses the mark

Dark spots like this

Don't always fall off the sun

Anymore

And life and death don't mean

The same to everyone

