

One-Month Marathon

Eleanor Friedberger

The one-month marathon is ending on Sunday
And for my last ensemble, I will be wearing nothing at all
For my last ensemble, I will be wearing nothing at all

Can I play in your closet?
Can I poke around your drawer?
Can I see through your mirror?
Can I come in your store, baby?

Bolts of lightning came from 38th Street
In raw silk and wool
He carried it over his shoulder down 7th Avenue
She said, "I'm gonna wrap the night around your neck
Slice off your head, Daddy
I wish it was just the three of us again
I wish it was just you, me and her"

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We cut holes off our arms
And he wrapped it around me
It was a nice long dress, but it was too hot to keep on
So we made a necklace out of rope and a piece of a tin can

He's on an old brick expedition
Let's study the ruins, baby
Let's study the stonemasonry, lady
Let's come back with a handpainted tile from the 19th century
But I need my new phone to show me the way

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