

On The Table

A.C. Newman

On the table, the deal that kept the courts at arms length,
Stealing our thoughts with the force of their non-
sequiturs - amateurs.

On the table, the view behind the legs of dancers,
Windows of chance there, lost on the trail of dissent - innocent.
Do re mi, innocent.

On the table, the deal between the thieves and exits,
Common and breathless, shrugging at what they've become - number one.

On the table, the steal that kept the courts at arms length,
Stealing our hearts with the force of the new evidence - innocent.
Do re mi, innocent.

Now the plain blondes are playing along with you
On the table, our hopes become a starting pistol,
Though we have missed all the minutes, we know what we've won.
Are we done?

On the table, the deal between the legs of mankind,
Walking a straight line, copping a plea as they went - innocent.
Do re mi, innocent.

Now the plain blondes are playing along with you
On the table