

## The Farewell Party

Cursive

"Bon Voyage"

And promptly he hung up the phone  
There was a doorbell ringing  
So he snuck out onto the terrace  
He said "If these were my last words,  
would they even make print?  
If all I had to say was simply over said  
by those old heretics."  
These words are counterfeit  
Xeroxed off of memory  
And no one's listening  
...HEY...

Twilight dawns  
All the champagne is gone  
All that's left is left behind  
Doorbells, still lives

"Since you're leaving  
was it a hollowed out heart?  
It seems like you've been yearning for some wordly position.  
Somewhere you can curl up in a little ball."

It seems the world collapses  
In the mother's womb  
The place of birth  
Where we're all condemned  
It's the warm, sad, jaded end  
Starving for salvation of a terrace  
Drunk, tired, and alone  
Farewell dead skin

These words are second-hand  
They're dry  
They're cracked-plastic lies  
They're cheap old whores  
Who wasted their lives  
In search of the warmest womb