

## Posters

Dada

She was sixteen going on fifty  
I'm not quite sure exactly  
What that means  
But her speakers screamed Sinatra

And the Zombies  
Her hair hung red around her  
Ripped blue jeans  
She said she was Jim Morrison

Incarnate  
A psychic on La Brea told her so  
She asked me if I ever read Lolita  
She took my hand and lead me to

Her door  
And she said  
Let's go to my room  
I'll show my posters

Let's go to my room  
I'll show you I'm a lover  
She locked the door behind me  
She lit a candle

Then blew it out said the moon  
Would do just fine  
The lizard king and T. Rex for wall  
Paper

Above her bed hung a  
No-Parking sign  
She asked me if I liked her  
Decorator

As she stripped behind a wall of  
Raining beads  
I woke up with her pillow and her  
Diary

She took her bath as I began to  
Read  
And she said  
Let's go to my room

I'll show you my posters  
Let's go to my room  
I'll show you I'm a lover