

## Monica

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I remember Monica at the U.S. Open  
She might have been 16  
Couldn't have been much more  
Answering some questions and giggling  
I'd never seen someone so alive on TV before  
Do you remember Monica shrieking on her backhand?  
Disguising herself when she went out at night?  
Coloring her hair like something was telling her  
Stay low, invisible and out of sight  
And then, Monica, the blade came, Monica  
Like God spitting on you, a knife in your back  
We read it in the paper and moved on to other things  
But for you all the colors fade to black  
And oh, Monica, there you are, Monica  
On the cross with Jesus and Martin Luther King  
Just like John Lennon by that hotel  
You have to pay for our sins  
Was it like being raped? Was it like being dead?  
Like a bad movie over and over again?  
Then did everyone who came close to you  
Suddenly hold a knife in their hand?  
And now, you're back, Monica  
Grim and hammering  
Trying not to think about that thing then  
I hope that you win every medal you can win  
But it may never be much fun again  
And oh, Monica, there you are, Monica  
On the cross with Jesus and Martin Luther King  
Just like John Lennon by that hotel  
You have to pay for our sins  
Just like Jesus by that hotel  
You have to pay for our sins