

Willetta

Dear and the Headlights

Oh I was on my way to doing something else, you prop my eyelids
up with toothpick thoughts

Thursday, shuffling feet on your cemetery lawn
Weeping about your skin, in your sleep you just slid it off
Just so you could get dressed up in this
Your nightgown of oak, your ribbons of roots
Is there nothing you want from me now, no help I could give but
to lower you down?

Oh all your friends are standing by waving greedy goodbyes
I've got nothing now that I want to say
You wouldn't talk back anyway

And you know we won't do what you wanted us to
There ain't nothing here to celebrate
We're all worse off without you

At that feast in some two star hotel
I'm circling the room and mingling half stunned
Nauseous with the truth of it all
Knowing here the whole time this won't really fade
Now it just stays in out spines

Oh but we're all shaking hands offering condolences
Stories of some envied youth, less life threatening more moot

And our eyes they all drown, our tongues get wrung out
There ain't nothing here for us to taste that ain't bitter already

They warn us our reservation is up, it just seems so cruel
Like the parasites that eat your thoughts your plot gets covered up
By someone who never even knew you

Oh then the curtain comes down, the crowd it thins out
There's no reason now for us to stay
And we all hurry home because it won't be long till we're in your place