

# One-Month Marathon

Eleanor Friedberger

The one-month marathon is ending on Sunday  
And for my last ensemble, I will be wearing nothing at all  
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Can I play in your closet?  
Can I poke around your drawer?  
Can I see through your mirror?  
Can I come in your store, baby?

Bolts of lightning came from 38th Street  
In raw silk and wool  
He carried it over his shoulder down 7th Avenue  
She said, "I'm gonna wrap the night around your neck  
Slice off your head, Daddy  
I wish it was just the three of us again  
I wish it was just you, me and her"

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We cut holes off our arms  
And he wrapped it around me  
It was a nice long dress, but it was too hot to keep on  
So we made a necklace out of rope and a piece of a tin can

He's on an old brick expedition  
Let's study the ruins, baby  
Let's study the stonemasonry, lady  
Let's come back with a handpainted tile from the 19th century  
But I need my new phone to show me the way

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