

Why I'm Lonely

Harvey Danger

Saint Leonard touched a Philistine --
A sacred tongue, a perfect rhyme --
But even he was "not much nourished
By modern love."

So I told her that everything she does is divine
And she replied with a blank expression
(an object lesson in making me feel benign)
Then whispered, "Independence and indifference
Are the wings which allow the heart to fly."

Feelings I have had too often,
Still no plan in place
To soften the inevitable blow
(the rituals we know).
And with the right revolting piety of tone,
The word "freedom"
Can make you want to lock yourself
In a deep dark dungeon.

But everybody follows pleasure,
Everybody gets somewhere. I swear,
I wish I could be less aware...

Now it's absolutely clear to me
That solitude is not the same as singularity,
But that's not why I'm lonely.
No, that's not why I'm lonely.