

Is This All

Jonatha Brooke

All things being equal,
Her beauty was not her fault
And it was not her only advantage
Midst the feast and the novelty-
The manliness of his charms...
So was it really such a shock,
So much history in a kiss,
Besides, they both knew it was over
What do they have to worry about,
just privacy and pain
And the damage they've done

Is this all?
Can I go now?
Is this all?

So when you sleep do not dream
The dreams they weigh you down
When you carry them along with you
They will wrack your lovely body
Report back to your soul
All the sickening sweets of the afternoon
As we lose the last of innocence
Like some romantic notion
Buried by the fashion of disdain
You can make the world your apple
But take a bite before it sours
Or you can make the world your charm or your chain

Is this all?
Can I go now?
Is this all?