

Jeremy Engle
Lives in a tangled
Rent controlled apartment
With his communist family
There are books all around them
The dining room table is lacquered
With news clippings
Yellowing badly
They argue at dinner
His brother's friends drop by
To throw a line in or two
About Tolstoy
They all play guitar
And they're all very far away
In their own minds
From the upper west side
Of manhattan
I never got past his
Googly eyes
That looked at me sadly
In mocking surprise
The way a lord looks at his placemat
Or a stain on his tie
It never happened for me
And Jeremy Engle though
Wanted to step through that portal
And try on that other dimension
Of high high browism
Jeremy's hair and brow
Grow very high
And no not I
I'm more of a napkin
Not blessed with the vision
Beyond how I'm matching
The china and wine
Now there are the Engles
Skewering Lenin
And chewing through
Six pounds of venison
Thigh that they shot up
In upstate New York
At their uncle's
Jeremy needs me
To wipe off his eye
Some gelatinous thingy
That his brother's rebuttaling
Mouthful let fly
Sometimes all you need is a napkin
Sometimes all you need is a napkin