

Oh Angelina,
aren't we lucky to live in this odd little world?
Aren't we lucky to stand in this funeral line?
And if we marry,
I'll kiss every tear from her eyes,
if we marry,
I'll love every word from her lovely young mouth,
and we'll drive past the violent blooms of the opulent
south...
We walked past the cathedrals,
and the lampposts all humming,
and I told her that though
I can't bend back the barbs of these wires,
aren't we lucky to live in this world full of fire,
and I told her about how you would sing for your life as
a child,
and I showed her azaleas and books of pressed flowers you
pulled wild,
and I told her how lucky was all that I ever have been,
and will you marry me,
Kimberly Anne?