

St. Louise Is Listening

Soul Coughing

I stopped the thought before its drip became insistent. I rubbed it out and loved the spot where it was missing. She's widely known, the only maquereau that pays her taxes. I got to box her for the money.

You don't use words like that--St. Louise is listening.

You rang the Eskimo to meet you at the station. Oh he's like milk to you, half-Swedish and half-Asian. And your aphasia strikes a bargain with the barter yardie. I got to box you for the money.

I could be your baby-doll. I could be your doll, baby. I could be the thing you want. I could do it all for you.

Let me get up on it. Let me. Let me.