

Harelip

Tomahawk

I am the harelip.
Give me one more kiss.
We'll have a mardi gras on deserted streets.
Fingers and forceps.
Raw meat and muzak.
The bubbles in the wine keep the nerves dead.

I was awake all through the surgery.
The people dancing, laughing, all for me.
You sewed me up but it will never heal.
Will I forget then learn to smile some day.

Potbellied sick bed.
All scars and sweet breads.
A lonely vacation, your own Disney parade.
It's all that he has.
Clamped up by Walkmans.
A midnight waiting room.
Hear the distant screams.

I was awake all through the surgery.
The people dancing, laughing, all for me.
You sewed me up but it will never heal.
Will I forget then learn to smile some day.