

His Perfection

Waterdeep

Paul kicks up trash on a dirty street.
A few pages dance away in the wind.
They cause a deep breath and a lusty sigh
when he compares them to his Rosalind.

Early on Roz was a sight to behold,
and she always made him feel like a man,
But Paul thinks time's been cruel to her form
the way the ocean wears away at the sand.

His perfection is a neon light.
It stains his flashing eye.
And the after-image in his head at night
is nothing but a lie.

He wants his world to be a perfect one,
says she no longer fills his needs.
so he crams her into iron clothes,
and gives her steel bread dough to knead.

His perfection is a neon light.
It stains his flashing eye.
And the after-image in his bed at night
is nothing but a lie.