

Paper Hearts

WHY?

To be born is anything but this
The dying wish of a dinosaur's dish
Of no use, a shitty gift like a single slipper
I go diffuse in city quick like the little dipper
She's cute with little titties and a sense of humor
But to tell you the truth, sir
I pity the poor fool, her
Fruitless in a holster and clueless in a kiss
I'm older than death
Vulgar with unfresh breath
During sex I might put us in some joke positions
But it's scary always how we end up in missionary
Like the daring men who fight to submission
Barely conscious there to care about the split decision
Your sour thoughts you wield at me
You wring out your melon
But it yields only drops like an unripe lemon
All a man can understand is your bad intentions
The less you talk the more you draw and seal and ending
Keep leafing through the glossary
Sitting there puffing weed
Telling me repeatedly all the things you want to be
The thug's just a boy once my money in the bags
Is your love but a ploy like Bugs Bunny in drag?
I leave my lungs open, exposed to the whole crew
While you sneak a bump and smoke cloves in the coat room
Itching like a local ho
Wishing like Pinocchio
The wind is at my back anew
But still I feel the lack of you
Oh, you were so heavy in my heart, boo
That soon no longer could my true heart hold you
And like the angular Etruscan tchotchke my mom got me
At the Met gift shop in '92
Tearing from the brown paper bag I kept it in when it was new
After I left it overnight when it was wet with dew
It sounds blue and shitty
But of course kid, like the little skinny bronze horse did
You fell through
You were like a buoy I put down in open ocean
But with no cross staff and no compass in my possession
And too far out for a lighthouse to provide discretion
How could I presume that you'd divine direction
Must have patience
Accept no imitations
Take no paper hearts and fucking hate carnations
Though my home is vacant
Yeah I'm lonesome while I wait
That's no open invitation made to hope we make acquaintance
The long walks home from the laundromat
In Pop-Pop's Holden Caulfield hat
Alone, lost for certain
Dry and pent
Dead bent like a merchant ivory gent
Yes, to yet get a spouse and kids
Have a house full
But I'm hard to be around

And sterile as a roused mule
Preemptive nostalgia of the possible but doubtful
Preemptive nostalgia of the possible but doubtful

And always something reminds me of you