

Laura Stevenson

"Renée"

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Renée make a promise to me, let your hair grow to
your knees, and I will not be far, you'll not be in harms
way, Renée. The stragglers bring mud to your door,
and trouble for all those who mourn, but do not answer
it, stay inside and leave the lights unlit, and night and
day I watch you hide away Renée. Oh, the full moon,
can't afford the pull that's coming from the likes of you.
And oh, to tell you. I bet it said, "if it wasn't for me, the
waves won't come." High in its bed it goes moving with
your moving car, it said, "the hardest part is getting
older, the hardest part is getting old." Renée you've
a way to row, through a lake of fire and fog of cigarette
smoke. The dirt-eating moon, don't hurt her, be good.

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