

**Darren Hanlon****"The Ostracism Of Vinny Lalor"**

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All around the room in a whirl  
You saw dancers catch fire when you were still a girl  
In a town that's built on the whispers of tattlers  
But yet to inspire a single a single dot in the  
Commonwealth atlas

God only knows how these things ever start  
An empty plate in the place of a heart  
That finds it's way on a trail of crumbs  
And stains windowpanes on the prints of thumbs

So go take rest  
Pull the blankets up tightly with your knees to your  
chest  
A far off sound  
But to such delicate ears it must seem like there's a  
zoo burning down

A nagging ache there must be some place better  
Searched through every library book down to the last  
letter  
Even Thornfield Manor sounds enticing  
With echoes down the hall and on the walls the heads  
of bison

So go take rest  
Pull the blankets up tightly with your knees to your  
chest  
A schoolyard song  
And no one can blame you for getting it so horribly  
wrong

The old saddlers breath that always smells of leather  
The cafe sign letters been faded forever  
Irrelevant facts from the history tester  
Snowed under the chalk dust of last semester

Can't you see  
What it's done to your mother, what it's done to me?  
All their words  
Will shatter into pieces when I lock you in my arms

again

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