

Brian Doerksen

"The Great Pretender"

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Monica sighed
Rolled on her side
She was so impressed that she just surrendered

She was moved by his wheels
She was just up from wales
He was fuelled by her coals and he was coming to
catch her

Lose the sense of time
Nail down the blinds
And in the succulent dark there's a sense of ending

Joking aside
The mechanical bride
Has fallen prey to the great pretender.

Let me just point out discreetly
Though you never learn
All those tawdry late night weepies
I could make you weep more cheaply

As the empty moon enamels
Monica with spoons and candles
Bangs around without the light on
Furniture to get it right on

Settled in a homely fishpool
Hung with little eels
Often thinks that travel widens
'stay at home, the trout obliges'

Monica sighed
Rolled on to her side
She was so impressed that she just surrendered.

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