

## Legenda

### "The Month After"

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Under the table and down in the pit with out plastic  
Potatoes and Joe-Joe the dove on the spit. On the  
Spoons you made rhythm; I whistled the blues cos  
My throats been misused and my voice is a crack in  
The tar. In the jar is a tablet they sent in the post,  
With a pamphlet. With an order; "Take this when the  
Pain gets too much!" I confess I feel nothing at all . . .  
I'm bored and you're bald, but I laughed when you  
Called me the snail. My red trail runs behind me.  
I'm guilty, no secrets. You're not such a picture  
Yourself--but your brown eyes I know so very well.  
They're sadder and wiser; We've finally been  
Through it all. Now our time's slowly ticking away.  
Do you think there's a heaven? [ Backwards: I feel  
nothing at  
All ]

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