

## Malady "Said Simone"

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Down by the old cemetery where the presidents rot,  
down by the tombstones beyond the moaning gates  
where the old men wait, well-dressed and  
underground. Yes the black buzzards smile. Oh yes,  
the gates moan. Calling for me to rescue. They all weep  
into my bones. Summer dress. Handsome smile.  
Lovers lips. Ah her cure. The moans calling her to  
rescue. There she is, enter Simone. I swear we're all  
there. Right there, we moan, calling her to rescue. "We  
pray you never leave us, our singing somber mistress,"  
they said.

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