

## Dan Bern

# "No Missing Link"

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I remember Monica  
At the US Open  
She mighta been 16  
Couldn't've been much more  
Answering some questions  
And giggling, I'd never seen  
Someone so alive on TV before  
Do you remember Monica  
Shrieking on her backhand  
Disguising herself as she went out at night  
Coloring her hair  
Like someone was telling her  
Lay low, invisible, and out of sight  
And then, Monica  
The blade came, Monica  
Like God spitting on you, a knife in your back  
We read it in the paper  
Then moved on to other things  
But for you all the colors, fade to black  
And oh, Monica  
There you are, Monica  
On the cross with Jesus and Martin Luther King  
Just like John Lennon, by that hotel  
You have to pay for our sins  
Was it like being raped?  
Was it like being dead?  
Like a bad movie over and over again?  
And then, did everyone who came close to you  
Suddenly hold a knife in their hand?  
And now you're back, Monica  
Grim and hammering  
Trying not to think about that thing, then  
And I hope that you win  
Every medal you can win  
But it may never be much fun again  
And oh, Monica  
There you are, Monica  
On the cross with Jesus and Martin Luther King  
Just like John Lennon, by that hotel  
You have to pay for our sins  
Just like Jesus, by that hotel  
You will have to pay for our sins

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