

## **Regina Mab**

### **"Ave Maria"**

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A boy on a train with a birthmark on his forehead  
Listening to language tapes and all he hear is birds  
Everyone laughs cause he brings his own chair to the  
office  
Convinced that the cushions will give him steadier  
thoughts

The muscles of the intellectuals are atrophying  
Nobody?s running, nobody?s hiding  
They?re lit by a light that isn?t even the sun  
Lit by a light that isn?t even the moon  
Ave maria?

Now how many times have i told you not to go there?  
How many times have i begged you not to go?  
And how many times have you snuck down to that  
cellar  
Just to watch how the roots begin to grow straight up  
through our floor?

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