

## Riendeau

# "Please Don't Touch The Cylinders"

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I made my demands for a paper heart and olive eyes,  
She started this.

She clutched the ransom like her rosary,  
Quoting from the past.

“Another twenty-one gun salute for the martyr.”  
Dripping mascara and stopping sound,  
Another twenty-one gun salute for the martyr,  
That murder.

She was a tiger, with sharp teeth and polished nail.  
Preying on the lonely souls, with a scent of sex appeal.

Digging deeper, reaching further.  
My heart will shed the veins that bind.  
Love, oppression, disaster, devotion.  
Your Body, My Satellite.  
Carry on, carry on, Magdalene.  
Part of me will always be your guide.  
Part of me will always be.

Part of me will only be seen in the night sky.

Digging deeper, reaching further.  
My heart will shed the veins that bind.  
Carry on, carry on, my Magdalene.

Love, oppression, disaster, devotion.  
Part of me will only be seen in the night sky.

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