

## Dean Friedman "Lydia"

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By dean friedman

Lydia keeps my toothbrush in her apartment and she never complains.

Well, hardly ever. and then jokingly she says  
Boy, it's been so long since I held you, I nearly gave you up for dead. I nearly gave you up for dead. I nearly gave you up for dead.

Lydia, lydia how come you understand?

I can offer you nothing at all. this is more than I had planned.

Lydia, lydia I am at your command, at least until morning comes,

Then, I must be off again.

Lydia, you know I always talk about making conscious decisions, about running my own life. well, maybe I'm fooling myself. it's a role I like to play.

Because more often than not I'm down here on the corner. I'm sorry I woke you. do you feel like some company? babe, I need a place to stay.

Lydia, lydia how come you understand?

I can offer you nothing at all. this is more than I had planned.

Lydia, lydia I am at your command, at least until morning comes,

Then, I must be off again.

I sleep with a woman who thinks I'm a child. well, maybe I am. no, that wouldn't surprise anyone. I suspect that much is true.

But, lydia, if you only knew how much I love you. did you know that I love you? it's the best that I can do.

Lydia, lydia how come you understand?

I can offer you nothing at all. this is more than I had planned.

Lydia, lydia I am at your command, at least until morning comes,

Then, I must be off again.

