

The Postman Syndrome "Interpretive Decorating"

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[Chapter X]

I hope you enjoy the ambiance.
You can leave your wings at the door.
There's no need to fly while you're here, and if you
dare
And try I'll nail your feet to the floor
Because this tea was brewed for two:
One for me, and one for you.
It's been too long and now I'm through waiting for you.

This is my time to write pretty words.
This is my day.
The plague of one is cured.
Bet you a kiss that you're growing fur.
Wish it away.
One day we all wish it away.
The way we were, wish it away.

The only cure.
If love turns cold, I'll call it ice cream and fake a happy
tune.
You've got your rounds now,
But dear your children are planting maple seeds.
I'm sticky sweetened.
I'm gooey hopeful.
You're dripping ten miles gone.
I watched our love freeze; it's only ice cream.
A pocket's change could get you more.
I'm left hungry.
Could one death kill my faith?

Locust has rolled over, watch it fly.
I watch my locust eclipse the sky.
With melting wing watch that locust fry,
And smiling I'll watch that locust die.

Waiting for you...

I can't figure out what it is, but she's slipping from my
grip.
I can't figure out what it is, but she's squirming like an

infant.
She can't figure out what it is, she said
"You don't make me feel important."
I can't figure out what it is, I ask "what's it like to feel
important?"
I can't figure out what it is...

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