

Ian Hogbin

"Catholic Music"

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She came to me late one night
Talking about the moon and light
I wrapped her up, caressed her face
Touched her hair, kissed her cheek
And then listened to her speak
She said
"I tend to lean towards
Catholic music
I begin to speak in tongues
I like to feel deadly
I wanna be held
Please, please baby
Don't throw me into the cold"
I tried to make her lie down
She wouldn't have it
She shed the blanket, came to me
And began to become ecstatic
She grabbed my face, kissed my lips
Screamed how much she loved me
I calmed her down, held her hand
And listened to her speak
She said,
"Baby put on Catholic music
I wanna hear the church bells ring
I wanna feel the pipes of the organ
Rub against my skin
I wanna feel you touch me
Right there in the front pew
Then I want you to love me
In front of the chosen few"
I calmly spoke to her
I said, baby, anything you want
She touched my face
Said "you poor, poor fool"
And then she walked
Walked away from me and everything
She knew
She walked away in the night
Speaking in tongues about the moon and light
She caressed her own skin for once
And spoke her own name
And I gave her the Catholic music

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