

## Nodes Of Ranvier "Oktober 29th"

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Wallgreens opened her door to death today  
And she rode in  
Taught and saucy from the facelift  
Beaming her made for this little while smile  
Tall as a tale, legs long as a lie  
Cross my heart and hope to die, I'm mulling over which  
razor to buy  
Hey baby, says a voice like a song  
You drippin' sorrow, you lookin long!  
She smacks her wet and wild lips  
Snips her scissor thighs, says  
Come on, lithe and on the sly  
I'll give you a hand, you give me a try...  
And I never let nothin pass me by, but she's slippin  
round on the linoleum like she's sweating petroleum  
So I excuse myself back to the nail care shelf, into  
Which one, bluest midnight, or jealous jade?  
Bluest midnight, you got it made, she say  
A tear of spit lands as she presses my hand to her jaw  
I'm having a vision of eyes in her hair  
There there, she says, you're so young and alive  
So in your prime  
So BI-O-LOG-I-CAL  
(the syllables roll around like marbles in her mouth)  
Bluest midnight like the window of a magic eight ball  
that when it finally comes to  
LAUGHS at you in the midst of its endless blue  
Your future might be drowning around in there  
If you could just smash it out  
But those balls are unbreakable  
And past that lucky little laugh, into the oil night  
Aint nobody gonna see in there  
Aint nobody gonna see in, understand me?

Unhand me  
This is the part where I bustle away

Take my card, she say  
Eyes by the pair blink in her hair  
And she reaches into those inky nylon tresses  
And pulls out

A red eyed cleft lip buck toothed knock kneed little  
mister something or other  
And I say  
What's that?  
And she says  
That's a promise  
Not now, but some day

And the little thing grapples onto my hair and burrows  
and is gone  
And I'm gone, got the hell out of there and tried to  
bend my mind back to nail painting  
But on my lonesome, with the trees septembrin'  
I get to remembering about this time a bus spit out a  
blind woman  
And she fell into my arms like a long lost lover and said  
How come you look like that?  
And I say how do you know what I look like, you're  
blind?  
And she says  
That's how come I know  
I say what you see?  
She says the hospital's that way  
The doctor can look at you  
Have a little lookie while you have a little shut-eye  
Tell them it hurts, they'll ask you where  
But aint nobody gonna see in there  
Aint nobody gonna see in

I'm  
Sick.

So the next time I see you in the hygiene aisle  
Cracking your back like a whip  
Lighting the tabloid underbrush on fire with your  
matchstick fingers  
I'll take one good long stretchmark look and say  
Who are you really?  
We girls shrink from inside our skin like aging fruit  
You were born shrunken with a hundred different skin  
bags  
Who are you really?  
Weaving promises in our hair  
A mask like a million dollars  
Sign of the times plastic skin  
Eyes too blue not to be new  
Like two of a kind  
But what's behind?  
Aint nobody gonna see in there  
Aint nobody gonna see in!

So  
Pants on fire if I'm a liar  
Tree me down if I tell a lie  
I'll be mulling over which razor to buy  
To raze myself slick as an eel in the fountain of youth  
Soft as a new lamb with ears perked up white and  
wide...  
My dawns will dress in their winter clothes  
Their hurricanes and rain  
When you press up against the frosty pane  
Crowned this time in waving insects  
For we two shall suck on sweet memories of living days  
Red eyed  
Promises  
Broken

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