

Patty Larkin

"Poetry of Lies"

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Poetry of Lies
by Patty Larkin
It must have been December
It surely was not June
The one thing I remember
Is a photograph of you

You stood out in a the snowfall
A handsome man
You turned around when she called
A camera in her hand

I did not come 'round often
I came around when I could
I guess I had forgotten
I had promised to be good
You shouldn't have gotten busted
You should have gotten off
I was the one you trusted
To wipe the lipstick off

It must have been December
Surely not June
The one thing I remember
Is the poetry of lies

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