

7 Mary 3 "Joliet"

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"Joliet," she says, "Is the darkest part of a man"
It's angry and slick into her letters writes
Through herself each time, she thinks of him
Trips her way down south into mystery's mouth
And he follows her there it's what she doesn't say
That makes you want to stay and try to comfort her

I talked to the cousins of people who knew you
I asked them the questions they expected to hear
Like maybe a killing went down in your town
Maybe it's the prison or the birth of barbed wire

"Joliet," she says, "Is the darkest part of a man"
It's shaped like liberty's bell, cracked and common law
And stretched out over its flaws like an ink-less well
The hanging judge in town records her comments
down
She saves the crowd the truth and deals with it herself
Fills that hollow well with nothing left to prove

I talked to mountains and streams that pushed through
there
I talked to the trees that had no fruit to bear
To the colorless people that sat there
Beneath her curled up, stared

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