

Sage Francis "Haunted House Party"

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The first thing he says to me
"If you could know it all would you want to?"
and I'm wondering if it's a question he poses
everybody with
I was warned about the gift that he's got and the kind
of things he sees
Me? . . . well I got a few tricks up my sleeve
I was waitin' for him to show his hand
til I discovered the difference between an old mind and
the mind of an old man
so I stand corrected, sitting in my chair erect and
attentive
wishing that he never asked that question
'cause it echoes in my empty feelings
fearing what's underneath each following sentence
revealing a puzzle piece to the jig saw
of a skin crawling coffee session
It's something that his kid saw in me
that brought me to his attention
and he knows this
who's he think he's speakin' to
it's not often that he emerges from his coffin of a
reading room
on a special occasion he tests his relationship
with one who's never read much but he's interested in
spaceships
his head's stuffed with ancient scripts so he laughs
holds up his golden cup to toast the past
here's to a lack of spontaneity the future has
I can tell you when you're gonna die
all you gotta do is ask

(what's up power trip? big tough guy now? throwing
things like that over a cup of joe w/ someone you don't
even know, really, you don't know who i am)

he sat there, his eyes still weren't focusing
he said' "i can see you seeing some things"
and i said "yeah, well thanks for noticing. What gave it
away - my poker limbs?
Cross examined while my hands were busy closing
things up into deserts

that he's only read about in winter weather
and i'm able to fill the gaps that act as traps in the
lyrics of letters
when mirrors open i bet he thinks i'll enter
but i detect ulterior motives in his hidden agenda
we live forever in these chairs comparing mental notes
bodies doubling as temporary captains of a rented
boat

My paper mate sent me to her folks in an envelope
disguised as insurance fraud, some things were never
meant to float
i've never been in a shipwreck but i know they exist
and the experience must be something close to this
hopeless feeling that gets reeled in from oceans for
emotions
sick
got me shaking his hand with an open fist
what's he notice of my grasp besides the calluses
a soul that's trapped by my mind's paralyses
knowing i'll ask his to sign the marriage slip
he says "not so fast"
and he goes to find his glasses (bastard)
puts on the lenses that were scratched
like someone got the best of him in a cat fight
must have been when he developed that bad sight
they don't help, he needs a helmet with a flash light
if he thinks he can enter the darkness at half price
to find his daughter's black wedding dress from her
past life
traditions died at our haunted house party last night

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