

She Wants Revenge

"Well, Benjamin"

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Well, Benjamin, you crashed your plane again - a beautiful tailspin. It was going to happen soon enough, the only question was when, because I could smell the flames sleeping on your skin. I love you for the things you do, and I don't care who you do them to. You can wrap your stupid suffering around me.

Because I thought it out, in the time I've got, and I don't care if I drown or not: I just want to crash into that same cold sea. On an airport 'USA Today,' in a dark black ballpoint pen, you write these people are like skeletons wrapped up in perfumed skin. And it's such a stupid sentiment, but write it once again. Let your anger fill the margins and I'll kiss your shaking hand. Because I love you for the things you see, and I don't mind if you see me - with my wrinkled hands and glazed eyes - as obscene.

You're right in ways that you don't know, and you're untouched by the undertow. All that speed and anger burns your body clean. And I love you for the things you feel so thoroughly that they turn real, as the sea comes rushing toward us, dark and cold. And your rowmate, this nonentity, as the screams and salt sea smother me, will reach out a wrinkled hand for you to hold. But now the landing gear is starting to unfold. The captain points the runway out below, where the Kent account is waiting to be sold, and where you're going, down there, I don't know.

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