

## Calm

### "She Spoke Spanish"

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the devil speaks spanish I met her in Denver  
she had a pixie cut and a Hepburn strut  
she said good was love, happiness and never saying  
sorry  
evil was screwing strangers  
after cocktail parties  
so here we are at the top of a parking garage  
we were eating burger king then she asked for a  
massage  
I pulled her shirt up  
admired the olive skin then I gently scratched  
her back then ran my finger over her bra strap  
she laughed, patted me on the cheek and said thanks  
for the rub  
she spreaded her wings, gave me a wink and said  
demons don't love  
she stepped to the edge and did a swan dive from 6  
stories high  
she was just a falling angel didnt want to fly  
her wings arent broken and the sky isn't falling  
I keep my phone on silent  
but still look for the light in hopes thats she's calling  
I hope that she's calling

where you going madam of the dark damned past  
where you going madam how long is this gonna last

2 years later and I'm buckled in a airplane  
unshaven heartbroken but the stare is the same  
wishing I could tear out my brain  
cause that's where the drug is  
somewhere in between, my memory and my luggage  
I'm standing in the middle of san fran  
without a damn plan wishing I had a fucken gun in my  
hand  
I ain't got no pulse I left my heard in north Denver  
on the side of Federal on top of a note I never sent her  
but here I am, looking for love on Haight Street  
but all I see are drugs, questions and answers with  
maybes  
then all of a sudden, my periods turned to commas

and my, paragraphs filled with pauses  
my questions marks turned to exclamations points  
cause around the corner came my parking garage  
goddess  
her hair was a little longer  
but she still had those same big beautiful eyes  
she gave me a smile and I felt my 2 year misery die  
then it all came back when she spread those 2 wings  
that I despised  
I told her that I loved her  
why? was the only question she could ask  
I put my hand on her cheek kissed her like Scarlet  
O'Hara  
then watched her wings turn to ash  
her horns turned into a halo of smoke  
her forked tongue, turned to a spoon  
I blinked once I found myself, back in Denver  
standing next to her in my living room  
I tried to shake off the confusion  
I rubbed my eyes, but as they focused she  
disappeared  
I stumbled to my bathroom  
and saw her reflection was me, standing in the mirror  
all I saw was the devil, standing in the mirror  
her reflection was me standing in the mirror  
all I saw was the devil, standing in the mirror  
  
where'd you go madam of the dark damned past  
who am I madam how long's this gonna last

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