

Story "The Angel In The House"

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My mother moved the furniture when she no longer moved the man We thought nothing of it at the time She painted walls, painted smiles, Checked herself in the mirror one more time, Then yoked her heart to a whim But the history of desire is such that just one word just one touch could send it reeling She passed go again and again never collected her two hundred Or landed on the purple with the lones' She wanted to be a different person She sat down, finally, and he walked away He walked away She listened to the angel - she said to flatter She said to coo - she said it won't matter I thought I was by myself, but I cannot kill the angel in the house Even in my wildest heart, I cannot kill

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You hang on to the pieces of the game that don't talk back

Don't sneak around

Movable objects, but, where were we?

Don't let anything happen

We're back to the wheel, back to fire, onto the high wire

'Cause she listened to the angel - she said to flatter

She said to coo - she said it won't matter

I thought I was by myself, but I cannot kill

the angel in the house

Even in my wildest heart,

I cannot kill the angel in the house

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