

Lucksmiths, The "Fiction"

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Written down here, gentle reader
It seems too good to be true
But there's a girl in Kansas City
With my favourite tattoo
Oh why would I lie to you?

This was in another century
Somewhere near the summer's end
The fahrenheit was frightening
I was awake the whole weekend
Invited to a barbecue
I found refuge in the kitchen
Discussing post-war US literature
With a girl whose upper arm read "fiction"
Like it might have been typewritten

I asked her its significance
She said she sometimes took reminding
What she wanted to be doing
Whether reading it or writing
I admitted admiration
For both typeface and intent
And said more softly - sotto voce -
I knew too well what she meant
She just smiled
And in a while she went

For a time I forgot this ever took place
She left her bottle on the bookcase

So though I leave you little option
But to take me at my word
I assure you, dearest listener
That it happened as you've heard
A beer left on a bookshelf
At a bygone barbecue
By a girl from Kansas City
With my favourite tattoo
Oh why would I lie to you?
Oh why would I lie to you?
Oh why would I lie?

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