

classical

Val Murah

She used to laugh a lot
Not sure why, but everything was funny
Sometimes I'd say
"Goddamn, the world is one big shit hole"
The only thing is, I'd say it with a smile
And of course, she'd be on the floor

Sometimes I wondered if English was her
first language

And other times I wondered if she spoke it
at all
What the hell planet was she from? Not Venus
She looked American

We used to go for rides down the interstate
I sometimes stopped at this particular corner
shop
Barney's, I think it was
And whenever I came back out
There was some asshole giving her the time
She never laughed at him though
Each time I'd shoo him away

And I'd ask her who he was
And why he was hoggin' on my girl
Naturally, she never answered
Just stared, and occasionally laughed
Eventually, I stopped asking her
Eventually, I stopped stopping there

One night on the interstate
The roof down on the convertible
And the moon like a sparklin' diamond
Our hair flappin' all over the place
The windshield our only defense
She switched off the blues on the radio
And rested her head on my shoulder
Well, I nearly got in ten separate wrecks
All because I didn't want to move my body
too much
Afraid I might wake her up

Around midnight I pulled into a Motel 8
She woke up momentarily
But as soon as we got inside
She was sprawled right across the bed





All drowsy-like
I asked her what's the matter
And she said the weirdest thing
"It's time for the big sleep"
I laughed as she dozed off and said
"You don't look like you're gonna die to me"
And she wasn't, on my watch

That night I stayed up
Just watching her, thinking about what she
said
But eventually, I was too tired and too
bored
And dozed off involuntarily

In my sleep I dreamed about her leaving the
motel
Hitching a ride with some lunatic
Then finally arriving in some cornfield
And what I saw was a cocoon
A giant one, standing straight up
Just sitting there, open, waiting
And she just walked inside it and it closed

I woke up in a cold sweat
And turned over to see she'd gone

I got dressed and got in the car
And spent the entire night and morning
driving home
I never actually figured she was some alien
butterfly mess
I've got a good working head on my shoulders
But I figured she was into something just
about as
strange

A couple of years later
I met her on the streets
She still looked the same
It was a nice bit of small-worldliness
When I tried to ask her how she was
She just shoved me
And then she said the few last words she'd
ever say to me
"I was getting some ice, idiot"

I just laughed, said it was good to see her
And walked away

Good riddance, Madame Butterfly

(fin)



Dimba