

# Ani DiFranco, Marrow

the answer came like a shot in the back while you were running from your lesson, which might explain why years later all you could remember was the terror of the question. plus, you weren't listening hard, you were stockpiling canned goods and making a bomb shelter of our basement. and i can't believe you let the moral go by while you were soaking in the product placement. and where was your conscience? where was your consciousness? and where did you put all those letters that you wrote to yourself but could not address? yeah, i'm a good kisser, and you're a fast learner, and that kind of thing could float us for a pretty long time. and then one day, you'd realized you've memorized my phone number, and you'll call it and find it's a disconnected line. cuz i got tossed out the window of love's el camino and i shattered into a shower of sparks on the curb. you were smoking me weren't you between your yellow fingers, you just inhaled and exhaled without saying a word. where was your conscience? where was your consciousness? and what did you do with all those letters you wrote to yourself but could not address? there's a smorgasbord of unspoken poisons, the whole childhood of potions that are all bottled up, and so one by one i am dusting off labels, i am uncorking bottles and i am filling up cups. go ahead and have a taste of your own medicine. here i'll have a taste of mine, but first lets toast to the lists that we hold in our fists of the things that we promised to do differently next time. cuz the answer came like a shot in the back while you ran from your lesson which might explain why years later all you could remember the terror of the question. cause i'm not listening to you anymore. my head is too sore and my heart's perforated and i am mired in the marrow of my "well ain't that funny?" bone, learning how to be alone and devastated. where was my conscience? where was my consciousness? and where do i put all these letters that i wrote to myself but could not address?