

Ass Ponys, Kitten

the same sun shone through the window glass
the table was set with the good plates
you came down in your new easter dress
and he smiled when he said your name
he called you kitten

who knows if you were right or not
and who cares if you lost or won
you kneel down arranging the wreath you brought
and your back is warmed by the same sun
he called you kitten