

Bright Eyes, Laura Laurent

Laura, are you still living there on your estate of sorrow? You used to leave it occasionally.
Now, you don't even bother to ride that commuter train west to Chicago,
to stroll through the greenery, in the park, past the statues.
How their eyes seemed to follow you like a hated addiction.
Their beauty carved out of absolutes that you could never claim, or even envision.
Laura you were the saddest song in the shape of a woman. I thought you were beautiful,
but I wept with your movements. I hope you are laughing now from that place of the carpet
where we shared a sleeping bag, in your sisters apartment. Oh how she would worry so, you know
I was just a stranger. But she asked me to care for you. That is what she did
and I went and betrayed her. But do you know we are in high demand,
Laura, us people who suffer? Because we don't take to arguing and we are quick to surrender.
Well, I think I would call tonight if I still had your number.
Your thoughts have always laid close to mine. We were both skipping supper.
But you should never be embarrassed by your trouble with living.
Because it is the ones with the sorest throats, Laura, who have done the most singing. Everybody!
La La La La La La La La La Lah...