

Dalbello, Whore

the blunt
from the cut spills the milk from her veins
the sacrifice? the sum of all that remains
she summons the courage
and proffers a drink
she undoes her pure urge
and offers the pinkness
- of all that is potent
- of all that is pure
- of all that is sugar
- as sweet as liqueur
she
purges herself of what has kept her bound
she plunges
the wealth of her values and drowns
- in her shallow assumptions
- and tallies the score
- for the face -- face of an angel
- is the face of a whore.

i give you good face
didn't i give you good face?
said i give you good face.
when the
dribble of your words ain't got no effect
when you're down
to the wire that runs neck and neck
when the nudge
of what's coming has lost it's reflex
i will
elbow-my-way-through this Quixotic wreck
- when the elastic-snap
- of approval don't stretch
- any further than any further than any further than
- it can get
didn't i piss in the face of derision and frown?
didn't i swallow my scruples and wet kiss the ground?
- i found my Faith under these nails
- and nailed that face to the door
it's the face--face of and angel, baby
and the face of a whore.

i give you good face
didn't i give you good face?
said i give you good face.

can't be bothered with details--
can't be bothered no more
swear to hell ain't no heaven
'til we settle this score...
said i give you good face...
face of an angel...
whore.
there's not a dead-beat daddy-o daddy-o
that could fix this bet
cuz i don't never wanna remember
what i ain't never gonna forget:
the face of a whore...
face of an angel...
i give you good face.