

# Diane Cluck, Auction

and the sun sets on the auction  
but the auctioneer is still talking  
it seemed we had lots in common  
before we started talking  
you said you'd come here looking for a heart  
and checked out the white elephant table  
oh an elephant heart is a size too large  
but its beat is incredibly stable  
but its beat is incredibly stable  
and the sun sets on the auction  
and the thing she's spent lifetimes collecting  
trickle home through cross-continental parkings  
after moments of appraising and i said to you  
it was a frowning copy of the mona lisa  
i bought a 5 dollar phone but i still couldn't reach you after many times  
trying  
it was a problem with the wiring  
one twenty five one thirty five one forty five sold  
to shelvings and closets and cabinets are called  
one fifty five one sixty five on seventy five sold  
the selling of things you can pick up and hold  
when what i'd rather buy is the look on your face when you started bidding  
until you had bid up all the money you'd saved  
and i laughed and you said i'm not kidding  
and i laughed and you said i'm not kidding  
and the sun sets on the auction  
it gets darker now fraction by fraction  
and i feel it's time to be going  
that something must move me to action  
and the auctioneer walks by with his mic in his hand and he says i can't do  
this much longer  
oh my tongue's getting slower and i can't keep up with the depth and the  
need of their hunger  
with the depth and the need of their hunger