

# Diane Cluck, Monte Carlo

here comes the bus  
here it goes.

and the three lonely things poking up from the water  
are her nipples and her nose as she floats on her back  
and the sand is deserted  
except for me standing  
i stand as the landmark  
to keep her on track  
so the ocean wont pull her away  
i'm guarding our bags  
since i really cant swim  
though she does try to teach  
but thieves who scope tourists at night in the city and daytime all probably  
hang at this beach  
you never know in monte carlo  
from noon until evening  
her skin changes colour from paler than mine to a sun punished red  
so i expect havok  
tonight around bedtime  
she'll want me to blow on her blisters in bed  
that's the sun in monte carlo  
the keeper of the lighthouse is sleeping  
so we creep upstairs to play with his beam  
making ships stray from their courses intended  
by highlighting rocks and the shallows between them  
and the smashing for hulls in the night  
seem to have no consequence at all  
like the action in dreams  
and the morning gulls pick over jetsam and junk over floatsam but feeling no  
guilt for their screams  
while we spend three quarters of our time apologizing for the quarter of the time that  
we're thoughtless and thoughtless and mean  
just for fun in monte carlo  
just for fun in monte carlo  
we go to the cliffs  
where the men cruise each other  
their cars come and go like the change of the tide  
where grace kelly swam her last swim on the planet  
when grace kelly's roadster flipped over the side of the guard rail  
one guy looked so nervous and standing alone  
my friend saw him shaking and started to laugh  
i said wouldn't you be nervous  
if you knew in ten minutes  
you'd have the surf at your feet  
and some stranger up your back  
giving you his best monte carlo  
a ten minute double ringed halo  
you know the most breathtaking sight i've seen in awhile  
was the sight of french men fucking under the stars  
we watched them dancing like mermen on fire  
til' cops came and chased them away in their cars  
we watched them run in monte carlo  
we watched them and we laid low  
and my girl is as red as a rare hothouse flower  
her skin is so burned that she's giving off heat  
and my girl is as tired as nobody's business  
but sea air makes sleeping  
incredibly sweet  
two more nights in monte carlo  
and her burn will be a tan  
she can't sleep  
she just said so  
so i turn up the fan

