

Emilyn Brodsky, All You Want

there is no together and there is no apart
there is just the light and just the dark
there is just the light and just the dark

there are just the girls pretending that it hurts
and just the boys pretending not to have tried on their skirts
just the boys pretending not to have tried on their skirts

there are just the booze hounds, the pill poppers, the powder kids
there are just the fast talkers, the ones that don't know how to live
there are just comic books kids, activists and drunks
and punks and fucks who kick you in the stomach at the clubs

we are trying to be one, be separate, just be
we are failing daily, smashing up neon marquees
that once, when lit, used to read:
"i'm famous, i'm rich, i'm hot, i'm made of knives
i'm in love, and i'm all you want"

and we are all one huge and appalling mass
all swaying, wanting, promising rubber, tits, and brass
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we are all forgivable and lovable, and yes
we are all the best, and all the worst, and all a fucking mess

there are sweethearts, bullshit artists, politicians and thugs
and boys with scary eyes selling oriental rugs
we all love the internet, love loving, love to cry
we all show up in the night at old lover's bedsides

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