

Lisa Loeb, Furious Rose

"it's not really poetry but it's pretty," he said.
as he raises his voice, she lowers her head.
"it make my heart heavy, you're lonely, i think.
oh rose, your're sad i suppose."

"Look in her bed and she's bound to be sleeping.
she's lying there dead - no, she's breathing."

furious rose, with your opiate eyes.
your languorous hum, that tone of surprise.
i've heard energy in adversity.
your smile: the soul of witchery.
you're not running away,
you're not running - are you?

lyrically longing, she's tearing the words from the page.
she's fearfully seething.
"bring me your blessings, a prayer, or a new pen.
- you don't know what i need."

"look in my bed and i'm bound to be sleeping,
i'm lying there dead, but i'm breathing.

and i'm barely balancing as it is,
and i don't want to drown in my dreams.
bring me wild plums and agrimony
- i bet you don't even no what that means."

furious rose, with your opiate eyes.
and your languorous hum, that tone of surprise.
i've heard the energy in adversity.
your smile: the soul of witchery.
you're not running away,
you're not running - are you?

gingerly peering, over his shoulder, removed herself from the room.
she's terribly freezing, she always knows when to go.