

# Parenthetical Girls, A Song For Ellie Greenwich

pressed unto us  
flesh still sickly sweet  
with scents of love  
but lost of this lust  
exactly what becomes of us

just like me  
they long to see you on your knees  
but all these he's into she's  
irreparably slow these hopes we've sewn  
and so we forego  
what pleasantries we've grown to know

hand in glove  
for lack of the words, we called this love  
but now they've cynical slurs to define what it was  
that we have done

the tone that she chose shows  
mother knows what's become of us  
and should i start to show  
well heaven knows we'll soon be sussed  
false alarms, might i have meant to do you harm  
but somehow i found much to distrust  
in what once ushered us  
through months of hurried hush