

Tomahawk, Harelip

I am the harelip
Give me one more kiss
We'll have a mardi gras on deserted streets
Fingers and forceps
Raw meat and muzak
The bubbles in the wine keep the nerves dead

I was awake all through the surgery
The people dancing, laughing, all for me
You sewed me up but it will never heal
Will I forget then learn to smile some day?

Potbellied sick bed
All scars and sweet breads
A lonely vacation on your own Disney parade
It's all that he has
Clamped up by Walkmans
A midnight waiting room
Hear the distant screams

I was awake all through the surgery
The people dancing, laughing, all for me
You sewed me up but it will never heal
Will I forget then learn to smile some day