

Ani DiFranco, Second Intermission

second intermission
anticipation
you know the third act
small talk drops out of the play
you're standing in the lobby
tightening your tourniquet
waiting for it
and then the bell sounds
and the lights flash
and there's all these questions milling around
and there's no time to ask
no bliss for little miss leading
cuz she's learning about bleeding
but what is love if not exquisite
our only saving grace
or is it?
and somewhere inside your iris
blooms the reflection of my surprise
as you stroll past every last do not enter
and touch me at my epicenter
and the bell sounds
and the lights flash
and there's all these questions milling around
and there's no time to ask
I'm always trying to get there
I never really get there
to that quiet place where
I accept myself
instead I'm deep inside some high school
locker room no clothing
popping the zits of my self loathing
under fluorescent lights
and the bell sounds
and the lights flash
and there's all these questions milling around
and you're too ashamed to ask
second intermission
anticipation
you know the third act
small talk drops out of the play
and you're standing in the lobby
tightening your tourniquet
waiting for it
waiting for it