

Arden Jann, Unloved

Arden Jann
Miscellaneous
Unloved

There will be no consolation prize
this time the bone is broken clean
no baptism, no reprise and no sweet taste
of victory. All the stars have fallen
from the sky
and everything else in between
satellites have closed their eyes, the moon
has gone to sleep
unloved....unloved....unloved....unloved

here I am inside a hotel choking on a
million words I said
cigarettes have burned a hole and dreams are
drunk and penniless
here I am inside my father's arms
all jagged-bone and whiskey-dry
whisper to me sweetly now and tell me I will
never die
unloved....unloved....unloved....unloved

here I am an empty hallway
broken window, rainy night
I am nineteen sixty-two and I am ready
for a fight people crying hallelujah
while the bullet leaves the gun
people falling, falling, falling and I don't know
where they're falling from
are they
unloved....unloved....unloved....unloved

hoping that the kindness will lead us
past the blindness and
not another living soul will ever have to feel
unloved....unloved....unloved....unloved
unloved....unloved