

# Art Bears, In Two Minds

She sits up all night, every night  
Down in the kitchen, summer and winter  
Dressed only in her nightdress,  
Seated at the table; silent, thinking.  
Sometimes her head is in her hands.  
Sometimes she stares off into space.  
Sometimes she pulls her hair until the tears come.

She is thinking, only that.  
This is the only time she has.  
We'd stop her if we were able.  
Her mother says, "Why are you such a bad girl,  
You used to be so kind and thoughtful,"  
Her father says, "You know it only hurts your mothers."  
If she keeps doing it, they will have to call the Doctor.

Night is the only time I have,  
The only time it is quiet,  
The only time people are not trying to confuse me  
With demands.

Given them, she can think it through,  
To the hollow heart of it,  
To the lonely lying that makes  
Slaves of the children, in order  
To conceal the guilt of the old  
And their tragedy for  
They can look back on nothing, except  
What they can say they own

That is why, in the quiet night,  
She tiptoes into the kitchen,  
Leaving the light blazing,  
Sits down at the table,  
In the quiet,  
With the tiny room alone and silent,  
Dark, floating in a sea of dark,  
Only light inside, and shee there,  
Sitting barefoot in her nightdress,  
Sitting at the table,  
Only thinking.

When the doctor comes, and finds out,  
"She has always been a little strange,"  
While her parents weep because  
"She is clearly not herself"  
When parent secretly conspire with parent  
To discredit conscience and reject all criticism as  
a shameful sickness

It is then the wealthy patrons of the state,  
With numberless murders in their hearts,  
Make a public acclaim of the morality  
Of self loathing that  
Commits one more.