

# Ass Ponys, Fingers Fall

doctor, doctor, where's the doctor  
wringing wet the woman hollers  
bandage wrapped around her hand  
collapses as they run to help her  
help her up and offer water  
did somebody call the doctor  
loud machines so foreign to her  
sent her splashing red against the wall  
as her fingers fall

in the back a black piano  
sits in silence what do we know  
of it's past and of a time  
and of the place it occupied  
in the parlor with the daughter  
playing for her drunken father  
listening until he cried  
you hear it echo out into the hall  
as her fingers fall

in a bra and underwear  
she's balanced now upon a chair  
a letter written, tucked inside  
a paperback, the rope is tied  
around her neck and through the rafters  
this is it. she'll show the bastards  
everything she said was true  
and now she'll be the envy of them all  
as her fingers fall