

Brooke Jonatha, Is This All?

All things being equal, her beauty was not her fault,
And it was not her only advantage
Midst the feast and the novelty--the manliness of his charms...
So was it really such a shock, so much history in a kiss,
Besides they both knew it was over.
And what do they have to worry about, just privacy and pain
And the damage they've done
Is this all, can I go now, is this all
Is this all, can I go now, is this all?
So when you sleep do not dream, the dreams they weigh you down
When you carry them along with you
They will wrack your lovely body, report back to your soul
With all the sickening sweets of the afternoon
As we lose the last of innocence--like some romantic notion
Buried in the fashion of disdain.
You can make the world your apple--but take a bite before it sours--
Or you can make the world your charm or your chain
Is this all, can I go now, is this all
Is this all, can I go now, is this all?