

# 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?