

# Diane Cluck, Modern Day

kids next door are throwing rocks  
modern day stonings  
modern day cruelty  
modern day torture  
this is what fuels me  
and this day's a scorcher  
how do you love me love me love me  
let me count the ways  
why do you shove me shove me shove me  
underneath the waves  
your hand in my hair  
you pulled me down  
is this a joke  
until we drown  
modern day drownings  
modern day cruelty  
modern day dealings  
always unspool me  
things arise to complement each other  
the skin when burned  
weeps its so burned  
the woman outgrown  
gives birth to a daughter  
who carries a torch  
of hot white light  
everythign is right  
the doll shows off the bright  
and the bright shows off the doll  
cos' the window needs the wall  
we spent our time on an untamed beach  
where rocks thrust up from sand  
we spent money on sun-warmed fruits  
that broke open and wept in our hands  
modern day  
modern day  
modern day  
this day's a scorcher