

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