

Every Time I Die, Here's Lookin' At You

staring at a ghost across a table set for two,
this is the last call before the credits roll.
the charm of silver screen depression saturated in alcohol.
it's so seductive.
filtered through tobacco haze.
it's so fucking intoxicating,
the way they glimmer through the grain and make dysfunction such a fashion.
jimmy stewart suicidal sex appeal.
the alcoholic is the last true hopeless romantic.
stumbling and smelling of stale gasoline,
making james dean speeches to an empty room.
audrey left some lipstick on her cigarette in the ashtray
with a note scrawled on a napkin saying "this is glamour";
this is where hollywood cues the delusion
that everything looked this blue through sinatra's eyes.
what america needs is another worthwhile overdose.
celestial bodies constructed on set,
destined to explode in the headlines.
another dry martini and a methamphetamine.
godspeed norma jean, i hope you saved us one last sleeping pill play it again
for me.
the tragedy of a track marked beauty queen.
the starlet in the magazine.
she looks all right to me.
she looks so good to me.
but there's something in the way she moves, like i want to.
make me want you.
tonight i feel like fame, dreary and estranged.
i'd scratch through glass not to be without you.
(without you) there's a whole lotta shakin' going on.