

Gary Jules, No Poetry

"there's no poetry between us"

said the paper to the pen

something's burning in the attic

that her tongue will not defend

through the arc of conversation

past the teeth behind the smile

down the miracle mile

to the bottom of the ladder

paint your eyes and hide the tatters

what's the matter baby?

could we go downtown

to the middle of the world?

you were always such a pretty girl

and you told me I was beautiful

"there's no poetry between us"

said the paper to the pen

"and I get nothing for my trouble

but the ink beneath my skin"

if your clothes are getting weary

and your soul's gone out of style

blame the miracle mile

and the bottom of the ladder

paint your eyes and hide the tatters

what's the matter baby?

. . . I'm coming too.