

# Jonatha Brooke, 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  
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?  
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  
All the sickening sweets of the afternoon  
As we lose the last of innocence  
Like some romantic notion  
Buried by 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?