

# Kristin Hersh, Fortune

i left you cracking up in the east river  
like some river devil  
both cruel and unusual  
thick with gold and smoking

my friend  
under the wire again

and by the way  
you cost a fortune  
and by the way  
you cast a shadow today

i watched you crawling up through the leaf litter  
you don't seem to need to breathe  
unlike us oily, flimsy, cheap  
thick with wonder bread

my friend  
under the weather again

and by the way  
you cost a fortune  
and by the way  
you cast a shadow today