

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