

Mark Eitzel, White Rosary

It's hot and it's humid but the rain won't fall
Thunder cracks but the rain is stuck
And the wind blows cool
And wet
And smells like the flu
And rests a cool hand on your forehead
A comfort instead of a cure
And the I-280 on-ramp lights turn on
And I can feel the speed building

Denial is what you bought
So you'll never be caught
The storm just hangs like it's dumb
Unable or unwilling

A little girl with a white rosary
Calling to heaven to take her away
From the trap that life turned out to be
And from the trap she only wanted Jesus to see
'Cause you're damned by the things you don't see

A touch that vanity undermines
A strength lost in the flicker of disbelief
A poem that can't contain its awful rhymes
In shadow like a thief

And now I walk careful
And quiet
Wherever I go
The secret business of a spy
So no one will ever see or know

A little girl with a white rosary
Calling to heaven to take her away
From the trap that life turned out to be
From the trap she only wanted Jesus to see
She was damned by the things she couldn't see