

Mason Proper, Miss Marylou Carreau

She caught the bug, she's having nightmares
She bought a mug of bubbles from a bauble-hawker at the bazaar,
supposedly an ex-czar from lands afar.
Her paperback has been inspected
She took it back, renouncing every syllable
and carefully crafted clause
they may call her daft,
they may be calling her daft
Her bodies a household, the fave of a race
in tunnels and canyons, crave and savor the taste
singing "Ah ooh, we love it here in famous Miss Marylou Carreau"
The editor is incrementing
her now ignored automatic attendant
M.I.A. on the floor, amid discarded decor
and pages torn.
And we, the inhabitants,
love it love it love it
'cause she's shaking the world less
the shaking the world so much less than before
Miss Marylou Carreau Carreau
Her bodies a household, the fave of a race
in tunnels and canyons, crave and savor the taste
singing "Ah ooh, we love it here in famous Miss Marylou Carreau"
We are alive, we got her heart beat
She's got a family, all fifteen flaws in the brain
like everyone else we never get back