

# 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