

Rasputina, Sign Of The Zodiac:

She was born in an oil-drum South side of
Chicago

When East St. Louis was not far away.

She'd lace knives to her boots and go down to
the riverbed

Skate around and around till the night became
day.

The cannery fellows would follow her
everywhere

From the grocery store to the B.Q.E.

With their hearts all aglow from her icy
back-at-you stare.

When her teeth became tight when her eyes
couldn't see.

And she told herself that this was enough.

For a girl who was born in an oil-drum

She had her skates didn't need lots of stuff.

She didn't need it but she still wanted some.

She had one thing that she liked and she kept
around

She would take it with her to the riverbed.

As she skated around she always thought of a
pretty sound

That she heard as a girl in her mother's bed.

The sound of some breathing another breath in
and out

When some lungs expand and contract like they
do.

And she looked at herself in the ice of the
riverbed and

She saw a girl one which she could see
through.